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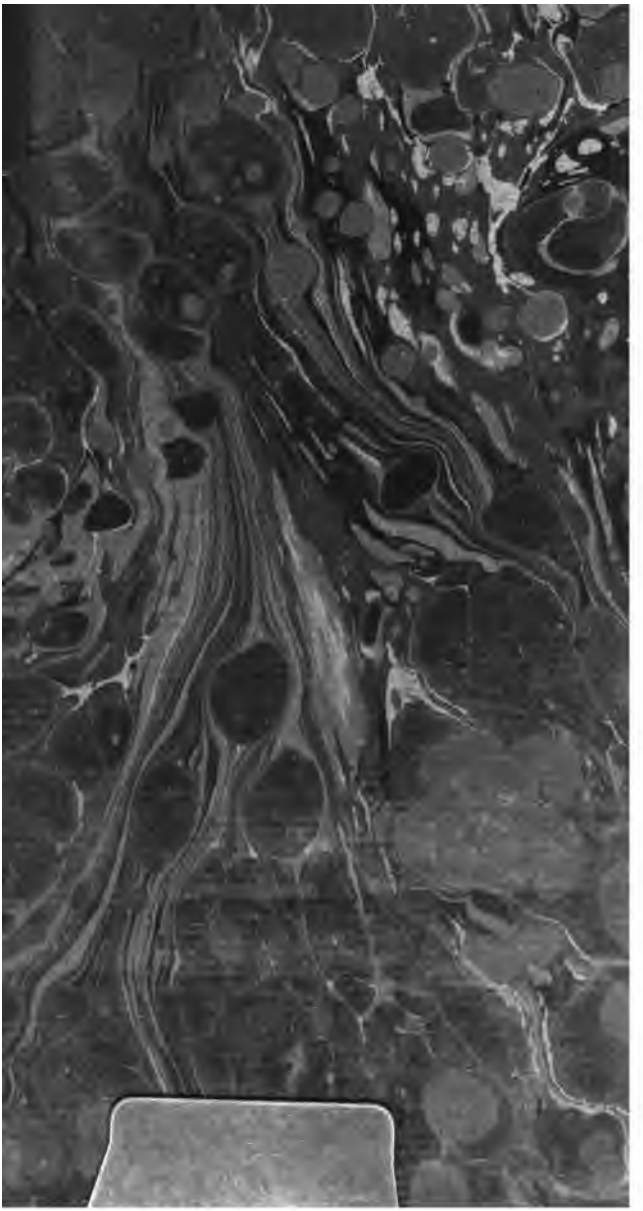

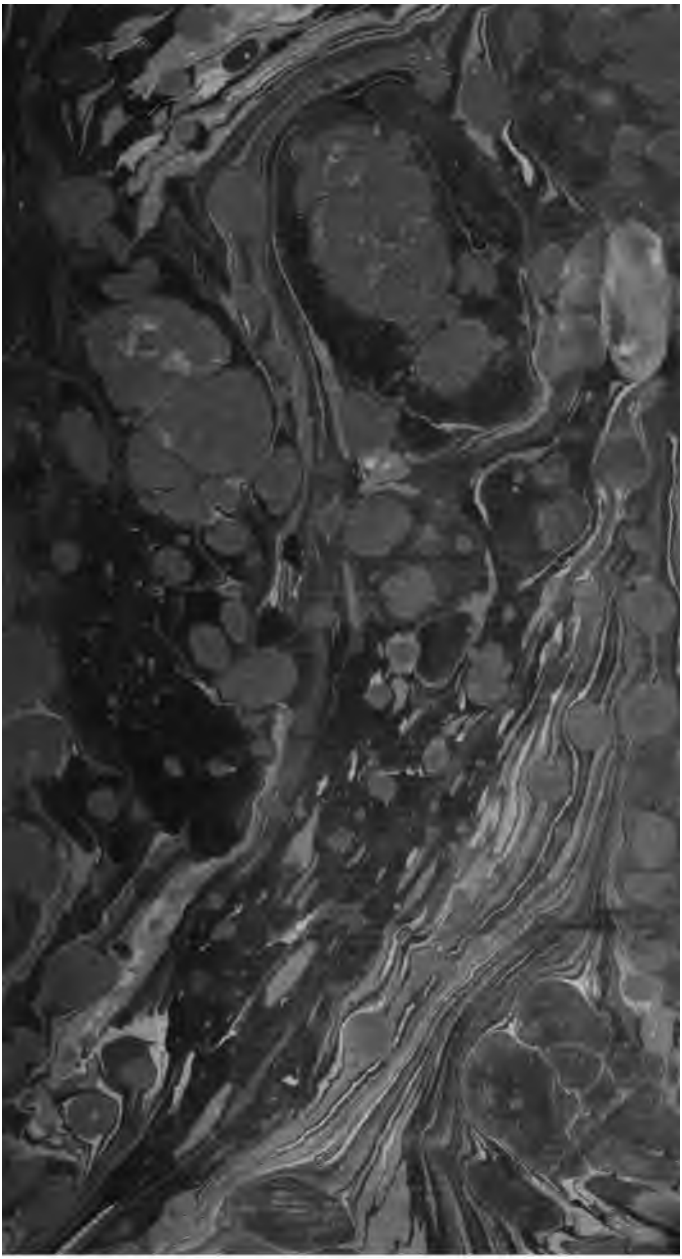

This Book was given
to me when I was
Twenty — years old
C... ... Fifty years ago
M L Brett
June 27 —
1824

MILTON's

PARADISE LOST.

MILTON's

PARADISE LOST.

A Poem, in Twelve Books.

WITH

PREFATORY CHARACTERS of the ſeveral Pieces; and the LIFE of MILTON.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by A. DONALDSON, and ſold at his Shops in London and Edinburgh.

M DCC LXVII.

85. b. 24

THE EDITOR's PREFACE.

MILTON is repreſented to have been a great genius, endued with an uncommon ſtrength of fancy and extent of imagination; an incomparable poet, maſter of moſt languages, and thoroughly verſed in the ſeveral branches of learning. He is ſtyled *the Prince of Engliſh poets*. His poetical writings are admired by the ingenious of all perſuaſions; and men of the greateſt eminence in the republic of letters have been employed in illuſtrating his beauties. His PARADISE LOST is ſaid to be the flower of epic poeſy, one of the greateſt efforts of genius, and to be equal at leaſt, if not ſuperior to the nobleſt productions of antiquity. Theſe are the declared ſentiments of men of the firſt rank in criticiſm: So that for us to ſay any thing of his poetical character, is unneceſſary, nay would be improper. Our province is to give a correct edition of his poems; and ſuch, we flatter ourſelves, the reader will find in theſe two volumes.

Of the ſeveral editions of MILTON's poetical works, that publiſhed by Dr. *Thomas Newton* is generally allowed to be the beſt and moſt correct. As we have made that edition our ſtandard, it may not be improper to give an account of the method he uſed in conducting it.

As to the PARADISE LOST, Dr. *Newton* obſerves, that the editors of MILTON have a conſiderable advantage over the editors of *Shakeſpeare*. "For" (ſays he) "the firſt editions of *Shakeſpeare*'s works being "printed from the incorrect copies of the players, "there is more room left for conjectures and emen- "dations; and as, according to the old proverb, *Be- "ne qui conjiciet, vatem hunc perhibebo optimum*, the "beſt gueſſer was the beſt diviner; ſo he may be ſaid "in ſome meaſure too to be the beſt editor of *Shake- "ſpeare*; as Mr. Warburton hath proved himſelf by "variety of conjectures, and many of them very hap- "py ones, upon the moſt difficult paſſages. But we "who undertake *to* publiſh MILTON's PARADISE

" LOST, are not reduced to that uncertainty: We " are not left floating in the wide ocean of conjecture, " but have a chart and compaſs to ſteer by; we have " an authentic copy to follow in the two editions " printed in his own lifetime, and have only to cor- " rect what may be ſuppoſed to be the errors of the " preſs, or miſtakes occaſioned by the author's blind- " neſs. Theſe two editions then, the firſt in ten " books printed in a ſmall 4to [in 1667], and the ſe- " cond in twelve books printed in a ſmall octavo [in " 1674], are propoſed as our ſtandard. —— Some " alterations indeed are neceſſary to be made in con- " ſequence of the late improvements in printing, with " regard to the uſe of capital letters, Italic charac- " ters, and the ſpelling of ſome words. —— Milton's " own pointing we generally obſerve, becauſe it is " generally right. ——— In a word, we approve of " the two firſt editions in the main, though we can- " not think that they ought to be followed (as ſome " have adviſed) letter for letter, and point for point. " We deſire to tranſcribe all their excellencies, but " have no notion of perpetuating their faults and er- " rors."

As to the poems in the ſecond volume; Newton ſays, " Of the *Paradiſe Regain'd* and *Samſon Agoniſtes*, " there was only one edition in Milton's lifetime, in " the year 1671; and this we have made our ſtan- " dard, correcting only what the author himſelf " would have corrected. Dr. Bentley pronounces it " to be without faults: But there is a large table of " errata at the end, which, inſtead of being emended, " have rather been augmented in the following edi- " tions, and were never corrected in any edition that " I have ſeen before the preſent. Of the other poems " there were two editions in Milton's lifetime; the " firſt in 1645, before he was blind; and the other, " with ſome additions, in 1673. Of the *Maſque* there " was likewiſe an edition publiſhed by Mr. Henry " Lawes, in 1637: And of the *Maſque* and ſeveral " other poems there are extant copies in Milton's own " hand writing, preſerved in the library of Trinity-

" college

" college in Cambridge; and all theſe copies and e-
" ditions have been carefully collated and compared
" together. ——— The manuſcript hath been of ſin-
" gular ſervice in rectifying ſeveral paſſages, and e-
" ſpecially in the ſonnets, ſome of which were not
" printed till many years after Milton's death, and
" were then printed imperfect and deficient both in
" ſenſe and metre; but are now, by the help of the
" manuſcript, reſtored to their juſt harmony and ori-
" ginal perfection."

There are ſeveral peculiarities in MILTON's poetry; ſuch as eliſion of vowels at the end of words, contraction or abbreviation of ſyllables, and pronouncing the ſame word with a different accent in different places. Dr. Newton has taken care to diſtinguiſh theſe peculiarities; and in regard we have adopted them, it is neceſſary to inform the reader how theſe diſtinctions are made.

As to the eliſions and abbreviations, Newton ſays, in a note on *lin.* 39. *book* 1. of *Paradiſe Loſt*,

To ſet himſelf in glory' above his peers,

" Beſides the other methods which MILTON has em-
" ployed to diverſify and improve his numbers, he
" takes the ſame liberties as Shakeſpeare and others
" of our old poets, and, in imitation of the Greeks
" and Latins, often cuts off the vowel at the end of
" a word, when the next word begins with a vowel;
" though he does not, like the Greeks, wholly drop
" the vowel, but ſtill retains it in writing, like the
" Latins. Another liberty that he takes likewiſe for
" the greater improvement and variety of his verſifi-
" cation, is pronouncing the ſame word ſometimes
" as two ſyllables, and ſometimes as only one ſyllable
" or two ſhort ones. We have frequent inſtances in
" *ſpirit*, *ruin*, *riot*, *reaſon*, *higheſt*, and ſeveral other
" words. But then theſe excellencies in MILTON's
" verſe are attended with this inconvenience, that his
" numbers ſeem imbarraſſed to ſuch readers as know
" not, or know not readily, where ſuch eliſion or ab-
" breviation of vowels is to take place; and there-
" fore,

" fore, for their ſakes, we have taken care through-
" out this edition to mark ſuch vowels as are to be
" cut off, and ſuch as are to be contracted and ab-
" breviated, thus."

And as to the different way of pronouncing the ſame word, he ſays, in a note on *lin.* 209. *book* 1. of *Paradiſe Loſt*,

So ſtretch'd out huge in length the ar'ch-fiend lay,

" The tone is upon the firſt ſyllable in this line, *the*
" *ar'ch-fiend lay*; whereas it was upon the laſt ſyllable
" of the word in verſe 156. *th' arch fiend reply'd*; a
" liberty that Milton ſometimes takes to pronounce
" the ſame word with a different accent in different
" places. We have marked ſuch words as are to be
" pronounced with an accent different from the com-
" mon uſe."

Such being the general plan of Newton's edition of our author's poems, we have literally followed his corrected text, though we have taken care to compare it with that of other editions. We have likewiſe paid the greateſt regard to his pointing, which is generally that of MILTON himſelf, though we ſaw no good reaſon to follow it implicitly in every particular. ——— As to the orthography, Newton retained ſeveral peculiarities of his author, which had been diſcarded in former editions, and likewiſe introduced ſome of his own. But we have rejected all ſuch peculiarities, preferring the orthography now almoſt univerſally eſtabliſhed: And we are countenanced in our method of ſpelling, in moſt words, by the authority of Mr. Johnſon's excellent dictionary of the Engliſh language.

This ingenious gentleman obſerves, that, in the time of Charles I. there was a very prevalent inclination to change the orthography; as appears, among other books, in ſuch editions of the works of Milton as were publiſhed by himſelf. He afterwards adds, " We have ſince had no general reformers: But ſome " ingenious men have endeavoured to deſerve well of " their country, by writing *honor* and *labor* for *honour*

" and

" and *labour*, *red* for *read* in the preter-tenſe, *ſais* for " *ſays*, *repete* for *repeat*, *explane* for *explain*, or *de-* " *clame* for *declaim*. Of theſe it may be ſaid, that " as they have done no good; they have done little " harm; both becauſe they have innovated little, " and becauſe few have followed them."

In Milton's poems there are to be found many antiquated and obſolete words, and ſeveral words invented by himſelf. As theſe words may occaſion ſome inconvenience to unlearned readers, and to ſuch as are not well verſed in the writings of the ancient Engliſh poets, of whom Milton is ſaid to have been a great imitator; for their ſakes therefore we have annexed to the ſecond volume a copious gloſſary, explaining ſuch words; which gloſſary has been chiefly taken from Dr. Newton's notes, and Mr. Johnſon's dictionary.

A few notes are put at the bottom of ſeveral poems and ſonnets in the ſecond volume, which are chiefly taken or abridged from Newton.

Mr. Addiſon's Spectators upon the Paradiſe Loſt, are ſaid to have contributed greatly to the reputation of the poem; and they are generally much eſteemed. Dr. Newton tells us, that it was recommended to him to print them entire, as they had been formerly added to ſome editions. Accordingly this gentleman has prefixed thoſe papers which treat of the poem in general, in the form of a preliminary diſcourſe; and thoſe which are written upon each book ſeparately, he has inſerted under each book, and interwoven in their proper places. But, as we ſuppoſe moſt of our readers are poſſeſſed of the Spectator, and conſequently of thoſe much eſteemed papers of Mr. Addiſon's, we refer them to his quotations, when neceſſary to elucidate the criticiſms; and do not, like former editors, prefix them to the Life of our admired author.

Yet it may be no diſagreeable entertainment to the reader, to be preſented with a few of the many criticiſms and encomiums paſſed upon Milton's poems by men of diſtinguiſhed character among the critics.

" Three

" Three poets in three diſtant ages born,
" Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
" The firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſt;
" The next, in Majeſty; in both, the laſt.
" The force of Nature could no farther go:
" To make a third ſhe join'd the former two."
Dryd

——— " Every greatly amiable muſe
" Of elder ages in thy Milton met.
" His was the treaſure of two thouſand years,
" Seldom indulg'd to man; a god-like mind,
" Unlimited, and various, as his theme;
" Aſtoniſhing as Chaos; as the bloom
" Of blowing Eden fair; ſoft as the talk
" Of our grand parents, and as heaven ſublime
Thomſ

" Though the *Paradiſe Loſt* be the flower of e
" poeſy, yet the other poems are no leſs excellent
" their kind; and if they have not that ſublimity a
" majeſty, are at leaſt equally beautiful, and pleaſi
" to the imagination." *Newton.*

" It is commonly reported, that Milton himſ
" preferred *Paradiſe Regain'd* to the *Paradiſe L*
" But all that we can aſſert upon good authority,
" that he could not endure to hear the former cri
" down ſo much as it was, in compariſon with t
" latter. For certainly it is very worthy of the a
" thor; and, contrary to what Mr. Toland relat
" Milton may be ſeen in Paradiſe Regain'd as wel
" in Paradiſe Loſt. If it is inferior in poetry, I kn
" not whether it is not ſuperior in ſentiment; if i
" leſs deſcriptive, it is more argumentative; if
" doth not ſometimes riſe ſo high, neither doth it
" ver ſink ſo low; and it has not met with the a
" probation it deſerves, only becauſe it has not be
" more read and conſidered. His ſubject indeed
" confined, and he has a narrow foundation to bu
" upon; but he has raiſed as noble a ſuperſtructu
" as ſuch little room and ſuch ſcanty materials wo

" alle

" allow. The great beauty of it is the contraſt be-
" tween the two characters of the Tempter and our
" Saviour, the artful ſophiſtry and ſpecious inſinua-
" tions of the one refuted by the ſtrong ſenſe and
" manly eloquence of the other. And indeed this
" poem, to be more admired, needs only to be bet-
" ter known," *Newton.*

" Milton's *Paradiſe Regain'd* has not met with the
" approbation that it deſerves. It has not the har-
" mony of numbers, the ſublimity of thought, and
" the beauties of diction, which are in Paradiſe Loſt.
" It is compoſed in a lower and leſs ſtriking ſtyle, a
" ſtyle ſuited to the ſubject. Artful ſophiſtry, falſe
" reaſoning, ſet off in the moſt ſpecious manner, and
" refuted by the Son of God with ſtrong unaffected
" eloquence, is the peculiar excellence of this poem."
Jortin.

" The greateſt, and indeed juſteſt objection to *Pa-*
" *radiſe Regain'd*, is the narrowneſs of its plan, which
" being confined to that ſingle ſcene of our Saviour's
" life on earth, his temptation in the deſert, has too
" much ſameneſs in it, too much of the reaſoning and
" too little of the deſcriptive part; a defect moſt cer-
" tainly in an epic poem, which ought to conſiſt of a
" proper and happy mixture of the inſtructive and the
" delightful. Milton was himſelf, no doubt, ſenſi-
" ble of this imperfection, and has therefore very ju-
" diciouſly contrived and introduced all the little di-
" greſſions that could with any ſort of propriety con-
" nect with his ſubject, in order to relieve and refreſh
" the reader's attention. The converſation betwixt
" Andrew and Simon, upon the miſſing our Saviour
" ſo long, with the virgin's reflections on the ſame
" occaſion, and the council of the devils how beſt to
" attack their enemy, are inſtances of this ſort, and
" both very happily executed in their reſpective ways.
" The language of the former is not glaring and im-
" paſſioned, but cool and unaffected, correſponding
" moſt exactly to the humble pious character of the
" ſpeakers. That of the latter is full of energy and
" majeſty, and not a whit inferior to their moſt ſpi-

" rited

" rited ſpeeches in the Paradiſe Loſt. This may be " given as one proof out of many others, that if the " Paradiſe Regain'd is inferior, as indeed I think it " muſt be allowed to be, to the Paradiſe Loſt, it can- " not juſtly be imputed, as ſome would have it, to " any decay of Milton's genius, but to his being " cramped down by a more barren and contracted " ſubject."—" The deſcription of Athens and its " learning is extremely grand and beautiful. Mil- " ton's muſe, as was before obſerved, is too much " cramped down by the argumentative caſt of his " ſubject, but emerges upon every favourable occa- " ſion, and, like the ſun from under a cloud, burſts " out into the ſame bright vein of poetry, which " ſhines out more frequently, though not more " ſtrongly, in the Paradiſe Loſt." *Thyer.*

" It may ſeem a little odd at firſt, that Milton " ſhould impute the recovery of paradiſe to this ſhort " ſcene of our Saviour's life upon earth, and not ra- " ther extend it to his agony, crucifixion, *&c.*; but " the reaſon no doubt was, that *Paradiſe Regain'd* by " our Saviour's reſiſting the temptations of Satan, " might be a better contraſt to *Paradiſe Loſt* by our " firſt parents too eaſily yielding to the ſame ſeducing " ſpirit. Beſides, he might very probably, and in- " deed very reaſonably, be apprehenſive, that a ſub- " ject ſo extenſive as well as ſublime, might be too " great a burden for his declining conſtitution, and " a taſk too long for the ſhort term of years he could " then hope for. Even in his Paradiſe Loſt he ex- " preſſes his fears, leaſt he had begun too late, and " leſt *an age too late, or cold climate, or years, ſhould* " *have damped his intended wing.* And ſurely he had " much greater cauſe to dread the ſame now, and " be very cautious of lanching out too far." *Thyer.*

" It is hard to ſay, whether Milton's wrong no- " tions in divinity led him to this defective plan, or " his fondneſs for the plan influenced thoſe notions: " That is, Whether he indeed ſuppoſed the redemp- " tion of mankind (as he here repreſents it) was pro- " cured by Chriſt's triumph over the devil in the " wilderneſs;

" wilderneſs; or whether he thought, that the ſcene " of the deſert oppoſed to that of paradiſe, and the " action of a temptation withſtood to a temptation " fallen under, made *Paradiſe Regain'd* a more regu- " lar ſequel to *Paradiſe Loſt*: Or, if neither this nor " that, whether it was his being tired out with the " labour of compoſing Paradiſe Loſt, made him a- " verſe to another work of length, (and then he " would never be at a loſs for fanciful reaſons to de- " termine him in the choice of his plan), is very un- " certain. All that we can be ſure of is, that the " plan is a very unhappy one, and defective even in " that narrow view of a ſequel; for it affords the " poet no opportunity of driving the devil back a- " gain to hell from his new conqueſts in the air. In " the mean time nothing was eaſier than to have in- " vented a good one, which ſhould end with the re- " ſurrection, and compriſe theſe four books, ſome- " what contracted, in an epiſode, for which only the " ſubject of them is fit." *Warburton.*

" All the poems that ever were written, muſt yield, " even *Paradiſe Loſt* muſt yield to *Regain'd* in the " grandeur of its cloſe. Chriſt ſtands triumphant on " the pointed eminence. The demon falls with a- " mazement and terrour, on this full proof of his be- " ing that very Son of God whoſe thunder forced " him out of heaven. The bleſſed angels receive " new knowledge. They behold a ſublime truth e- " ſtabliſhed, which was a ſecret to them at the be- " ginning of the temptation; and the great diſco- " very gives a proper opening to their hymn on the " victory of Chriſt, and the defeat of the Tempter." *Calton.*

" *Samſon Agoniſtes* is written in the very ſpirit of " the ancients, and equals, if not exceeds, any of " the moſt perfect tragedies which were ever exhibit- " ed on the Athenian ſtage, when Greece was in its " glory." *Newton.*

Biſhop Atterbury had an intention of getting Mr. Pope to divide the *Samſon Agoniſtes* into acts and ſcenes, and of *having it* acted by the King's ſcholars

at Weſtminſter. The Biſhop expreſſes himſelf thus in a letter to Mr. Pope. "I hope you will not utterly forget what paſſed in the coach about *Samſon Agoniſtes*. I ſhall not preſs you as to time; but ſome time or other, I wiſh you would review, and poliſh that piece. If, upon a new peruſal of it, (which I deſire you to make), you think as I do, that it is written in the very ſpirit of the ancients; it deſerves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and ſtandard of tragic poetry; — always allowing for its being a ſtory taken out of the Bible, which is an objection, that, at this time of day, I know is not to be got over." *Newton.*

"*L'Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo* are exquiſitely beautiful in themſelves; but appear much more beautiful, when they are conſidered, as they were written, in contraſt to each other. There is a great variety of pleaſing images in each of them; and it is remarkable, that the poet repreſents ſeveral of the ſame objects as exciting both mirth and melancholy, and affecting us differently, according to the different diſpoſitions and affections of the ſoul. This is nature and experience." *Newton.*

"*L'Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo* are certainly the beſt of Milton's productions in rhyme; for the rhymes in Lycidas are irregular. But yet we may obſerve, that ſeveral things are ſaid which would not have been ſaid but only for the ſake of the rhyme. Mr. Pope, I have been informed, had remarked ſeveral defects of the ſame kind in theſe two poems; and there may be ſome truth and juſtneſs in the obſervation which Dryden has made in the dedication of his Juvenal, that rhyme was not Milton's talent; he had neither the eaſe of doing it, nor the graces of it. But then it muſt be ſaid, that he had talents for greater things; and there is more harmony in his blank verſe, than in all the rhyming poetry in the world." *Newton.*

"In the *Maſque* Milton ſeems to have imitated Shakeſpear's manner more than in any other of his works;

" works; and it was very natural for a young au-
" thor preparing a piece for the ſtage, to propoſe to
" himſelf for a pattern the moſt celebrated maſter of
" Engliſh dramatic poetry." *Thyer.*

" Milton has in the *Maſque* more profeſſedly imi-
" tated the manner of Shakeſpear in his fairy ſcenes,
" than in any other of his works: And his poem is
" much the better for it, not only for the beauty,
" variety, and novelty of his images, but for a
" brighter vein of poetry, and an eaſe and delicacy
" of expreſſion very ſuperior to his natural manner."
Warburton.

" In *Lycidas* there are more antiquated and obſo-
" lete words, than in any other of Milton's poems:
" Which I conceive to be owing partly to his judg-
" ment; for he might think them more ruſtic, and
" better adapted to the nature of paſtoral poetry;
" and partly to his imitating of Spenſer." *Newton.*

" The particular beauties of this charming paſto-
" ral, *Lycidas*, are too ſtriking to need much deſcant-
" ing upon: But what gives the greateſt grace to
" the whole, is that natural and agreeable wildneſs
" and irregularity which runs quite through it; than
" which nothing could be better ſuited to expreſs the
" warm affection which Milton had for his friend,
" and the extreme grief he was in for the loſs of him.
" Grief, which is eloquent, but not formal." *Thyer.*

As a detail of all the encomiums on the ſeveral pieces of our author would make a large volume, we ſhall conclude with preſenting to the reader Dr. Newton's laſt note on the Paradiſe Loſt, which well deſerves a place here.

" The reader" (ſays he) " probably may have ob-
" ſerved, that the two laſt books of Paradiſe Loſt
" fall ſhort of the ſublimity and majeſty of the reſt:
" And ſo likewiſe do the two laſt books of the Iliad;
" and for the ſame reaſon, becauſe the ſubject is of
" a different kind from that of the foregoing ones.
" The ſubject of the two laſt books of the Paradiſe
" Loſt is hiſtory rather than poetry. However, we
" may ſtill diſcover the ſame great genius; and there

" are intermixed as many ornaments and graces of " poetry, as the nature of the ſubject, and the au- " thor's fidelity and ſtrict attachment to the truth of " ſcripture-hiſtory, and the reduction of ſo many and " ſuch various events into ſo narrow a compaſs, " would admit. It is the ſame ocean, but not at its " higheſt tide; it is now ebbing and retreating. It " is the ſame ſun, but not in its full blaze of meri- " dian glory; it now ſhines with a gentler ray, as it " is ſetting. Throughout the whole the author ap- " pears to have been a moſt critical reader, and a moſt " paſſionate admirer of holy ſcripture. He is in- " debted to ſcripture infinitely more than to Homer " and Virgil, and all other books whatever. Not " only his principal fable, but all his epiſodes are " founded upon ſcripture. The ſcripture hath not " only furniſhed him with the nobleſt hints, raiſed " his thoughts, and fired his imagination; but hath " alſo very much enriched his language, given a cer- " tain ſolemnity and majeſty to his diction, and ſup- " plied him with many of his choiceſt, happieſt ex- " preſſions. Let men therefore learn from this in- " ſtance to reverence thoſe ſacred writings. If any " man can pretend to deride or deſpiſe them, it muſt " be ſaid of him at leaſt, that he has a taſte and ge- " nius the moſt different from Milton's that can be " imagined. Whoever has any true taſte and genius, " we are confident, will eſteem this poem the beſt of " modern productions, and the ſcriptures the beſt of " all ancient ones."

" The Life of the Author" (ſays Dr. Newton) " it " is almoſt become a cuſtom to preſix to a new edi- " tion of his works; for when we admire the writer, " we are curious alſo to know ſomething of the man: " And the life of Milton is not barely a hiſtory of his " works, but is ſo much the more intereſting, as he " was more engaged in public affairs than poets u- " ſually are." And after telling us that accounts of his life have been wrote by ſix different perſons, he adds, " I have not only read and compared theſe " accounts together, and made the beſt extracts out

" of

" of them which I poſſibly could; but have alſo col-
" lected ſome other particulars from Milton's own
" works, as well as from other authors, and from cre-
" dible tradition as well as from written teſtimonies;
" and all theſe, like ſo many different threads, I have
" woven into one piece, and formed into a continued
" narration: So that I have included the ſubſtance
" of all former lives, and with improvements and ad-
" ditions." Of this Life follows a large abſtract, in which no material circumſtance is omitted.

The LIFE of MILTON.

THE family of Milton came originally from Milton near Halton and Thame, Oxfordſhire; where it flouriſhed ſeveral years, till at laſt the eſtate was ſequeſtered, one of the family having taken the unfortunate ſide in the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter. John Milton, the Poet's grandfather, was an under-ranger or keeper of the foreſt of Shotover near Halton, Oxfordſhire: He was of the religion of Rome, and ſuch a bigot, that he diſinherited his ſon only for being a Proteſtant. Upon this the ſon, our Poet's father, named likewiſe John Milton, ſettled in London, and became a ſcrivener. He had a taſte for the politer arts, and was particularly ſkilled in muſic, in which he was a fine performer; and is alſo celebrated for ſeveral pieces of his compoſition. By his diligence and oeconomy he acquired a competent eſtate, which enabled him afterwards to retire, and live in the country. He was a very worthy man; and married Sarah Caſton, of a family originally derived from Wales. She was a woman of incomparable virtue and goodneſs, and by her huſband had two ſons and a daughter.

The elder of the ſons was our famous poet, who was born in Breadſtreet, London, Dec. 9. 1608. He was named John, as his father and grandfather had been before him. From the beginning diſcovering the marks of an uncommon genius, he was deſigned for a ſcholar, and had his education partly under private tutors, and partly at a public ſchool. When he had made good progreſs in his ſtudies at home, he was ſent to St. Paul's School, to be fitted for the univerſity. In this early time of life, ſuch was his love of learning, and ſo great his ambition to ſurpaſs his equals, that from his twelfth year he commonly continued his ſtudies till midnight, which (as he ſays himſelf) was the firſt ruin of his eyes, to whoſe natural debility were added too frequent headachs: But

all

all could not extinguiſh or abate his laudable paſſion for letters. It is very ſeldom ſeen, that ſuch application and ſuch a genius meet in the ſame perſon. The force of either is great, but both together muſt perform wonders.

He was now in the 17th year of his age, and was a very good claſſical ſcholar, and maſter of ſeveral languages, when he was ſent to the univerſity of Cambridge, and admitted at Chriſt's College Feb. 12. 1624-5. He continued above ſeven years at the univerſity, and took two degrees, that of Bachelor of Arts in 1628-9, and that of Maſter in 1632. He had given early proofs of his poetic genius before he went to the univerſity; and there he excelled more and more, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by ſeveral copies of verſes upon occaſional ſubjects, as well as by all his academical exerciſes, many of which are printed among his other works, and ſhow him to have had a capacity above his years: And by his obliging behaviour, added to his great learning and ingenuity, he deſervedly gained the affection of many, and admiration of all. He did not however obtain any preferment in the univerſity. This, together with ſome Latin verſes of his to a friend, reflecting upon the univerſity ſeemingly on this account, might probably have given occaſion to the reproach afterwards caſt upon him by his adverſaries, that he was expelled from the univerſity for irregularities, and forced to fly to Italy. But he ſufficiently refutes this calumny in more places than one of his works. And indeed it is no wonder, that a perſon ſo engaged in religious and political controverſies as he was, ſhould be calumniated by the contrary party.

He was deſigned by his parents for holy orders: But it appears, that he had conceived early prejudices againſt the doctrine and diſcipline of the church; and ſubſcribing to the articles, was, in his opinion, ſubſcribing ſlave. This no doubt was a diſappointment to his friends, who, though in comfortable, were yet by no means in great circumſtances. Neither doth he ſeem to *have had any* inclination to any other profeſſion:

feſſion: He had too free a ſpirit to be limited and confined; and was for comprehending all ſciences, but profeſſing none. Therefore, after he had left the univerſity in 1632, he went to his father's houſe in the country; for his father had by this time retired to live at an eſtate which he had purchaſed at Horton, near Colebrooke, Buckinghamſhire. Here he reſided with his parents for five years, and read over all the Greek and Latin authors, particularly the hiſtorians. But now and then he made an excurſion to London; ſometimes to buy books, or to meet his friends from Cambridge; and at other times to learn ſomething new in the mathematics or muſic, with which he was extremely delighted.

His retirement therefore was a learned retirement; and it was not long before the world reaped the fruits of it. His *Maſque* was preſented at Ludlow-caſtle in 1634. There was formerly a Preſident of Wales, and a ſort of court kept at Ludlow, which has ſince been aboliſhed. The Preſident at that time was the Earl of Bridgewater; before whom Milton's Maſque was preſented on Michaelmas night; and the principal parts, thoſe of the two Brothers were performed by his Lordſhip's ſons the Lord Brackly and Mr. Thomas Egerton, and that of the Lady by his Lordſhip's daughter Lady Alice. The occaſion of this poem ſeemeth to have been merely an accident of the two Brothers and the Lady having loſt one another in their way to the caſtle. It is written very much in imitation of Shakeſpeare's Tempeſt, and the Faithful Shepherdeſs of Beaumont and Fletcher; and though one of the firſt, is yet one of the moſt beautiful of Milton's compoſitions. It was for ſome time handed about only in manuſcript; but afterwards, to ſatisfy the importunity of friends, and to ſave the trouble of tranſcribing, it was printed at London, though without the author's name, in 1637, with a dedication to the Lord Brackly, by Mr. H. Lawes, who compoſed the muſic, and played the part of the Attendant Spirit. It was printed likewiſe at Oxford, at the end of Mr. R.'s *poems; but* who that Mr. R. was, whether Randolph

dolph the poet, or who elſe, is uncertain. It has lately, though with additions and alterations, been exhibited on the ſtage ſeveral times; and we hope the fine poetry and morality have recommended it to the audience, and not barely the authority of Milton's name; and we wiſh, for the honour of the nation, that the like good taſte prevailed in every thing.

In 1637 he wrote another excellent piece, his *Lycidas*; wherein he laments the untimely fate of a friend who was drowned on the Iriſh ſeas, in his paſſage from Cheſter. This friend was Mr. Edward King, ſon of Sir John King, Secretary of Ireland, and a fellow of Chriſt's College. He was ſo well beloved and eſteemed at Cambridge, that ſome of the greateſt names in the univerſity have united in celebrating his obſequies, and publiſhed a collection of poems, Greek, Latin, and Engliſh, ſacred to his memory; the Greek by H. More, *&c.*; the Latin by T. Farnaby, J. Pearſon, *&c.*; the Engliſh by H. King, J. Beaumont, J. Cleaveland, with ſeveral others; and judiciouſly the laſt of all, as the beſt of all, is Milton's Lycidas. "On ſuch ſacrifices the gods themſelves "ſtrow incenſe;" and one would almoſt wiſh ſo to have died, for the ſake of having been ſo lamented. But this poem is not all made up of ſorrow and tenderneſs; there is a mixture of ſatire and indignation: For in part of it the poet taketh occaſion to inveigh againſt the corruptions of the clergy, and ſeemeth to have firſt diſcovered his acrimony againſt Abp. Laud, and to have threatened him with the loſs of his head, which afterwards happened to him through the fury of his enemies. At leaſt, I can think of no ſenſe ſo proper to be given to the following verſes in Lycidas.

Beſides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſaid;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.

About this time he had ſome thoughts of taking chambers at one of the inns of court, for he was not very

very well pleaſed with living ſo obſcurely in the country: But his mother dying, he prevailed with his father to let him indulge a deſire which he had long entertained, of ſeeing foreign countries, and particularly Italy. Having communicated his deſign to Sir Henry Wotton, who had formerly been ambaſſador at Venice, and was then Provoſt of Eton College, and having alſo ſent him his Maſque, of which he had not yet publicly acknowledged himſelf the author, he received from him the following friendly letter, dated, *From the college, the 13th of April* 1638.

" SIR,

IT was a ſpecial favour, when you lately beſtowed upon me here the firſt taſte of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly: and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther ſtay in theſe parts, which I underſtood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold, in our vulgar phraſe, to mend my draught, (for you left me with an extreme thirſt), and to have begged your converſation again, jointly with your ſaid learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together ſome good authors of the ancient time; among which I obſerved you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you, dated the ſixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment that came therewith. Wherein I ſhould much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not raviſh me with a certain Doric delicacy in your ſongs and odes, whereunto I muſt plainly confeſs to have ſeen yet nothing parallel in our language, *ipſa mollities*. But I muſt not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modeſtly ſoever) the true artificer. For the work itſelf I had viewed ſome good while before, with ſingular delight, having received it from our common friend

friend Mr. R. in the very cloſe of the late Mr. R.'s poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it is added, (as I now ſuppoſe), that the acceſſory might help out the principal, according to the art of *ſtationers*, and leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

Now, Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of diſcourſe with you; I ſuppoſe you will not blanch Paris in your way. Therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you ſhall eaſily find attending the young Lord S. as his governour; and you may ſurely receive from him good directions for the ſhaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reſide by my choice ſome time for the King, after mine own receſs from Venice.

I ſhould think, that your beſt line will be through the whole length of France to Marſeilles, and thence by ſea to Genoa, whence the paſſage into Tuſcany is as diurnal as a Graveſend barge. I haſten, as you do, to Florence, or Sienna, the rather to tell you a ſhort ſtory, from the intereſt you have given me in your ſafety.

At Sienna I was tabled in the houſe of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been ſteward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were ſtrangled, ſave this only man, that eſcaped by foreſight of the tempeſt. With him I had often much chat of thoſe affairs; into which he took pleaſure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome, (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myſelf ſecurely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conſcience. *Signor Arrigo mio*, (ſays he), *I penſieri ſtretti, et il viſo ſciolto*, that is, your thoughts cloſe, and your countenance looſe, will go ſafely over the whole world. Of which Delphian oracle (for ſo I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you with it to the beſt of all ſecurities, God's dear love; remaining

maining your friend, as much at command as any of longer date,

H. WOTTON."

P. S. "Sir, I have expreſsly ſent this by my footboy, to prevent your departure without ſome acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myſelf through ſome buſineſs, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I ſhall underſtand you fixed, I ſhall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with home-novelties; even for ſome fomentation of our friendſhip, too ſoon interrupted in the cradle."

Soon after this he ſet out upon his travels, being of an age to make the proper improvements, and not barely to ſee ſights and to learn the languages, like moſt of our modern travellers, who go out boys, and return ſuch as we ſee, but ſuch as I do not chuſe to name. He went firſt to France, where he had recommendations to the Lord Scudamore, the Engliſh ambaſſador. As ſoon as he came to Paris, he waited upon his Lordſhip, and was received with wonderful civility. Having an earneſt deſire to viſit the learned Hugo Grotius, he was by his Lordſhip's means introduced to that great man, who then reſided at the French court as ambaſſador from the famous Chriſtina Queen of Sweden. The viſit was to their mutual ſatisfaction; they were each of them pleaſed to ſee a perſon, of whom they had heard ſuch commendations. But he ſtaid not long at Paris; his thoughts and his wiſhes haſtened into Italy. He therefore after a few days took leave of Lord Scudamore, who very kindly gave him letters to the Engliſh merchants in the ſeveral places through which he was to travel, requeſting them to do him all the good offices which lay in their power.

From Paris he went directly to Nice, where he took ſhipping for Genoa; from whence he went to Leghorn, and thence to Piſa; and ſo to Florence, in which city he found ſufficient inducements to make a ſtay

ſtay of two months. For beſides the curioſities and other beauties of the place, he took great delight in the company and converſation there, and frequented their academies as they are called, the meetings of the moſt polite and ingenious perſons, which they have in this, as well as in the other principal cities of Italy, for the exerciſe and improvement of wit and learning among them. In theſe converſations he bore ſo good a part, and produced ſo many excellent compoſitions, that he was ſoon taken notice of, and was very much courted and careſſed by ſeveral of the nobility and prime wits of Florence. For the manner is, as Milton tells us, that every one muſt give ſome proof of his wit and reading there. His productions were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to beſtow on men of this ſide the Alps. Jacomo Gaddi, Antonio Francini, Carlo Dati, Beneditto, Bonmatthei, Cultellino, Freſcobaldi, Clementilli, are reckoned among his particular friends. At Gaddi's houſe the academies were held, which he conſtantly frequented. Antonio Francini compoſed an Italian ode in his commendation. Carlo Dati wrote a Latin eulogium of him, and correſponded with him after his return to England. Bonmatthei was at that time about publiſhing an Italian grammar; and Milton addreſſed an epiſtle to him upon that occaſion, commending his deſign, and adviſing him to add ſome obſervations concerning the true pronunciation of that language for the uſe of foreigners.

So much good acquaintance would probably have detained him longer at Florence, if he had not been going to Rome, which to a curious traveller is certainly the place the moſt worth ſeeing of any in the world. From Florence he went to Sienna, and from thence to Rome; where he ſtaid much about the ſame time that he had continued at Florence, feaſting both his eyes and his mind, and delighted with the fine paintings, and ſculptures, and other rarities and antiquities of the city, as well as with the converſation of ſeveral learned and ingenious men, particularly of Lucas Holſtenius, keeper of the Vatican library, who

received him with the greateſt humanity, and ſhowed him all the Greek authors, whether in print or in manuſcript, which had paſſed through his correction; and alſo preſented him to Cardinal Barberini, who at an entertainment of muſic, performed at his own expence, waited for him at the door, and taking him by the hand brought him into the aſſembly. The next morning he waited upon the Cardinal to return him thanks for his civilities, and by the means of Holſtenius was again introduced to his Eminence, and ſpent ſome time in converſation with him. It ſeems that Holſtenius had ſtudied three years at Oxford, and this might diſpoſe him to be more friendly to the Engliſh; but he took a particular liking and affection to Milton; and Milton, to thank him for all his favours, wrote to him afterwards from Florence. At Rome too Selvaggi made a Latin diſtich in honour of Milton, and Salſilli a Latin tetraſtich, celebrating him for his Greek, and Latin, and Italian poetry; and he in return preſented to Salſilli in his ſickneſs thoſe fine Scazons, or Iambic verſes having a ſpondee in the laſt foot, which are inſerted among his juvenile poems.

From Rome he went to Naples, in company with a certain hermit; and by his means was introduced to the acquaintance of Giovanni Baptiſta Manſo, Marquis of Villa, a Neapolitan nobleman, of ſingular merit and virtue; to whom Taſſo addreſſes his dialogue of friendſhip, and whom he mentions likewiſe in his Gieruſalemme Liberata with great honour. This nobleman was particularly civil to Milton, frequently viſited him at his lodgings, went with him to ſhow him the Viceroy's palace, and whatever was curious or worth notice in the city; and honoured him ſo far as to make a Latin diſtich in his praiſe, which is printed before our author's Latin poems, as is likewiſe the other of Selvaggi, and the Latin tetraſtich of Salſilli, together with the Italian ode and the Latin eulogium before mentioned. We may ſuppoſe that Milton was not a little pleaſed with the honours conferred upon him by ſo many perſons of diſtinction, and eſpecially by

by one of ſuch quality and eminence, as the Marquis of Villa; and, as a teſtimony of his gratitude, he preſented to the Marquis, at his departure from Naples, his eclogue, intitled *Manſus*, which is well worth reading among his Latin poems. So that it may be reckoned a peculiar felicity of the Marquis of Villa's life, to have been celebrated both by Taſſo and Milton, the one the greateſt modern poet of his own, and the other the greateſt of foreign nations.

Having ſeen the fineſt parts of Italy, Milton was now thinking of paſſing over into Sicily and Greece, when he was diverted from his purpoſe by the news from England, that things were tending to a civil war between the King and parliament; for he thought it unworthy of himſelf to be taking his pleaſure abroad, while his countrymen were contending for liberty at home. He reſolved therefore to return by the way of Rome, though he was adviſed to the contrary by the merchants, who had received intelligence from their correſpondents, that the Engliſh Jeſuits there were forming plots againſt him, in caſe he ſhould return thither, by reaſon of the great freedom which he had uſed in all his diſcourſes of religion. For he had by no means obſerved the rule recommended to him by Sir Henry Wotton, of keeping his thoughts cloſe and his countenance open. He had viſited Galileo, a priſoner to the inquiſition, for aſſerting the motion of the earth, and thinking otherwiſe in aſtronomy than the Dominicans and Franciſcans thought: And though the Marquis of Villa had ſhown him ſuch diſtinguiſhing marks of favour at Naples, yet he told him at his departure, that he would have ſhown him much greater, if he had been more reſerved in matters of religion. But he had a ſoul above diſſimulation and diſguiſe; he was neither afraid nor aſhamed to vindicate the truth; and if any man had, he had in him the ſpirit of an old martyr. He was ſo prudent indeed, that he would not of his own accord begin any diſcourſe of religion; but at the ſame time he was ſo honeſt, that if he was queſtioned at all about his faith, he would not diſſemble his ſentiments, whatever

was the conſequence. With this reſolution he went to Rome the ſecond time, and ſtaid there two months more, neither concealing his name, nor declining openly to defend the truth, if any thought proper to attack him. And yet, God's good providence protecting him, he came ſafe to his kind friends at Florence; where he was received with as much joy and affection, as if he had returned into his own country.

Here likewiſe he ſtaid two months, as he had done before, excepting only an excurſion of a few days to Lucca. From thence, croſſing the Apennine, and paſſing through Bologna and Ferrara, he went to Venice, in which city he ſpent a month; and having ſhipped off the books which he had collected in his travels, and particularly a cheſt or two of choice muſic books of the beſt maſters flouriſhing at that time in Italy, he took his courſe through Verona, Milan, and along the lake Leman, to Geneva. In this city he tarried ſome time, meeting here with people of his own principles; and contracted an intimate friendſhip with Giovanni Diodati, the moſt learned profeſſor of divinity, whoſe annotations upon the Bible are publiſhed in Engliſh. From thence returning through France, the ſame way that he had gone before, he arrived ſafe in England, after a peregrination of one year and about three months; having ſeen more, and learned more, and converſed with more famous men, and made more real improvements, than moſt others in double the time.

His firſt buſineſs after his return was to pay his duty to his father, and to viſit his other friends. But this pleaſure was much diminiſhed by the loſs of his dear friend and ſchool-fellow Charles Diodati in his abſence. While he was abroad, he heard it reported that he was dead; and upon his coming home he found it but too true, and lamented his death in an excellent Latin eclogue, intitled, *Epitaphium Damonis*. This Diodati had a father originally of Lucca; but his mother was Engliſh. He was born and bred in England, ſtudied phyſic, was an admirable ſcholar, and no leſs remarkable for his ſobriety and

other

other virtues, than for his great learning and ingenuity. One or two of Milton's familiar epiſtles are addreſſed to him; and Mr. Toland ſays, that he had in his hands two Greek letters of Diodati to Milton, very handſomely written. It may be right for ſcholars now and then to exerciſe themſelves in Greek and Latin; but we have much more frequent occaſion to write letters in our own native language, and in that therefore we ſhould principally endeavour to excel.

Milton, after his return, had taken a private lodging in St. Bride's church-yard; but ſoon after removed to a handſome garden-houſe in Alderſgate-ſtreet, ſituated at the end of an entry, which was the more agreeable to a ſtudious man for its privacy, and freedom from noiſe and diſturbance. In this houſe he continued ſeveral years. His ſiſter's two ſons were put to board with him, firſt the younger, and afterwards the elder. Some other of his intimate friends requeſted of him the ſame favour for their ſons, eſpecially ſince there was little more trouble in inſtructing half a dozen than two or three: And he, who could not eaſily deny any thing to his friends, and who knew that the greateſt men in all ages had delighted in teaching others the principles of knowledge and virtue, undertook the office; not out of any ſordid and mercenary views, but merely from a benevolent diſpoſition, and a deſire to do good. His method of education was as much above the pedantry and jargon of the common ſchools, as his genius was ſuperior to that of a common ſchoolmaſter. One of his nephews has given us an account of the many authors, both Latin and Greek, which, (beſides thoſe uſually read in the ſchools), through his excellent judgment and way of teaching, were run over within no greater compaſs of time, than from ten to fifteen or ſixteen years of age. Of the Latin, the four authors concerning huſbandry, Cato, Varro, Columella, and Palladius; alſo Cornelius Celſus the phyſician, a great part of Pliny's natural hiſtory, the Architecture of Vitruvius, the Stratagems of Frontinus, and the philoſophical poets *Lucretius* and Manilius. Of the

Greek, Heſiod, Aratus's Phenomena and Dioſcorides, Dionyſius Afer de ſitu orbis, Oppian's Cynegetics and Halieutics, Quintus Calaber's poem of the Trojan war continued from Homer, Apollonius Rhodius's Argonautics; and in proſe Plutarch's Placita philoſophorum, and of the education of children, Xenophon's Cyropædia and Anabaſis, Ælian's Tactics, and the Stratagems of Polyænus. Nor did this application to the Greek and Latin tongues hinder the attaining to the chief oriental languages, the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, ſo far as to go through the Pentateuch, or five books of Moſes, in Hebrew; to make a good entrance into the Targum or Chaldee paraphraſe, and to underſtand ſeveral chapters of St. Matthew in the Syriac Teſtament; beſides the modern languages, Italian and French, and a competent knowledge of the mathematics and aſtronomy. The Sunday's exerciſe for his pupils was for the moſt part to read a chapter of the Greek Teſtament, and to hear his learned expoſition of it. The next work after this was, to write from his dictation ſome part of a ſyſtem of divinity, which he had collected from the ableſt divines, who had written upon that ſubject. Such were his academic inſtitutions: And thus, by teaching others, he in ſome meaſure enlarged his own knowledge; and having the reading of ſo many authors as it were by proxy, he might poſſibly have preſerved his ſight, if he had not moreover been perpetually buſied in reading or writing ſomething himſelf. It was certainly a very recluſe and ſtudious life that both he and his pupils led: But the young men of that age were of a different turn from thoſe of the preſent; and he himſelf gave an example to thoſe under him of hard ſtudy and ſpare diet; only now and then, once in three weeks or a month, he made a gaudy day with ſome young gentlemen of his acquaintance; the chief of whom, ſays Mr. Philips, were Mr. Alphry and Mr. Miller, both of Gray's-inn, and two of the greateſt beaus of thoſe times.

But he was not ſo fond of this academical life, as to be an indifferent ſpectator of what was acted upon the

the public ſtage of the world. The nation was now in a great ferment in 1641, and the clamour run high againſt the Biſhops; when he joined loudly in the cry, to help the Puritan miniſters, (as he ſays himſelf), they being inferior to the Biſhops in learning and eloquence; and publiſhed his two books, *Of reformation in England, written to a friend.* About the ſame time certain miniſters having publiſhed a treatiſe againſt Epiſcopacy, in anſwer to the humble remonſtrance of Dr. Joſeph Hall Biſhop of Norwich, under the title of *Smectymnuus*, a word conſiſting of the initial letters of their names, Stephen Marſhal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurſtow; and Abp. Uſher having publiſhed at Oxford a refutation of Smectymnuus, in a tract concerning the original of biſhops and metropolitans; Milton wrote his little piece, *Of Prelatical Epiſcopacy*, in oppoſition chiefly to Uſher; for he was for contending with the moſt powerful adverſary; there would be either leſs diſgrace in the defeat, or more glory in the victory. He handled the ſubject more at large in his next performance; which was, *The reaſon of church-government urged againſt Prelaty, in two books.* And Bp. Hall having publiſhed a defence of the humble remonſtrance, he wrote *animadverſions* upon it. All theſe treatiſes he publiſhed within the courſe of one year, 1641; which ſhow how very diligent he was in the cauſe that he had undertaken. And the next year he ſet forth his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, in anſwer to the confutation of his animadverſions, written, as he thought himſelf, by Bp. Hall or his ſon. And here very luckily ended a controverſy, which detained him from greater and better writings which he was meditating, more uſeful to the public, as well as more ſuitable to his own genius and inclination: But he thought all this while that he was vindicating eccleſiaſtical liberty.

In the year 1643, and the 35th of his age, he married Mary the eldeſt daughter of Mr. Richard Powel, of Foreſthill, near Shotover, Oxfordſhire, a juſtice of the peace, and a gentleman of good repute and figure

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in that country; for his family, now growing numerous, required a miſtreſs at the head of it, and his father was coming to live with him; which he did, and continued with him in tranquillity and devotion to his dying day. Mrs. Milton had not cohabited with her huſband above a month, before ſhe was earneſtly ſolicited by her relations to come and ſpend the remaining part of the ſummer with them in the country. If it was not at her inſtigation that her friends made this requeſt, yet at leaſt it was agreeable to her inclination; and ſhe obtained her huſband's conſent, upon a promiſe of returning at Michaelmas. In the mean while his ſtudies went on very vigorouſly; and his chief diverſion, after the buſineſs of the day, was now and then in an evening to viſit the Lady Margaret Lee, daughter of the Earl of Marlborough, Lord High Treaſurer of England, and Preſident of the Privy Council to King James I. This Lady, being a woman of excellent wit and underſtanding, had a particular honour for our author, and took great delight in his converſation; as likewiſe did her huſband Capt. Hobſon, a very accompliſhed gentleman. And what a regard Milton again had for her, he has left upon record in a ſonnet to her praiſe, extant among his other poems.

Michaelmas was now come, but he heard nothing of his wife's return. He wrote to her, but received no anſwer. He wrote again letter after letter, but received no anſwer to any of them. He then diſpatched a meſſenger with a letter deſiring her to return; but ſhe poſitively refuſed, and diſmiſſed the meſſenger with contempt. Whether it was, that ſhe had conceived any diſlike to her huſband's perſon or humour; or whether ſhe could not conform to his retired and philoſophical manner of life, having been accuſtomed to a houſe of much gaiety and company; or whether being of a family ſtrongly attached to the royal cauſe, ſhe could not bear her huſband's republican principles; or whether ſhe was overperſuaded by her relations, who poſſibly might repent of having matched the eldeſt daughter of the family to a man ſo diſtinguiſhed

guiſhed for taking the contrary party, the King's head-quarters being in their neighbourhood at Oxford, and his Majeſty having now ſome fairer proſpect of ſucceſs; whether any or all of theſe were the reaſons of this extraordinary behaviour; however it was, it ſo highly incenſed her huſband, that he thought it would be diſhonourable ever to receive her again after ſuch a repulſe, and he determined to repudiate her, as ſhe had in effect repudiated him, and to conſider her no longer as his wife. To fortify this his reſolution, and at the ſame time to juſtify it to the world, he wrote *The doctrine and diſcipline of divorce*; wherein he endeavours to prove, that indiſpoſition, unfitneſs, or contrariety of mind, proceeding from any unchangeable cauſe in nature, hindering and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal ſociety, which are ſolace and peace, are greater reaſons of divorce than adultery or natural frigidity, eſpecially if there be no children, and there be mutual conſent for ſeparation. He publiſhed it at firſt without his name; but the ſtyle eaſily betrayed the author; and afterwards a ſecond edition, much augmented, with his name. This book he dedicated to the parliament of England, with the aſſembly of divines, that as they were then conſulting about the general reformation of the kingdom, they might alſo take this particular caſe of domeſtic liberty into their conſideration. And then, as it was objected that his doctrine was a novel notion, and a paradox that no body had ever aſſerted before, he endeavoured to confirm his own opinion by the authority of others, and publiſhed, in 1644, *The judgment of Martin Bucer*, &c. And as it was ſtill objected, that his doctrine could not be reconciled to Scripture; he publiſhed in 1645 his *Tetrachordon; or, Expoſitions upon the four chief places in Scripture, which treat of marriage, or nullities in marriage.* At the firſt appearing of *the doctrine and diſcipline of divorce*, the clergy raiſed a heavy outcry againſt it, and daily ſolicited the parliament to paſs ſome cenſure upon it. At laſt one of them, in a ſermon preached before the Lords and Commons, on a day of humiliation, in Au-

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guſt 1644, roundly told them, that there was a book abroad which deſerved to be burnt; and that among their other ſins they ought to repent, that they had not yet branded it with ſome mark of their diſpleaſure. Mr. Wood informs us, that upon Milton's publiſhing his three books of divorce, the aſſembly of divines, then ſitting at Weſtminſter, took ſpecial notice of them; and notwithſtanding his former ſervices in writing againſt the Biſhops, cauſed him to be ſummoned before the houſe of Lords: But that houſe, whether approving his doctrine, or not favouring his accuſers, ſoon diſmiſſed him. He was attacked alſo from the preſs, in a pamphlet, intitled, *Divorce at pleaſure*; and in another, intitled, *An anſwer to the doctrine and diſcipline of divorce*, which was licenſed and recommended by Mr. Joſeph Caryl, a famous Preſbyterian divine, and author of a voluminous commentary on the book of Job. Milton, in his *Colaſterion*, or *Reply*, publiſhed in 1645, expoſtulates ſmartly with the licenſer, as well as handles very roughly the nameleſs author. Theſe provocations, I ſuppoſe, contributed not a little to make him ſuch an enemy to the Preſbyterians, to whom he had before diſtinguiſhed himſelf a friend. He compoſed likewiſe two ſonnets on the reception his book of divorce met with, but the latter is much the better of the two. Mr. Wood ſays, that after the King's reſtoration, when the ſubject of divorce was under conſideration with the Lords, upon account of John Lord Ros or Roos's ſeparation from his wife Anne Pierpoint, eldeſt daughter to Henry Marquis of Dorcheſter, he was conſulted by an eminent member of that houſe, and about the ſame time by a chief officer of ſtate, as being the prime perſon who was knowing in that affair.

But while he was ſo cloſely engaged in this controverſy of divorce, he nevertheleſs attended to other things. About this time he publiſhed his letter of education to Mr. Samuel Hartlib, who wrote ſome things about huſbandry, and was a man of conſiderable learning. This letter, which has been uſually printed at the end of his poems, is, as I may ſay, the theory

theory of his own practice; and by the rules which he has laid down for education, we ſee in ſome meaſure the method that he purſued in educating his own pupils. In 1644 he publiſhed his *Areopagitica*; or, *Speech for the liberty of unlicenſed printing to the parliament of England.* It was written at the deſire of ſeveral learned men, and is perhaps the beſt vindication that has been publiſhed at any time or in any language, of that liberty which is the baſis and ſupport of all other liberties, the liberty of the preſs. But it had not the deſired effect: For the Preſbyterians were as fond of exerciſing the licenſing power, when they got it into their own hands, as they had been clamorous before in inveighing againſt it, while it was in the hands of the Prelates. And Mr. Toland is miſtaken in ſaying, "that "ſuch was the effect of this piece, that the following "year Mabol a licenſer offered reaſons againſt licen-"ſing; and, at his own requeſt, was diſcharged that "office." For neither was the licenſer's name Mabol, but Gilbert Mabbot; neither was he diſcharged from his office till May 1649, about five years afterwards; though probably he might be ſwayed by Milton's arguments, as every ingenious perſon muſt, who peruſes and conſiders them. In 1645 was publiſhed a collection of his poems, Latin and Engliſh; and if he had left no other monuments of his poetical genius behind him, theſe would have been ſufficient to have rendered his name immortal.

But without doubt his doctrine of divorce, and the maintenance of it, principally engaged his thoughts at this period; and whether others were convinced or not by his arguments, he was certainly convinced himſelf that he was in the right; and as a proof of it he determined to marry again, and made his addreſſes to a young lady of great wit and beauty, one of the daughters of Dr. Davis. But intelligence of this coming to his wife, and the then declining ſtate of the King's cauſe, and conſequently of the circumſtances of Juſtice Powell's family, cauſed them to ſet all engines at work to reſtore the wife again to her huſband. His friends too, for different reaſons, ſeem to have been

been as deſirous of bringing about a reconciliation as her's; and this method of effecting it was concerted between them. He had a relation, one Blackborough, living in the lane of St. Martin's Le Grand, whom he often viſited; and one day when he was viſiting there, it was contrived that the wife ſhould be ready in another room. Accordingly, as he was thinking of nothing leſs, he was ſurpriſed to ſee her, whom he had expected never to have ſeen any more, falling down upon her knees at his feet, and imploring his forgiveneſs with tears *. At firſt he ſhowed ſome ſigns of averſion, but he continued not long inexorable; his wife's intreaties, and the interceſſion of friends on both ſides, ſoon wrought upon his generous nature, and procured a happy reconciliation, with an act of oblivion of all that was paſt. But he did not take his wife home, till he had got a houſe he had hired in Barbican fitted up for his family, his houſe in Alderſgate-ſtreet not being large enough. The part that Milton acted in this whole affair, ſhowed plainly, that he had a ſpirit capable of the ſtrongeſt reſentment, but yet more inclinable to pity and forgiveneſs. And neither in this was any injury done to the other lady whom he was courting; for ſhe is ſaid to have been always averſe from the motion, not daring, I ſuppoſe, to venture in marriage with a man

* It is not to be doubted (ſays Mr. Fenton in his account of our author's life) but an interview of that nature, ſo little expected, muſt wonderfully affect him: And perhaps the impreſſions it made on his imagination, contributed much to the painting of that pathetic ſcene in Paradiſe Loſt, in which Eve addreſſed herſelf to Adam for pardon and peace. At the interceſſion of his friends who were preſent after a ſhort reluctance he generouſly ſacrificed all his reſentment to her tears.

Soon his heart relented
Tow'ards her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs. P. L. x. 940.

Mr Thyer thinks there is little room to doubt but that the particular beauties of this charming ſcene are owing to an interview of the ſame nature which he had with his own wife, and that he is only here deſcribing thoſe generous and tender ſentiments, which he then felt and experienced.

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as known to have a wife ſtill living. He might
nk himſelf too at liberty as before, while his
ntinued obſtinate; for his moſt plauſible argu-
or divorce proceeds upon a ſuppoſition, that
ng be done with mutual conſent.
r his wife's return, his family was increaſed not
ith children, but alſo with his wife's relations;
her and mother, her brothers and ſiſters, com-
live with him in the general diſtreſs and ruin
royal party; and he was ſo far from reſenting
rmer ill treatment of him, that he generouſly
ed them, and entertained them very hoſpitably,
ir affairs were accomodated through his inter-
h the prevailing faction. Upon their removal,
e death of his own father, his houſe looked a-
ke the houſe of the Muſes. But his ſtudies had
have been interrupted by a call to public buſineſs:
out this time there was a deſign of conſtitut-
n Adjutant-General in the army under Sir Wil-
Waller; but the new-modelling of the army ſoon
ng, that deſign was laid aſide. Not long af-
s great houſe in Barbican being now too large
family, he quitted it for a ſmaller in High
rn, which opened backward into Lincoln's-inn
where he proſecuted his ſtudies till the King's
id death; when the Preſbyterians declaiming
lly againſt the King's execution, and aſſerting
s perſon was ſacred and inviolable, provoked
write *The tenure of kings and magiſtrates, prov-
t it is lawful to call a tyrant to account, and to
r put him to death; and that they who of late ſo
lawie depoſing, are the men who did it themſelves.*
ook he publiſhed in the beginning of 1649, to
and compoſe the minds of the people. Not
ter he wrote his *Obſervations on the articles of
twеen the Earl of Ormond and the Iriſh rebels.*
e and all his writings, whatever others of diſ-
parties may think, he thought himſelf an advo-
: true liberty; for eccleſiaſtical liberty in his
s againſt the biſhops, for domeſtic liberty in his
f divorce, and for civil liberty in his wri-

stings against the King, in defence of the parliament and people of England.

After this he retired again to his private studies; and thinking that he had leisure enough for such a work, he applied himself to the writing of a history of England, which he intended to deduce from the earliest accounts down to his own times. He had finished four books of that history, when, neither courting nor expecting any such preferment, he was invited by the council of state to be their Latin secretary for foreign affairs. And he served in the same capacity under Oliver, and Richard, and the Rump, till the restoration; and without doubt a better Latin pen could not have been found in the kingdom. For the republic and Cromwell scorned to pay that tribute to any foreign prince, which is usually paid to the French King, of managing their affairs in his language: They thought it an indignity and meanness, to which this or any free nation ought not to submit; and took a noble resolution, neither to write any letters to any foreign states, nor to receive any answers from them, but in the Latin tongue, which was common to them all. And it would have been well, if succeeding princes had followed their example; for, in the opinion of very wise men, the universality of the French language will make way for the universality of the French monarchy.

But it was not only in foreign dispatches that the government made use of his pen. He had discharged the business of his office a very little time, before he was called to a work of another kind. For soon after the King's death was published a book under his name, intitled, Εικων βασιλικη, or, *The royal image*. This book, like Cæsar's last will, making a deeper impression, and exciting greater commiseration in the minds of the people, than the King himself did while alive, Milton was ordered to prepare an answer to it; which was published by authority, and intitled, Εικονοκλαστης, or, *The Image-breaker*; the famous surname of many Greek Emperors, who in their zeal against idolatry broke all superstitious images to pieces. This piece was

was tranſlated into French; and two replies to it were publiſhed, one in 1651, and the other in 1692, upon the reprinting of Milton's book at Amſterdam.

But his moſt celebrated work in proſe is his *Defence of the people of England againſt Salmaſius*; *Defenſio pro populo Anglicano contra Claudii anonymi, alias Salmaſii, defenſionem regiam*. Salmaſius, by birth a Frenchman, ſucceeded the famous Scaliger as honorary Profeſſor of the univerſity of Leyden; had gained great reputation by his Plinian exercitations on Solinus, and by his critical remarks on ſeveral Latin and Greek authors; was generally eſteemed one of the greateſt and moſt conſummate ſcholars of that age; and is commended by Milton himſelf in his *Reaſon of church-government*, and called the learned Salmaſius. Beſides his great learning, he had extraordinary talents in railing. "This prince of ſcholars," as ſome body ſaid of him, "ſeemed to have erected his throne up-"on a heap of ſtones, that he might have them at "hand to throw at every one's head who paſſed by." He was therefore courted by Charles II. as the moſt able man to write a defence of the late King his father, and to traduce his adverſaries; and a hundred jacobuſes were given him for that purpoſe. His book was publiſhed in 1649, under the title of *Defenſio regia pro Carolo* I. *ad Carolum* II. No ſooner did this piece appear in England, but the council of ſtate unanimouſly appointed Milton, then preſent, to anſwer it. He performed the taſk with amazing ſpirit and vigour, though his health at that time was ſuch, that he could hardly endure the fatigue of writing; and being weak in body, he was forced to write by piece-meal, and to break off almoſt every hour. This neceſſarily occaſioned ſome delay; ſo that his *Defence of the people of England* was not made public till the beginning of 1651. They who cannot read the original, may yet have the pleaſure to read the Engliſh tranſlation by Mr. Waſhington of the Temple, which was printed in 1692, and is inſerted among Milton's works in the two laſt editions. It was ſomewhat extraordinary, that Salmaſius, a penſioner to a republic, ſhould pre-

tend to write a defence of monarchy: But the
ſhowed their diſapprobation by publicly conden
his book, and ordered it to be ſuppreſſed. On
other hand, Milton's book was burnt at Paris, a
Thouloufe, by the hands of the common hangr
But this ſerved only to procure it the more rea
It was read and talked of every where; even
who were of different principles, could not bu
knowledge that he was a good defender of a
cauſe. Salmaſius's book underwent only one im
ſion, while Milton's paſſed through ſeveral edit
On the firſt appearance of it, he was viſited or in
by all the foreign miniſters at London, not excej
even thoſe of crowned heads; and was particu
honoured and eſteemed by Adrian Paaw, ambaſ
from the States of Holland. He was likewiſe hi
complimented by letters from the moſt learned an
genious perſons in France and Germany; and
nard Philaras, an Athenian born, and ambaſ
from the Duke of Parma to the French king, v
a fine encomium of his defence, and ſent him his
ture. And what gave him the greateſt ſatisfac
the work was highly applauded by thoſe who ha
ſired him to undertake it; and they made him a
ſent of 1000 l. which in thoſe days of frugality
reckoned no inconſiderable reward for his pe
mance. But the caſe was far otherwiſe with Sa
ſius. He was then in high favour at the cou
Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, who had invited th
ſeveral of the moſt learned men of all countries;
when Milton's Defence was brought to Sweden,
was read to the Queen at her own deſire, he ſunl
mediately in her eſteem, and the opinion of ever
dy; and though he talked big at firſt, and vowe
deſtruction of Milton and the parliament, yet fin
that he was looked upon with coldneſs, he tho
proper to take leave of the court; and he who
in honour, was diſmiſſed with contempt. He
ſometime afterwards at Spa in Germany, and
ſaid more of a broken heart than of any diſtem
leaving a poſthumous reply to Milton, which wa
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published till after the reſtoration, and was dedicated to Charles II. by his ſon Claudius: But it has done no great honour to his memory, abounding with abuſe much more than argument.

Iſaac Voſſius, who was at Stockholm, when Milton's book was brought thither, in ſome of his letters to Nicholas Heinſius, ſays, that he had the only copy of Milton's book, that the Queen borrowed it of him, was very much pleaſed with it, and commended Milton's wit and manner of writing; and that Salmaſius was very angry, and very buſy in preparing his anſwer, wherein he abuſed Milton as if he had been one of the vileſt catamites in Italy, and alſo criticiſed his Latin poems. Heinſius writes again to Voſſius from Holland, that he wondered that only one copy of Milton's book was brought to Stockholm, when three were ſent thither, one to the Queen, another to Voſſius, and the third to Salmaſius; that the book was in every body's hands, and there had been four editions in a few months, beſides the Engliſh one; that a Dutch tranſlation was handed about, and a French one was expected. Afterwards he writes from Venice, that Holſtenius had lent him Milton's Latin poems; that they were nothing, compared with the elegance of his Apology; that he had offended frequently againſt proſody, and here was a great opening for Salmaſius's criticiſm: But as to Milton's having been a catamite in Italy, he ſays, that it was a mere calumny; on the contrary, he was diſliked by the Italians, for the ſeverity of his manners, and for the freedom of his diſcourſes againſt Popery. In others of his letters Heinſius mentions how angry Salmaſius was with him for commending Milton's book; and ſays, that Graſwinkelius had written ſomething againſt Milton, which was to have been printed by Elzevir, but it was ſuppreſſed by public authority.

The firſt reply was publiſhed in 1651, intitled, *An apology for the King and people*, &c. *Apologia pro rege et populo Anglicano, contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni Anglι) deſenſionem deſtructivam regis et populi*

Anglicani. It is not known who was the author of this piece. Some attributed it to one Janus a lawyer of Gray's inn, and others to Dr. John Bramhall, then Biſhop of Derry, and after the reſtoration Primate of Ireland. But it is utterly improbable, that ſo mean a performance, written in ſuch barbarous Latin, and ſo full of ſoleciſms, ſhould come from the hands of a prelate of ſuch diſtinguiſhed abilities and learning. But whoever was the author of it, Milton did not think it worth his while to animadvert upon it himſelf, but employed the younger of his nephews to anſwer it; only as he ſuperviſed and corrected the anſwer before it went to the preſs, it may in a manner be called his own. It came forth in 1652 under this title, *Johannis Philippi Angli reſponſio ad apologiam anonymi cujuſdam tenebrionis pro rege et populo Anglicano infantiſſimam.* It is printed with Milton's works. Throughout the whole Mr. Philips treats Bp. Bramhall with great ſeverity, as the author of the Apology thinking probably that ſo conſiderable an adverſary would make the anſwer more conſiderable.

Sir Robert Filmer likewiſe publiſhed ſome animadverſions upon Milton's Defenſe of the People, in a piece printed in 1652, intitled, *Obſervations concerning the original of government, upon Mr. Hobbes's Leviathan, Mr. Milton againſt Salmaſius, and Hugo Grotius de jure belli.* But I do not find, that Milton or any of his friends took notice of it. But Milton's quarrel was afterwards ſufficiently avenged by Mr. Locke, who wrote againſt Sir Robert Filmer's principles of government, more I ſuppoſe in condeſcenſion to the prejudices of the age, than out of any regard to the weight or importance of Filmer's arguments.

Milton ſoon after he was made Latin Secretary, removed from his houſe in High Holburn, to an apartment appointed for him in Scotland-yard. There his third child, a ſon, was born, and named John; but through the ill uſage or bad conſtitution of the nurſe he died an infant. His own health too was greatly impaired. This made him remove from Scotland-yard to a houſe in Petty France, Weſtminſter, ſo

the benefit of the air; and there he remained eight years, from 1652 till within a few weeks of the King's reſtoration. In this houſe he had not been ſettled long, before his firſt wife died in childbed. But after a proper interval of time, he married a ſecond wife, Katharine daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney. She too died in childbed within a year after their marriage; and her child, a daughter, died a month after. Her huſband has done honour to her memory in one of his ſonnets.

Two or three years before his ſecond marriage he had totally loſt his ſight. And his enemies triumphed in his blindneſs, and imputed it as a judgment upon him for writing againſt the King. But his ſight had been decaying ſeveral years before, through his cloſe application to ſtudy, and the frequent headachs to which he had been ſubject from his childhood, and his continual tampering with phyſic, which perhaps was more pernicious than all the reſt. Milton himſelf informs us in his Second Defence, that when he was appointed by authority to write his defence of the people againſt Salmaſius, he had almoſt loſt the ſight of one eye, and the phyſicians declared to him, that if he undertook that work, he would alſo loſe the ſight of the other. But he was nothing diſcouraged, and choſe rather to loſe both his eyes, than deſert what he thought his duty. His blindneſs however did not diſable him entirely from performing the buſineſs of his office. An aſſiſtant was allowed him, and his ſalary as Secretary ſtill continued.

And there was farther occaſion for his ſervice beſides dictating of letters. For the controverſy with Salmaſius did not die with him. There was publiſhed at the Hague in 1652, a book, intitled, *The cry of the King's blood*, &c. *Regii ſanguinis clamor ad cœlum, adverſus parricidas Anglicanos.* The true author of this book was Peter du Moulin the younger, afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury. He tranſmitted his papers to Salmaſius; Salmaſius intruſted them to the care of Alexander Morus, a French miniſter; and Morus publiſhed them with a dedication to King Charles

Charles II. in the name of Adrian Ulac the printer, from whence he came to be reputed the author of the whole. Morus was the ſon of a learned Scotſman, Preſident of the college which the Proteſtants had formerly at Caſtres in Languedoc. He is ſaid to have been a man of a moſt haughty diſpoſition, immoderately addicted to women, haſty, ambitious, full of himſelf and his own performances, and ſatirical upon all others. He was however eſteemed one of the moſt eminent preachers of that age among the Proteſtants: But, as M. Bayle obſerves, his chief talent muſt have conſiſted in the graceſulneſs of his delivery, or in thoſe ſallies of imagination, and quaint turns and alluſions, whereof his ſermons are full; for they retain not thoſe charms in reading, which they were ſaid to have formerly in the pulpit. Againſt this man therefore, as the reputed author of *Regii ſanguinis clamor*, &c. Milton publiſhed by authority his *Second defence of the people of England*, &c. *Defenſio ſecunda pro populo Anglicano*, in 1654. He treats Morus with ſuch ſeverity as nothing could have excuſed, if he had not been provoked to it by ſo much abuſe poured upon himſelf. He had wrote a piece of wit, which had been publiſhed before in the news-papers at London, a diſtich upon Morus for getting Pontia the maid-ſervant of his friend Salmaſius with child.

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?

Upon this Morus publiſhed his *Fides Publica*, in anſwer to Milton; in which he inſerted ſeveral teſtimonies of his orthodoxy and morals, ſigned by the conſiſtories, academies, ſynods, and magiſtrates of the places where he had lived; and diſowned his being the author of the book imputed to him, and appealed to two gentlemen of great credit with the parliament-party, who knew the real author. This brought Du Moulin, then in England, into great danger: But the government ſuffered him to eſcape with impunity, rather than publicly contradict the great patron of their cauſe. For Milton ſtill perſiſted in his accuſation,

tion, and endeavoured to make it good in his *Defence of himſelf*, &c. *Autoris pro ſe defenſio*, publiſhed in 1655; wherein he oppoſed to the teſtimonies in favour of Morus other teſtimonies againſt him; and Morus replied no more.

This controverſy being ended, he was at leiſure again to purſue his own private ſtudies, *viz.* the hiſtory of England before mentioned, and a new theſaurus of the Latin tongue, intended as an improvement upon that by Robert Stephens; a work, which he had been long collecting from the beſt and pureſt Latin authors, and continued at times almoſt to his dying day: But his papers were left ſo confuſed and imperfect, that they could not be fitted for the preſs, though great uſe was made of them by the compilers of the Cambridge dictionary, printed in 1693. Theſe papers are ſaid to have conſiſted of three large volumes in folio; and it is a great pity that they are loſt, and no account is given what is become of the manuſcript. It is commonly ſaid too, that at this time he began his famous poem of Paradiſe Loſt; and it is certain, that he was glad to be releaſed from thoſe controverſies, which detained him ſo long from following things more agreeable to his natural genius and inclination, though he was far from ever repenting of his writings in defence of liberty, but gloried in them to the laſt.

The only interruption now of his private ſtudies was the buſineſs of his office. In 1655 there was publiſhed in Latin a writing in name of the Lord Protector, ſetting forth the reaſons of the war with Spain. This piece is rightly adjudged to our author, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the ſtyle, and becauſe it was his province to write ſuch things, as Latin Secretary; and it is printed among his other proſe works in the laſt edition. For the ſame reaſons I am inclined to think, that the famous Latin verſes to Chriſtina Queen of Sweden in the name of Cromwell, were made by Milton, rather than Andrew Marvel. In thoſe days they had admirable intelligence in the Secretary's office; and Mr. Philips relates a memorable

morable inſtance or two upon his own knowledge. The Dutch were ſending a plenipotentiary to England to treat of peace; but the emiſſaries of the government had the art to procure a copy of his inſtructions in Holland; which being delivered by Milton to his kinſman, then with him, to be tranſlated for the uſe of the council, before the plenipotentiary had taken ſhipping for England, an anſwer to all that he had in charge was prepared, and lay ready for him before he made his public entry into London. Another time a perſon came to London with a very ſumptuous train, pretending himſelf an agent from the Prince of Conde, then in arms againſt Card. Mazarine: But the government ſuſpecting him, ſet their inſtruments to work ſo ſucceſsfully, that in a few days they received intelligence from Paris, that he was a ſpy employed by Charles II. Whereupon the very next morning Milton's kinſman was ſent to him with an order of council, commanding him to depart the kingdom within three days, or expect the puniſhment of a ſpy. This kinſman was probably Mr. Philips or his brother; and one or both of them were aſſiſtant to him in his office. His blindneſs no doubt was a great hindrance and inconvenience to him in his buſineſs, though ſometimes a political uſe might be made of it; as men's natural infirmities are often pleaded in excuſe for not doing what they have no great inclination to do. Thus when Cromwell for ſome reaſons delayed artfully to ſign the treaty with Sweden, and the Swediſh ambaſſador made frequent complaints of it, the excuſe was, that Mr. Milton, on account of his blindneſs, proceeded ſlower in buſineſs, and had not yet put the articles of the treaty into Latin. The ambaſſador was greatly ſurpriſed, that things of ſuch conſequence ſhould be intruſted to a blind man, for he muſt neceſſarily employ an amanuenſis, and that amanuenſis might divulge the articles; and ſaid it was very wonderful, that there ſhould be only one man in England who could write Latin, and he a blind one. But his blindneſs had not diminiſhed, but rather increaſed the vigour of his mind. His ſtate-letters

ters will remain as authentic memorials of thoſe times, to be admired equally by critics and politicians; thoſe particularly about the ſufferings of the poor Proteſtants in Piedmont, who can read without ſenſible emotion? He had this ſubject very much at heart, for he was an utter enemy to all ſorts of perſecution; and he wrote a moſt excellent ſonnet on that occaſion.

But Oliver Cromwell being dead, and the government weak and unſettled in the hands of Richard and the parliament, he thought it a ſeaſonable time to offer his advice again to the public. He therefore in 1659 publiſhed *A treatiſe of civil power in eccleſiaſtical cauſes*; and another tract, intitled, *Conſiderations touching the likelieſt means to remove hirelings out of the church*; both addreſſed to the parliament of the commonwealth of England. After the parliament was diſſolved, he wrote a letter to ſome ſtateſman, with whom he had a ſerious diſcourſe the night before, concerning the ruptures of the commonwealth; and another, as it is ſuppoſed, to Gen. Monk, being *a brief delineation of a free commonwealth, eaſy to be put in practice, and without delay*. Theſe two pieces were firſt printed in the edition of our author's proſe works in 1698. But Milton, ſtill finding that affairs were every day tending more and more to the ſubverſion of the commonwealth, and the reſtoration of the royal family, publiſhed his *Ready and eaſy way to eſtabliſh a free commonwealth, and the excellence thereof, compared with the inconveniencies and dangers of readmitting kingſhip in this nation*. We are informed by Mr. Wood, that he publiſhed this piece in February 1659-60; and after this he publiſhed *Brief notes upon a late ſermon, intitled, The fear of God and the King, preached by Dr. Matthew Griffith, at Mercers chapel, March 25. 1660*. So bold and reſolute was he in declaring his ſentiments to the laſt, thinking that his voice was the voice of expiring liberty.

A little before the King's landing he was diſcharged from his office of Latin Secretary, and was forced to leave his houſe in Petty France. Here he had lived eight years with great reputation, and had been

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viſited by all foreigners of note, who could not go out of the country without ſeeing a man who did ſo much honour to it by his writings, and whoſe name was as famous abroad as in his own nation; and by ſeveral perſons of quality of both ſexes, and many learned and ingenious friends and acquaintance. But now it was not ſafe for him to appear any longer in public; and therefore, by the advice of his well-wiſhers, he fled for ſhelter to a friend's houſe near Weſt Smithfield, where he lay concealed till the worſt of the ſtorm was blown over. On Saturday June 16. 1660 it was ordered by the houſe of Commons, that the king ſhould be moved to iſſue a proclamation for the calling in of Milton's two books, the *Defence of the people* and *Iconoclaſtes*, and alſo Goodwyn's book, intitled, *The obſtructors of juſtice*, written in juſtification of the murder of the late king, and to order them to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman; and that the Attorney-General ſhould proceed by way of indictment or information againſt Milton and Goodwyn, in reſpect of their books, and that they themſelves ſhould be ſent for in cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms attending the houſe. On Wedneſday June 27, an order of council was made accordingly for a proclamation againſt Milton's and Goodwyn's books; and the proclamation was iſſued Aug. 13. wherein it was ſaid that the authors had fled, or did abſcond; and on Monday Aug. 27. the books were burnt at the Old Bailey, by the hands of the common hangman. On Wedneſday Aug. 29. the act of indemnity was paſſed; which proved more favourable to Milton than could well have been expected; for though John Goodwyn was excepted among the twenty perſons, who were to have penalties inflicted upon them, not extending to life, yet Milton was not excepted at all, and conſequently was included in the general pardon. We find indeed that afterwards he was in cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms; but the time when he was taken into cuſtody is not certain. He was not in cuſtody on the 12th of September; for his name is not in a liſt of the priſoners in cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms read that day in

in the Houſe; and next day the Houſe adjourned to Nov. 6. It is probable therefore, that after the paſſing of the act of indemnity, and adjournment of the Houſe, Milton came out of his concealment, and was afterwards taken into cuſtody by virtue of the former order of the Houſe. But we do not find that he was proſecuted by the Attorney-general, or continued long in cuſtody: For on Saturday Dec. 15. 1660, the Houſe ordered, that Mr. Milton, then in cuſtody of the Serjeant at Arms, ſhould be forthwith releaſed, paying his fees; and on Monday the 17th, a complaint being made, that the Serjeant had demanded exceſſive fees, it was referred to the committee of privileges and elections to examine that buſineſs, to call Mr. Milton and the Serjeant before them, and to determine what was fit to be given to the Serjeant for his fees. So courageous was Milton at all times in defence of liberty againſt all the incroachments of power, and though a priſoner, would yet be treated like a free-born Engliſhman. The clemency of the government was ſurely very great towards him, conſidering the nature of his offences; for though he was not one of the King's judges and murderers, yet he contributed more to murder his character and reputation than any of them all. To what therefore could it be owing, that he was treated with ſuch lenity, and was ſo eaſily pardoned? It is certain, there was not wanting powerful interceſſion for him both in council and in parliament. It is ſaid, that Secretary Morrice and Sir Thomas Clargis greatly favoured him, and exerted their intereſt in his behalf, and his old friend Andrew Marvel, member for Hull, formed a conſiderable party for him in the Houſe of Commons; and neither was Charles II. (as Toland ſays) ſuch an enemy to the Muſes, as to require his deſtruction. But the principal inſtrument in obtaining Milton's pardon was Sir William Davenant, out of gratitude for Milton's having procured his releaſe when taken priſoner in 1650. It was life for life. Davenant had been ſaved by Milton's intereſt, and in return Milton was ſaved at Davenant's *interceſſion*.

Milton having thus obtained his pardon, took a houſe in Holburn, near Red-Lion Fields, but ſoon after removed into Jewen-ſtreet, near Alderſgate-ſtreet. While he lived there, being in his 53d or 54th year, blind and infirm, and wanting ſome body better than ſervants to tend and look after him, he, at the recommendation of his friend Dr. Paget, to whom the lady was related, married his third wife, Elizabeth Minſhul, of a gentleman's family in Cheſhire. It is ſaid, that an offer was made to Milton, as well as to Thurloe, of holding the ſame place of Secretary under the King, which he had diſcharged with ſo much integrity and ability under Cromwell; but he perſiſted in refuſing it, though his wife preſſed his compliance: "Thou "art in the right," ſays he; "you, as other women, "would ride in you coach; for me, my aim is to live "and die an honeſt man." In 1661 he publiſhed his *Accedence commenced Grammar*, and a tract of Sir Walter Raleigh, intitled, *Aphoriſms of ſtate*; as in 1658 he had publiſhed another piece of the ſame author, intitled, *The cavinet-council diſcabinated*: An evident ſign, that he thought it no mean employment, nor unworthy of a man of genius, to be an editor of the works of great authors. While he lived in Jewen-ſtreet, Elwood the Quaker was firſt introduced to read to him: For having wholly loſt his ſight, he kept always ſome body or other to perform that office; and uſually the ſon of ſome gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he took in kindneſs, that he might at the ſame time improve him in his learning. Elwood was recommended to him by Dr. Paget, and went to his houſe every afternoon except Sunday, and read to him ſuch books in the Latin tongue as Milton thought proper. Milton told him, that if he would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and underſtand Latin authors, but to converſe with foreigners, he muſt learn the foreign pronunciation; and he inſtructed him how to read accordingly. "Milton having a curious ear, underſtood by my tone," ſays Elwood, "when I underſtood what I read, and when I did not; and he would ſtop me and examine me, and

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open the moſt difficult paſſages to me." Not long after his third marriage he left Jewen-ſtreet, and removed to a houſe in the Artillery-walk, leading to Bunhill-fields, in which he reſided to his dying day: Only when the plague began to rage in London in 1665, he removed to a ſmall houſe at St. Giles Chalfont in Buckinghamſhire, where he remained during that dreadful calamity; but after the ſickneſs was over, and the city was cleanſed and made ſafely habitable again, he returned to his houſe in London.

His great work of *Paradiſe Loſt* had principally engaged his thoughts for ſome years paſt, and was now completed. It is probable, that his firſt deſign of writing an epic poem was owing to his converſations at Naples with the Marquis of Villa about Taſſo and his famous poem of the Delivery of Jeruſalem; and in a copy of Verſes preſented to that nobleman before he left Naples, he intimated his intention of fixing upon King Arthur for his hero. In his eclogue upon the death of his friend Diodati, he propoſed the ſame deſign and the ſame ſubject, and declared his ambition of writing ſomething in his native language, which might render his name illuſtrious in theſe iſlands, though he ſhould be obſcure and inglorious to the reſt of the world. And in other parts of his works, after he had engaged in the controverſies of the times, he ſtill promiſed to produce ſome noble poem or other at a fitter ſeaſon: But it doth not appear that he had then determined upon the ſubject; and King Arthur had another fate, being reſerved for the pen of Sir Richard Blackmore. The firſt hint of Paradiſe Loſt is ſaid to have been taken from an Italian tragedy; and it is certain, that he firſt deſigned it a tragedy himſelf, and there are ſeveral plans of it in the form of a tragedy ſtill to be ſeen in the author's own manuſcript, preſerved in the library of Trinity-college Cambridge. And it is probable, that he did not barely ſketch out the plans, but alſo wrote ſome parts of the drama itſelf. Mr. Philips informs us, that ſome of the verſes at the beginning of Satan's ſpeech addreſſed to the Sun, book iv. ver. 32, &c.

were ſhown to him and ſome others as deſigned for the beginning of the tragedy, ſeveral years before the Poem was begun: And many other paſſages might be produced, which plainly appear to have been originally intended for the ſcene, and are not ſo properly of the epic, as of the tragic ſtrain. After he was diſengaged from the Salmaſian controverſy, in 1655, he began to mold the Paradiſe Loſt in its preſent form, and after the Reſtoration he proſecuted the work with cloſer application. Mr. Philips relates a very remarkable circumſtance in the compoſure of this Poem, which was told him by Milton himſelf, that his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that what he attempted at other times was not to his ſatisfaction, though he courted his fancy never ſo much. Mr. Toland imagines, that Philips might be miſtaken as to the time, becauſe Milton, in his Latin Elegy, written in his 20th year, upon the approach of the Spring, ſeemeth to ſay juſt the contrary, as if he could not make any verſes to his ſatisfaction till the Spring begun: And he ſays further that a judicious friend of Milton's informed him, that he could never compoſe well but in Spring and Autumn. But Mr. Richardſon cannot comprehend, that either of theſe accounts is exactly true, or that a man with ſuch a work in his head can ſuſpend it for ſix months together, or only for one; it may go on more ſlowly, but it muſt go on: And this laying it aſide contrary to that eagerneſs to finiſh what was begun which he ſays was his temper in an epiſtle to Diodati. After all, Mr. Philips, who had the peruſal of the Poem from the beginning, by twenty or thirty verſes at a time, as it was compoſed, and having not been ſhown any for a conſiderable while as the Summer came on; inquired of the author the reaſon of it, could hardly be miſtaken with regard to the time: And it is eaſy to conceive, that the Poem might go on much more ſlowly in Summer than in other parts of the year; for, notwithſtanding all that the poets may ſay of the pleaſures of that ſeaſon, I imagine moſt perſons find by experience, that they can compoſe better

at any other time, with more facility and with more ſpirit, than during the heat and languor of Summer. Whenever the poem was wrote, it was finiſhed in 1665: and conſidering the difficulties which the author lay under, his uneaſineſs on account of the public affairs and his own, his age and infirmities, his gout and blindneſs, his not being in circumſtances to maintain an amanuenſis, but obliged to make uſe of any hand that came next to write his verſes as he made them, it is really wonderful, that he ſhould have the ſpirit to undertake ſuch a work, and much more, that he ſhould ever bring it to perfection. After the poem was finiſhed, ſtill new difficulties retarded the publication of it. It was in danger of being ſuppreſſed through the malice or ignorance of the licenſer, who took exception at ſome paſſages, and particularly at that noble ſimile, in the firſt book, of the ſun in an eclipſe, in which he fancied that he had diſcovered treaſon. It was with difficulty too that the author could ſell the copy; and he ſold it at laſt only for five pounds; but was to receive five pounds more after the ſale of 1300 of the firſt impreſſion, five pounds more after the ſale of as many of the ſecond impreſſion, and five more after the ſale of as many of the third; and the number of each impreſſion was not to exceed 1500. What a poor conſideration was this for ſuch an inеſtimable performance! and how much more do others get by the works of great authors than the authors themſelves! This original contract with Samuel Simmons the printer is dated April 27, 1667, and is in the hands of Mr. Tonſon the bookſeller. The firſt edition in ten books was printed in a ſmall quarto; and before it could be diſpoſed of, had three or more different title-pages of the years 1667, 1668, and 1669; and two years almoſt elapſed before 1300 copies could be ſold, or before the author was intitled to his ſecond five pounds, for which his receipt, ſtill in being, is dated April 26, 1669. This was probably all that he received; for he lived not to enjoy the benefits of the ſecond edition, which was not publiſhed till 1674, in which year he died. The ſecond edition

was printed in a ſmall octavo; was corrected by the author himſelf, and the number of books was augmented from ten to twelve, with the addition of ſome few verſes: and this alteration was made with great judgment, not for the ſake of ſuch a fanciful beauty as reſembling the number of books in the Æneid, but for the more regular diſpoſition of the poem, becauſe the ſeventh and tenth books were before too long, and are more fitly divided each into two. The third edition was publiſhed in 1678; and it appears that Milton had left his remaining right in the copy to his widow; and ſhe agreed with Simmons the printer to accept eight pounds in full of all demands. Her receipt for the money is dated Dec. 21, 1680. A little before this Simmons had covenanted to aſſign the whole right of copy to Brabazon Aylmer the bookſeller for twenty-five pounds; and Aylmer afterwards ſold it to old Jacob Tonſon, at two different times; one half Aug. 17, 1683, and the other half March 24, 1690. By the laſt aſſignment it appears, that the book was growing into repute and riſing in valuation. And to what perverſeneſs could it be owing, that it was not better received at firſt? We conceive there were principally two reaſons: The prejudices againſt the author on account of his principles and party; and many no doubt were offended with the novelty of a poem that was not in rhyme. Rhymer, who was a redoubted critic in thoſe days, would not ſo much as allow it to be a poem on this account; and declared war againſt Milton as well as againſt Shakeſpeare; and threatened that he would write reflections upon the Paradiſe Loſt, which ſome (ſays he *) are pleaſed to call a poem, and would aſſert rhyme againſt the ſlender ſophiſtry wherewith the author attacks it. Such a man as Bp. Burnet maketh it a ſort of objection to Milton, that he affected to write in blank verſe without rhyme. The ſame reaſon induced Dryden to turn the principal parts of Paradiſe Loſt into rhyme in his opera, called, *The State of Innocence and fall of Man*; to tag his lines,

* See Rhymer's Tragedies of the laſt age conſidered, p. 143.

as

as Milton himſelf expreſſed it, alluding to the faſhion then of wearing tags of metal at the end of their ribands. We are told indeed by Mr. Richardſon, that Sir George Hungerford, an ancient member of parliament, told him, that Sir John Denham came into the Houſe one morning with a ſheet of Paradiſe Loſt wet from the preſs in his hand; and being aſked what he had there, ſaid that he had part of the nobleſt poem that ever was written in any language or in any age. However, it is certain that the book was unknown till about two years after, when the Earl of Dorſet looking about for books in Little Britain, accidentally met with Paradiſe Loſt; and being ſurpriſed at ſome paſſages in dipping here and there, bought it. The bookſeller begged his Lordſhip to ſpeak in its favour if he liked it, for the impreſſion lay on his hands as waſte paper. The Earl having read it, ſent it to Dryden; who in a ſhort time returned it with this anſwer, "This man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." Dryden's epigram upon Milton is well known; and ſo are the Latin verſes by Dr. Barrow, and the Engliſh ones by Andrew Marvel, Eſq; which are uſually prefixed to the Paradiſe Loſt, and were publiſhed with the ſecond Edition. But ſtill the poem was not generally known and eſteemed, nor met with the deſerved applauſe, till after the folio edition in 1688. The Duke of Buckingham in his Eſſay on Poetry prefers Taſſo and Spenſer to Milton; and it is related in the life of the witty Earl of Rocheſter, that he had no notion of a better poet than Cowley. And it may ſurpriſe any reader, that Sir William Temple, in his Eſſay on Poetry publiſhed in 1686, or thereabout, takes no notice at all of Milton: nay he ſaith expreſsly, that after Arioſto, Taſſo, and Spenſer, he knoweth none of the moderns who have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording. And what can we think, that he had not read or heard of the Paradiſe Loſt, or that the author's politics had prejudiced him againſt his poetry? It was happy that all great men were not of his mind. The bookſeller was adviſed and encouraged to undertake the folio edition by Mr. Sommers, afterwards

afterwards Lord Sommers, who not only ſubſcribed himſelf, but was zealous in promoting the ſubſcription: And in the liſt of ſubſcribers are ſome of the moſt eminent names of that time; and amongſt the reſt Sir Roger L'Eſtrange, though he had formerly written a piece, intitled, *No blind guides*, &c. againſt Milton's Notes on Dr. Griffith's ſermon. There were two editions more in folio; one in 1692, the other in 1695, which was the ſixth: For the poem was now ſo well received, that, notwithſtanding the price of it was four times greater than before, the ſale increaſed double the number every year, as we find from the dedication of the ſmaller editions to Lord Sommers. Since that time not only various editions have been printed, but alſo various notes and tranſlations. Patrick Hume, a Scotſman, was the firſt who wrote annotations upon Paradiſe Loſt; and his notes were printed at the end of the folio edition in 1695. Mr. Addiſon's Spectators upon the ſubject contributed not a little to eſtabliſhing the character and illuſtrating the beauties of the poem. In 1732 appeared Dr. Bentley's new edition with notes; and the year following Dr. Pearce, the preſent Biſhop of Bangor, publiſhed his review of the text, in which the chief of Dr. Bentley's emendations are conſidered, and ſeveral other emendations and obſervations are offered to the public. And the year after that Meſſ. Richardſon, father and ſon, publiſhed their explanatory notes and remarks. The poem has alſo been tranſlated into ſeveral languages, Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch; and propoſals have been made for tranſlating it into Greek. The Dutch tranſlation is in blank verſe, and printed at Harlem. The French have a tranſlation by M. Dupré de S. Maur: but nothing ſhoweth the weakneſs and imperfection of their language more, than that they have few or no good poetical verſions of the greateſt poets; they are forced to tranſlate Homer, Virgil, and Milton into proſe, and blank verſe their language has not harmony and dignity enough to ſupport; their tragedies, and many of their comedies, are in rhyme. Rolli, the famous Italian maſter in England, made an Italian

tranſlation;

ıtion; and Mr. Richardſon the ſon ſaw another rence in manuſcript, by the learned Abbé Salvini, tranſlated Addiſon's Cato into Italian. One ım Hog or Hogæus tranſlated Paradiſe Loſt, Pa- Regain'd, and Samſon Agoniſtes, into Latin in 1690; but his verſion is very unworthy of iginals. There is a better tranſlation of the Pa- Loſt by Mr. Thomas Power, Fellow of Trinity- e, Cambridge, the firſt book of which was print- 1691, and the reſt in manuſcript is in the library at college. The learned Dr. Trapp has alſo hed a tranſlation into Latin verſe; and the world xpectation of another, that will ſurpaſs all the by Mr. William Dobſon of New-college, Oxford. at, by one means or other, Milton is now conſi- as an Engliſh claſſic; and the Paradiſe Loſt is ally eſteemed the nobleſt and moſt ſublime of rn poems, and equal at leaſt to the beſt of the ıt; the honour of this country, and the envy dmiration of all others!

1670 Milton publiſhed his *Hiſtory of Britain, that ſpecially now called England.* He began it above y years before, but was frequently interrupted by avocations; and he deſigned to have brought it to his own times, but ſtopt at the Norman con- ; for indeed he was not well able to purſue it any :r by reaſon of his blindneſs, and he was engaged ıer more delightful ſtudies, having a genius turn- poetry rather than hiſtory. Bp. Kennet begins ɔmplete hiſtory of England with this work of n, as being the beſt draught, the cleareſt and ıuthentic account of thoſe early times; and his s freer and eaſier than in moſt of his other works, plain and ſimple, leſs figurative and metaphori- nd better ſuited to the nature of hiſtory, has e- ı of the Latin turn and idiom to give it an air of ıity, and ſometimes riſes to a ſurpriſing dignity ıajeſty.

1670 his *Paradiſe Regain'd* and *Samſon Agoniſtes* licenſed together, but were not publiſhed till the ollowing. The firſt thought of Paradiſe Regain'd

was

was owing to Elwood the Quaker. When Milton had lent him the manuſcript of Paradiſe Loſt at St. Giles Chalfont, and he returned it, Milton aſked him how he liked it, and what he thought of it? "Which I "modeſtly, but freely told him," ſays Elwood; "and "after ſome further diſcourſe about it, I pleaſantly "ſaid to him, Thou haſt ſaid much of Paradiſe Loſt, "but what haſt thou to ſay of Paradiſe Found? He "made me no anſwer, but ſat ſome time in a muſe; "then broke off that diſcourſe, and fell upon another "ſubject." When Elwood afterwards waited upon him in London, Milton ſhowed him his Paradiſe Regain'd, and in a pleaſant tone ſaid to him, "This is "owing to you, for you put it into my head by the "queſtion you put me at Chalfont, which before "had not thought of." This poem has alſo been tranſlated into French, together with ſome other pieces of Milton, Lycidas, L'Alegro, Il Penſeroſo, and the Ode on Chriſt's nativity. In 1732 was printed a critical diſſertation with notes upon Paradiſe Regain'd, pointing out the beauties of it, written by Mr. Meadowcourt, Canon of Worceſter: And the very learned and ingenious Mr. Jortin has added ſome obſervations upon this work at the end of his excellent remarks upon Spenſer, publiſhed in 1734: And indeed the poem of Milton, to be more admired, needs only to be better known. His Samſon Agoniſtes is the only tragedy that he has finiſhed, though he has ſketched out the plans of ſeveral, and propoſed the ſubjects of more in his manuſcript preſerved in Trinity college library. We may ſuppoſe that he was determined to the choice of this particular ſubject by the ſimilitude of his own circumſtances to thoſe of Samſon, blind and among the Philiſtines; and it ſeems to be the laſt of his poetic pieces. It has been brought upon the ſtage in the form of an oratorio; and Mr. Handel's muſic is never employed to greater advantage, than when it is adapted to Milton's words. That great artiſt has done equal juſtice to our Author's L'Allegro and Il Penſeroſo, as if the ſame ſpirit poſſeſſed both maſters, and as the god of muſic and of verſe was ſtill one and the ſame

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iere are alſo ſome other pieces of Milton, for he nued publiſhing to the laſt. In 1672 he publiſh-*rtis logicæ plenior inſtitutio ad Petri Rami metho-:oncinnata*, An inſtitution of logic after the me- of Petrus Ramus; and the year following, *A ſe of true religion, and the beſt means to prevent the h of Popery*, which had greatly increaſed through onnivance of the King, and the more open en-gement of the Duke of York; and the ſame year oems, which had been printed in 1645, were re-ed with the addition of ſeveral others. His fa-r epiſtles and ſome academical exerciſes, *Epiſtolæ familiarum, lib. I. et proluſiones quædam oratoriæ legio Chriſti habitæ*, were printed in 1674; as was iis tranſlation out of Latin into Engliſh of the declaration concerning the election of their King III. ſetting forth the virtues and merits of that e. He wrote alſo a brief hiſtory of Muſcovy, col-l from the relations of ſeveral travellers; but it iot printed till after his death in 1682. He had iſe his ſtate-letters tranſcribed at the requeſt of)aniſh reſident; but neither were they printed till his death in 1676, and were tranſlated into Eng-n 1694. To that tranſlation a Life of Milton was ted by his nephew Mr. Edward Philips; and at nd of that life his excellent ſonnets to Fairfax, iwell, Sir Henry Vane, and Cyriac Skinner on lindneſs, were firſt printed. Beſides theſe works h were publiſhed, he wrote a ſyſtem of divinity, h Mr. Toland ſays was in the hands of his friend ic Skinner; but where at preſent, is uncertain. Mr. Philips ſays, that he had prepared for the an anſwer to ſome little ſcribbling quack in Lon- who had written a ſcurrilous libel againſt him: vhether by the diſſuaſion of friends, as thinking i fellow not worth his notice, or for what other Mr. Philips knoweth not, this anſwer was never hed. And indeed the beſt vindicator of him and ritings hath been Time. Poſterity hath univer-paid that honour to his merits, which was denied)y great part of his contemporaries.

After

After a life thus ſpent in ſtudy and labours for the public, he died of the gout at his houſe in Bunhill-Row, on or about the 10th of November 1674, when he had within a month completed the ſixty-ſixth year of his age. It is not known when he was firſt attacked by the gout; but he was grievouſly afflicted with it ſeveral of the laſt years of his life, and was weakened to ſuch a degree, that he died without a groan, and thoſe in the room perceived not when he expired. His body was decently interred near that of his father, who had died very aged about the year 1647, in the chancel of the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; and all his great and learned friends in London, not without a friendly concourſe of the common people, paid their laſt reſpects in attending it to the grave. It does not appear, that any monument was erected to his memory, till 1737, in which one was erected in Weſtminſter-abbey by Auditor Benſon. But the beſt monument of him is his writings.

In his youth he was eſteemed extremely handſome; ſo that while he was a ſtudent at Cambridge, he was called the lady of Chriſt's college. He had a very fine ſkin and freſh complexion; his hair was of a light brown, and parted on the foretop hung down in curls waving upon his ſhoulders; his features were exact and regular; his voice agreeable and muſical; his habit clean and neat; his deportment erect and manly. He was middle-ſized and well proportioned, neither tall nor ſhort, neither too lean nor too corpulent, ſtrong and active in his younger years; and though afflicted with frequent headachs, blindneſs, and gout, was yet a comely and well looking man to the laſt. His eyes were of a light blue colour, and from the firſt are ſaid to have been none of the brighteſt; but after he loſt the ſight of them, (which happened about the 43d year of his age), they ſtill appeared without ſpot or blemiſh, and at firſt view, and at a little diſtance, it was not eaſy to know that he was blind. But there is the leſs need to be particular in the deſcription of his perſon, as the idea of his face and countenance is pretty well known from the numerous prints, pictures

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uſts, medals, and other repreſentations which have een made of him.

In his way of living he was an example of ſobriety nd temperance. He was very ſparing in the uſe of ine or ſtrong liquors of any kind. Let meaner poets ake uſe of ſuch expedients to raiſe their fancy, and indle their imagination. He wanted not any artificil ſpirits; he had a natural fire, and poetic warmth nough of his own. He was likewiſe very abſtemious n his diet, not faſtidiouſly nice or delicate in the choice f his diſhes, but content with any thing that was oſt in ſeaſon, or eaſieſt to be procured, eating and rinking (according to the diſtinction of the philoſoher) that he might live, and not living that he might at and drink. So that probably his gout deſcended by inheritance from one or other of his parents; or if it was of his own acquiring, it muſt have been owing to his ſtudious and ſedentary life. And yet he delighted ſometimes in walking and uſing exerciſe, but we hear nothing of his riding or hunting. Having learned to fence, he was ſuch a maſter of his ſword, that he was not afraid of reſenting an affront from any man. Before he loſt his ſight, his principal recreation was the exerciſe of his arms; but after he was confined by age and blindneſs, he had a machine to ſwing in for the preſervation of his health. In his youth he was accuſtomed to ſit up late at his ſtudies, and ſeldom went to bed before midnight; but afterwards, finding it to be the ruin of his eyes, and looking on this cuſtom as very pernicious to health at any time, he uſed to go to reſt early, ſeldom later than nine; and would be ſtirring in the ſummer at four, and in the winter at five in the morning; but if he was not diſpoſed to riſe at his uſual hours, he ſtill did not lie ſleeping, but had ſome body or other by his bedſide to read to him. At his firſt riſing he had uſually a chapter read to him out of the Hebrew Bible; and he commonly ſtudied all the morning till twelve, then uſed ſome exerciſe for an hour, afterwards dined, and after dinner played on the organ, and either ſung himſelf or made his wife ſing, who (he ſaid) had a good voice but no ear: then

he went up to ſtudy again till ſix, when his friends came to viſit him, and ſat with him perhaps till eight; then he went down to ſupper, which was uſually olives, or ſome light thing; and after ſupper he ſmoked his pipe, drank a glaſs of water, and went to bed. He loved the country, and commends it, as poets uſually do; but after his return from his travels, he was very little there, except during the time of the plague in London. The civil war might at firſt detain him in town; and the pleaſures of the country were in a great meaſure loſt to him, as they depend moſtly upon ſight; whereas a blind man wanteth company and converſation, which is to be had better in populous cities. But he was led out ſometimes for the benefit of the freſh air, and in warm ſunny weather he uſed to ſit at the door of his houſe near Bunhill-Fields, and there, as well as in the houſe, received the viſits of perſons of quality and diſtinction; for he was no leſs viſited to the laſt, both by his own countrymen and foreigners, than he had been in his flouriſhing condition before the Reſtoration.

Some objections indeed have been made to his temper; and there was a tradition in the univerſity of Cambridge, that he and Mr. King (whoſe death he laments in his Lycidas) were competitors for a fellowſhip, and when they were both equal in point of learning, Mr. King was preferred by the college for his character of good nature, which was wanting in the other; and this was by Milton grievouſly reſented. But the difference of their ages, Milton being at leaſt four years elder, renders this ſtory not very probable; and, beſides, Mr. King was not elected by the college, but was made fellow by a royal mandate: So that there can be no truth in the tradition; but if there was any, it was no ſign of Milton's reſentment, but a proof of his generoſity, that he could live in ſuch friendſhip with a ſucceſsful rival, and afterwards ſo paſſionately lament his deceaſe. His method of writing controverſy is urged as another argument of his want of temper. But ſome allowance muſt be made for the cuſtoms and manners of the time. Controverſy, as well

as

as war, was rougher and more barbarous in thoſe days, than it is in theſe. It is to be conſidered too, that his adverſaries firſt began the attack; they loaded him with much more perſonal abuſe, only they had not the advantage of ſo much wit to ſeaſon it. If he had engaged with more candid and ingenuous diſputants, he would have preferred civility and fair argument to wit and ſatyr. "To do ſo was my choice, and to have "done thus was my chance," as he ſays himſelf. All who have written any accounts of his life agree, that he was affable and inſtructive in converſation, of an equal and cheerful temper; and yet I can eaſily believe, that he had a ſufficient ſenſe of his own merits, and contempt enough for his adverſaries.

His merits indeed were ſingular: For he was a man not only of wonderful genius, but of immenſe learning and erudition; not only an incomparable poet, but a great mathematician, logician, hiſtorian, and divine. He was a maſter not only of the Greek and Latin, but likewiſe of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, as well as of the modern languages, Italian, French, and Spaniſh. He was particularly ſkilled in the Italian, which he always preferred to the French language, as all the men of letters did at that time in England; and he not only wrote elegantly in it, but is highly commended for his writings by the moſt learned of the Italians themſelves. He had read almoſt all authors, and improved by all, even by romances, of which he had been fond in his younger years: And as the bee can extract honey out of weeds, ſo (to uſe his own words) "thoſe books, which to many others have been the "fewel of wantonneſs and looſe living, proved to him "ſo many incitements to the love and obſervation of "virtue." His favourite author after the holy Scriptures was Homer. Homer he could repeat almoſt without book; and he was adviſed to undertake a tranſlation of his works, which no doubt he would have executed to admiration. But (as he ſays of himſelf) "he never "could delight in long citations, much leſs in whole "tranſlations." Accordingly there are few things, and thoſe of no great length, which he has ever tranſ-

lated. He was poſſeſſed too much of an original genius to be a mere copier. "Whether it be natural "diſpoſition," ſays he, "or education in me, or that "my mother bore me a ſpeaker of what God made "my own, and not a tranſlator." It is ſomewhat remarkable, that there is ſcarce any author, who has written ſo much, and upon ſuch various ſubjects, and yet quotes ſo little from his contemporary authors, or ſo ſeldom mentions any of them. He praiſes Selden indeed in more places than one; but for the reſt, he appears diſpoſed to cenſure rather than commend. He was a maſter of muſic, as was his father, and he could perform both vocally and inſtrumentally; and 'tis ſaid that he compoſed very well, though nothing of this kind is handed down to us. It is alſo ſaid that he had ſome ſkill in painting, and that ſomewhere or other there is a head of Milton drawn by himſelf. But he was bleſſed with ſo many real excellencies, that there is no want of fictitious ones to raiſe and adorn his character. He had a quick apprehenſion, a ſublime imagination, a ſtrong memory, a piercing judgment, a wit always ready, and facetious or grave as the occaſion required. I know not whether the loſs of his ſight did not add vigour to the faculties of his mind. He at leaſt thought ſo, and often comforted himſelf with that reflection.

But his great parts and learning have ſcarcely gained him more admirers, than his political principles have raiſed him enemies. And yet the darling paſſion of his ſoul was the love of liberty; this was his conſtant aim and end, however he might be miſtaken in the means. He was indeed very zealous in what was called the good old cauſe; and with his ſpirit and his reſolution it is ſomewhat wonderful, that he never ventured his perſon in the civil war: But though he was not in arms, he was not inactive, and thought, I ſuppoſe, that he could be of more ſervice to the cauſe by his pen than by his ſword. He was a thorough republican; and in this he thought like a Greek or Roman, as he was very converſant with their writings. One day Sir Robert Howard, who was a friend to

Milton,

Milton, as well as to the liberties of his country, and was one of his conſtant viſitors to the laſt, inquired of him how he came to ſide with the republicans? Milton anſwered among other reaſons, becauſe theirs was the moſt frugal government, for the trappings of a monarchy might ſet up an ordinary commonwealth. But then his attachment to Cromwell muſt be condemned, as being neither conſiſtent with his republican principles, nor with his love of liberty. I know no other way of accounting for his conduct, but by preſuming (as I think we may reaſonably preſume) that he was far from entirely approving of Cromwell's proceedings, but conſidered him as the only perſon who could reſcue the nation from the tyranny of the Preſbyterians, who he ſaw were erecting a worſe dominion of their own upon the ruins of Prelatical Epiſcopacy; and of all things he dreaded ſpiritual ſlavery, and therefore cloſed with Cromwell and the Independents, as he expected under them greater liberty of conſcience. And though he ſerved Cromwell, yet it muſt be ſaid for him, that he ſerved a great maſter, and ſerved him ably, and was not wanting from time to time in giving him excellent good advice, eſpecially in his Second Defence. And ſo little being ſaid of him in all Secretary Thurloe's ſtate-papers, it appears that he had no great ſhare in the ſecrets and intrigues of government; what he diſpatched was little more than matters of neceſſary form, letters and anſwers to foreign ſtates. And he may be juſtified for acting in ſuch a ſtation, upon the ſame principle as Sir Matthew Hale for holding a judge's commiſſion under the Uſurper. In the latter part of his life he frequently expreſſed to his friends his entire ſatisfaction of mind, that he had conſtantly employed his ſtrength and faculties in the defence of liberty, and in oppoſition to ſlavery.

In matters of religion too he has given as great offence, or even greater than by his political principles. But ſtill let not the infidel glory: No ſuch man was ever of that party. He had the advantage of a pious education, and ever expreſſed the profoundeſt reverence of the Deity in his words and actions, was both a

Chriſtian and a Proteſtant, and ſtudied and admired the holy Scriptures above all other books whatſoever. In all his writings he plainly ſhoweth a religious turn of mind, as well in verſe as in proſe, as well in his works of an earlier date, as in thoſe of later compoſition. When he wrote the doctrine and diſcipline of divorce, he appears to have been a Calviniſt; but afterwards he entertained a more favourable opinion of Arminius. Some have inclined to believe, that he was an Arian; but there are more expreſs paſſages in his works to overthrow this opinion, than any there are to confirm it. For in the concluſion of his treatiſe of reformation he thus ſolemnly invokes the Trinity: "Thou therefore that ſitteſt in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of angels and men! next thee I implore, Omnipotent King, Redeemer of that loſt remnant whoſe nature thou didſt aſſume, ineffable and everlaſting Love! and thou the third ſubſtance of divine infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and ſolace of created things! one Tri-perſonal Godhead! look upon this thy poor, and almoſt ſpent and expiring church, *&c.*" And, in his tract of Prelatical Epiſcopacy, he endeavours to prove the ſpuriouſneſs of ſome epiſtles attributed to Ignatius, becauſe they contained in them hereſies, one of which hereſies is, that "he condemns them for miniſters of Satan, who ſay that Chriſt is God above all." And a little after, in the ſame tract, he objects to the authority of Tertullian, becauſe he went about to "prove an imparity between God the Father and God the Son." And in Paradiſe Loſt we ſhall find nothing upon this head, that is not perfectly agreeable to Scripture. Dr. Trapp, who was as likely to cry out upon hereſy as any man, aſſerts that the poem is orthodox in every part of it; or otherwiſe he would not have been at the pains of tranſlating it. Milton was indeed a diſſenter from the Church of England, in which he had been educated, and was by his parents deſigned for holy orders: But he was led away by early prejudices againſt the doctrine and diſcipline of the church. In his younger years he was a favourer of the Preſbyterians

ans; in his middle age he was beſt pleaſed with the
ependents and Anabaptiſts, as allowing greater li-
y of conſcience than others, and coming neareſt
is opinion to the primitive practice; and in the lat-
part of his life he was not a profeſſed member of
particular ſect of Chriſtians, frequented no public
ſhip, nor uſed any religious rite in his family.
ether ſo many different forms of worſhip as he had
, had made him indifferent to all forms; or whe-
he thought that all Chriſtians had in ſome things
upted the purity and ſimplicity of the goſpel; or
ther he diſliked their endleſs and uncharitable diſ-
es, and that love of dominion and inclination to
ſecution, which he ſaid was a piece of Popery in-
rable from all churches; or whether he believed,
t a man might be a good Chriſtian without joining
ny communion; or whether he did not look upon
ſelf as inſpired, as wrapt up in God, and above
forms and ceremonies, it is not eaſy to determine.
his own maſter he ſtandeth or falleth. But if he was
ny denomination, he was a ſort of a Quietiſt, and
s full of the interior of religion, though he ſo little
arded the exterior; and it is certain was to the
an enthuſiaſt rather than an infidel. As enthuſiaſm
de Norris a poet, ſo poetry might make Milton an
huſiaſt.

His circumſtances were never very mean, nor very
at; for he lived above want, and was not intent
n accumulating wealth. His ambition was more
nrich and adorn his mind. His father ſupported
1 in his travels, and for ſome time after. Then his
ils muſt have been of ſome advantage to him, and
ught him either a certain ſtipend, or conſiderable
ſents at leaſt; and he had ſcarcely any other me-
d of improving his fortune, as he was of no profeſ-
1. When his father died, he inherited an elder
's ſhare of his eſtate, the principal part of which I
eve was his houſe in Broadſtreet. Not long after
was appointed Latin Secretary, with a ſalary of
) l. a-year: So that he was now in opulent circum-
ices for a man, who had always led a frugal and
temperate

temperate life, and was at little unneceſſary expence beſides buying of books. Though he was of the victorious party, yet he was far from ſharing in the ſpoils of his country. On the contrary, he ſuſtained great loſſes during the civil war, and was not at all favoured in the impoſition of taxes, but ſometimes paid beyond his due proportion. Upon a turn of affairs he was not only deprived of his place, but alſo loſt 2000 l. which he had for ſecurity and improvement put into the exciſe-office. He loſt likewiſe another conſiderable ſum for want of proper care and management, as perſons of Milton's genius are ſeldom expert in money-matters. In the fire of London his houſe in Bread-ſtreet was burnt, before which accident foreigners have gone out of devotion (ſays Wood) to ſee the houſe and chamber where he was born. His gains were inconſiderable in proportion to his loſſes: For excepting the thouſand pounds which were given him by the government for writing his defence of the people againſt Salmaſius, we may conclude that he got very little by the copies of his works, when it doth not appear that he received any more than 10 l. for Paradiſe Loſt. Some time before he died, he ſold the greateſt part of his library, as his heirs were not qualified to make a proper uſe of it, and as he thought that he could diſpoſe of it to greater advantage than they could after his deceaſe. Finally, by one means or other, he died worth 1500 l. beſides his houſehold-goods; which was no incompetent ſubſiſtence for him, who was as great a philoſopher as a poet *.

To this account of Milton it may be proper to add ſomething concerning his family. We ſaid before, that he had a young brother and a ſiſter. His brother Chriſtopher Milton was a man of totally oppoſite prin-

* Whoever conſiders (ſays Mr. Fenton) the poſts to which Milton was advanced, and the times in which he enjoyed them, will, I believe, confeſs he might have accumulated a much more plentiful fortune: In a diſpaſſionate mind it will not require any extraordinary meaſure of candour to conclude, that though he abode in *the heritage of oppreſſors*, and the ſpoils of his country lay at his feet, neither his conſcience, nor his honour, could ſtoop to gather them.

ciples,

es; was a ſtrong royaliſt, and after the civil war le his compoſition through his brother's intereſt; been entered young a ſtudent in the Inner Tem- of which houſe he lived to be an ancient bench- and being a profeſſed Papiſt, was in the reign of ſames II. made a judge and knighted; but ſoon ined his quietus by reaſon of his age and infirmi- and retired to Ipſwich, where he lived all the r part of his life. His ſiſter Anne Milton had a iderable fortune given her by her father in mar- e with Mr. Edward Philips, (ſon of Mr. Edward ips of Shrewſbury), who coming young to Lon- was bred up in the crown-office in chancery, and ngth became ſecondary of the office under Mr. bo. By him ſhe had, beſides other children who died infants, two ſons, Edward and John, whom ave had frequent occaſion to mention before. She likewiſe two daughters, Mary, who died very g; and Anne, who was living in 1694, by a ſe- huſband Mr. Thomas Agar, who ſucceeded Mr. ps in his place in the crown-office, which he en- many years, and left to Mr. Thomas Milton, of Sir Chriſtopher before mentioned. As for Mil- imſelf, he appears to have been no enemy to the ex by having had three wives. What fortune he with any of them, is no where ſaid; but they were lemens daughters: and it is remarkable that he ied them all maidens; for (as he ſays himſelf) he ought with them, who both in prudence and ele- nce of ſpirit would chuſe a virgin of mean for- nes, honeſtly bred, before the wealthieſt widow." yet he ſeemeth not to have been very happy in of his marriages: For his firſt wife had juſtly of- ed him by her long abſence and ſeparation from the ſecond, whoſe love, ſweetneſs, and good- he commends, lived not a twelvemonth with him; his third wife is ſaid to have been a woman of a violent ſpirit, and a hard mother-in-law to his ren. She died very old, above thirty years ago about the year 1729], at Nantwich in Cheſhire. the accounts of thoſe who had ſeen her, I have learned,

learned, that ſhe confirmed ſeveral things which have been related before; particularly that her huſband uſed to compoſe his poetry chiefly in winter, and on his waking in a morning would make her write down ſometimes twenty or thirty verſes. Being aſked whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil? ſhe underſtood it as an imputation upon him for ſtealing from thoſe authors, and anſwered with eagerneſs, that he ſtole from no body but the Muſe who inſpired him; and being aſked by a lady preſent, who the Muſe was? replied it was God's Grace, and the Holy Spirit that viſited him nightly. She was likewiſe aſked whom he approved moſt of our Engliſh poets? and anſwered, Spenſer, Shakeſpear, and Cowley. Being aſked, what he thought of Dryden? ſhe ſaid Dryden uſed ſometimes to viſit him, but he thought him no poet, but a good rhymiſt: But this was before Dryden had compoſed his beſt poems, which made his name ſo famous afterwards. She was wont moreover to ſay, that her huſband was applied to by meſſage from the King, and invited to write for the Court; but his anſwer was, that ſuch a behaviour would be very inconſiſtent with his former conduct, for he had never yet employed his pen againſt his conſcience. By his firſt wife he had three daughters, who ſurvived him. They were not ſent to ſchool, but were inſtructed by a miſtreſs kept at home for that purpoſe: And he himſelf, excuſing the eldeſt on account of an impediment in her ſpeech, taught the two others to read and pronounce Greek and Latin, and ſeveral other languages, without underſtanding any but Engliſh; for he uſed to ſay that one tongue was enough for a woman. But this employment was very irkſome to them; and this, together with the ſharpneſs and ſeverity of their mother-in-law, made them very uneaſy at home: and therefore they were all ſent abroad to learn things more proper for them, and particularly embroidery in gold and ſilver. As Milton at his death left his affairs very much in the power of his widow, though ſhe acknowledged that he died worth 1500 l. yet ſhe allowed but 100 l. to each of his three daughters. Anne the eldeſt

was

crepit and deformed, but had a very handſome
She married a maſter-builder, and died in child-
her firſt child, who died with her. Mary the
lived and died ſingle. Deborah the youngeſt,
father's lifetime, went over to Ireland with a
nd afterwards was married to Mr. Abraham
, a weaver in Spittlefields, and died in Auguſt
in the 76th year of her age. She is ſaid to have
woman of good underſtanding and genteel be-
r, though in low circumſtances. As ſhe had
ten called upon to read Homer and Ovid's Me-
hoſes to her father, ſhe could have repeated a
rable number of verſes from the beginning of
oſe poets; and ſhe has been heard to repeat
verſes likewiſe out of Euripides. Mr. Addiſon,
her gentlemen, who had opportunities of ſeeing
new her immediately to be Milton's daughter
ſimilitude of her countenance to her father's
. Mr. Addiſon made her a handſome preſent
rſe of guineas, with a promiſe of procuring for
ne annual proviſion for her life: but his death
ing ſoon after, ſhe loſt the benefit of his gene-
eſign. She received preſents likewiſe from ſe-
ther gentleman, and Q. Caroline ſent her 50 l.
hands of Dr. Freind the phyſician. She had
ldren, ſeven ſons, and three daughters; but
f them had any children, except her ſon Caleb,
r daughter Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St.
e in the Eaſt-Indies; where he married, and had
ns, Abraham and Iſaac; the elder of whom
o England with the late Gov. Harriſon, but re-
upon advice of his father's death; and whe-
e or his brother be now living, is uncertain.
eth, the youngeſt child of Mrs. Clarke, was mar-
Mr. Thomas Foſter a weaver in Spittlefields,
ad ſeven children, who are all dead; and ſhe
is aged about ſixty, and weak and infirm. She
h to be a good plain ſenſible woman, and has
ned ſeveral particulars related above, and in-
l me of ſome others, which ſhe had often heard
er mother: That her grandfather loſt 2000 l.

by

by a money-ſcrivener, whom he had intruſted with that ſum; and likewiſe an eſtate at Weſtminſter of 60 l. a-year, which belonged to the Dean and Chapter, and was reſtored to them at the Reſtoration: That he was very temperate in his eating and drinking; but what he had, he always loved to have of the beſt: That he ſeldom went abroad in the letter part of his life, but was viſited even then by perſons of diſtinction, both foreigners and others: That he kept his daughters at a great diſtance, and would not allow them to learn to write, which he thought unneceſſary for a woman: That her mother was his greateſt favourite, and could read in ſeven or eight languages, though ſhe underſtood none but Engliſh: That her mother inherited his headaches and diſorders, and had ſuch a weakneſs in her eyes, that ſhe was forced to make uſe of ſpectacles from the age of eighteen: and ſhe herſelf, ſhe ſays, has not been able to read a chapter in the Bible theſe twenty years: That ſhe was miſtaken in informing Mr. Birch *, what he had printed upon her authority, that Milton's father was born in France; and a brother of hers who was then living, was very angry with her for it, and like a true-born Engliſhman reſented it highly, that the family ſhould be thought to bear any relation to France: That Milton's ſecond wife did not die in childbed, as Mr. Philips and Toland relate, but above three months after of a conſumption; and this too Mr. Birch relates upon her authority: But in this particular ſhe muſt be miſtaken as well as in the other; for our author's ſonnet on his deceaſed wife plainly implies, that ſhe did die in child

* Accounts of Milton's life have been wrote by ſeven different perſons, *viz.* by Antony Wood in his Faſti Oxonienſes; by Mr. Edward Philips before the Engliſh tranſlation of Milton's ſtate-letters printed in 1694; by Mr. Toland before the edition of Milton's proſe works in three volumes folio, printed in 1698; by M. Bayle in his hiſtorical and critical dictionary; by Mr. Fenton before the edition of Milton's poetical works printed in 1725; by Mr. Richardſon in the preface to his explanatory notes and remarks upon Paradiſe Loſt; and by Mr. Thomas Birch in the general dictionary, and more largely before the edition of Milton's proſe works in two volumes folio, printed in 1738.

bed

had. She knows nothing of her aunt Philips or Agar's deſcendents, but believes that they are all extinct; as is likewiſe Sir Chriſtopher Milton's family, the laſt of which were two maiden ſiſters, Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Katharine Milton, who lived and died at Highgate: And ſhe herſelf is the only ſurvivor of Milton's own family; unleſs there be ſome in the Eaſt-Indies, which ſhe very much queſtions, for ſhe uſed to hear from them ſometimes, but has heard nothing now for ſeveral years: ſo that in all probability Milton's whole family would be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings*. And

* Mrs. Foſter died at Iſlington, May 9, 1754, in the 66th year of her age; and by her death all Milton's family became extinct. She had lived many years in a low way, and was at laſt depreſſed with poverty and the infirmities of old age. It does not appear, that any of her grandfather's admirers took any notice of her till 1750; when, on the 5th of April that year, Comus, wrote by Milton, was repreſented at Drury-Lane theatre, with a new Prologue ſpoken by Mr. Garrick, for her benefit; which produced her above 130 l.

The prologue was printed both at London and Edinburgh, for her benefit; and is as follows:

Ye patriot crouds, who burn for *England*'s fame,
Ye nymphs, whoſe boſoms beat at MILTON's name,
Whoſe gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean penſions of *Auguſtan* times;
Immortal patrons of ſucceeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praiſe!
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With cloſe Malevolence, or public Rage;
Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitleſs lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, diſtinguiſh'd by your ſmile, ſhall tell,
That never BRITON can in vain excel;
The ſlighted arts futurity ſhall truſt,
And riſing ages haſten to be juſt,
At length our mighty Bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of univerſal praiſe;
And baffled Spite, with hopeleſs Anguiſh dumb,
Yields to Renown the centuries to come.
With ardent haſte, each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name:
He ſees, and pitying ſees, vain Wealth beſtow
Thoſe pageant honours which he ſcorn'd below.
While crouds aloft the laureat buſt behold,
Or trace his form *on circulating gold*,

And ſuch is the caprice of fortune, this granddau of a man, who will be an everlaſting glory to the n has now for ſome years with her huſband kept a chandler's or groçer's ſhop, for their ſubſiſtence, at the lower Halloway in the road between Hig and London, and at preſent in Cock-lane, not fa Shoreditch church. Another thing let me me that is equally to the honour of the preſen Though Milton received not above 10 l. at twc rent payments for the copy of Paradiſe Loſt, y Hoyle, author of the Treatiſe on the Game of after having diſpoſed of all the firſt impreſſion the copy to the bookſeller, as I have been infc for two hundred guineas.

To this *Life* from Dr. Newton, we ſhall ſubj account of the manner in which Milton loſt his which he ſo pathetically laments in the beginn book iii. of Paradiſe Loſt; taken from his owr to Leonard Philaras, envoy from the Duke of to the French King, dated, Weſtminſter, Se 1654.

——" I think 'tis about ten years, more " ſince I began to perceive, that my eye-ſigh " weak and dim; and at the ſame time my ſple " bowels to be oppreſſed and troubled with " and in the morning, when I began to read, " ing to my cuſtom, my eyes grew painful ir " ately, and to refuſe reading, but were refre " ter a moderate exerciſe of the body. A certa

Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And Want hung threat'ning o'er her ſlow decay.
What though ſhe ſhine with no MILTONIAN fire,
No fav'ring muſe her morning-dreams inſpire?
Yet ſofter claims the melting heart engage;
Her youth laborious, and her blameleſs age:
Her's the mild merits of domeſtic life;
The patient ſuff'rer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native charms,
Her Grandſire leaves her in *Britannia*'s arms,
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye Fair, ye Wife, ye Brave!
'Tis yours to crown deſert — beyond the grave!

" began to ſurround the light of the candle, if I look-
" ed at it; ſoon after which, on the left part of the
" left eye, (for that was ſome years ſooner clouded),
" a miſt aroſe, which hid every thing on that ſide;
" and looking forward, if I ſhut my right eye, objects
" appeared ſmaller. My other eye alſo, for theſe laſt
" three years, failing by degrees, ſome months before
" all ſight was aboliſhed, things which I looked upon
" ſeemed to ſwim to the right and left. Certain in-
" veterate vapours ſeem to poſſeſs my forehead and
" temples, which, after meat eſpecially, quite to even-
" ing, generally urge and depreſs my eyes with a
" ſleepy heavineſs. Nor would I omit, that whilſt
" there was as yet ſome remainder of ſight, I no ſoon-
" er lay down in my bed, and turned on my ſide, but
" a copious light dazzled out of my ſhut eyes: and
" as my ſight diminiſhed, every day colours gradually
" more obſcure flaſhed out with vehemence; but now
" that the lucid is in a manner wholly extinct, a direct
" blackneſs, or elſe ſpotted, and as it were woven
" with aſh-colour, is uſed to pour itſelf in. Never-
" theleſs, the conſtant and ſettled darkneſs that is be-
" fore me, as well by night as by day, ſeems nearer
" to the whitiſh than the blackiſh; and the eye rolling
" itſelf a little, ſeems to admit I know not what little
" ſmallneſs of light, as through a chink."

The following TRANSLATION and SONNET are taken from Toland's and Birch's accounts of Milton's Life.

The Verſes to CHRISTINA Queen of SWEDEN, vol. ii. p. *ult.* tranſlated.

BRIGHT martial Maid, Queen of the Frozen Zone,
The Northern Pole ſupports thy ſhining throne;
Behold what furrows Age and Steel can plow,
The helmet's weight oppreſs'd this wrinkled brow.
Through Fate's untrodden paths I move, my hands
Still act my free-born people's bold commands:

Yet this ſtern ſhade to you ſubmits his frowns,
Nor are theſe looks always ſevere to crowns.

TOLAND's *Life of Mi*

A SONNET, upon occaſion of the Plague in Lon
ſaid to be written by Milton, and to have been
ly found on a glaſs-window at Chalfont, wher
reſided during the continuance of that dreadfu
lamity.

FAIR mirrour of foul times! whoſe fragile ſhee
Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providen
(Ay watching o'er his ſaints with eye unſeen)
Spreads the red rod of angry peſtilence,
To ſweep the wicked and their counſels hence:

Yea all to break the pride of luſtful kings,
Who Heaven's lore reject for brutiſh ſenſe;
As erſt he ſcourg'd Jeſſides' ſin of yore
For the fair Hittite, when on Seraph's wings
He ſent him war, or plague, or famine ſore *.

BIRCH's *Life of Mi*

* If this Sonnet was really wrote by Milton, he has blun
in repreſenting the peſtilence as a judgment upon David for
dultery with Bathſheba, whereas it was on account of his nu
ing the people.

ADISUM AMISSAM ſummi poetæ JOANNIS MILTONI.

is Amiſſam Paradiſum, grandia magni
ina Miltoni, quid niſi cuncta legis?
, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
t fines continet iſte liber.
luntur magni penetralia mundi,
et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
ractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum,
imque Erebi, flammivomumque ſpecus:
int terras, pontumque, et tartara cæca,
olunt ſummi lucida regna poli:
ue ullis conclusum eſt finibus uſquam,
ie Chaos, et ſine fine Deus:
magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,
) erga homines conciliatus amor.
raret quis crederet eſſe futura?
hæc hodie terra Britanna legit.
n bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
t, et quanta prælia dira tuba!
es! atque in certamine cœlum!
eleſtes pugna deceret agros!
æthereis tollit ſe Lucifer armis!
o graditur vix Michaele minor!
quam funeſtis concurritur iris,
s hic ſtellas protegit, ille rapit!
montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
ortali deſuper igne pluunt:
cui ſe parti concedat Olympus,
pugnæ non ſupereſſe ſuæ.
cœlis Meſſiæ inſignia fulgent,
animes, armaque digna Deo,
que rotæ ſtrident, et ſæva rotarum
t torvis fulgura luminibus,
vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
flammis inſonuere polo:
nitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
lextris irrita tela cadunt;
ugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus aſylum,
:ertant condere ſe tenebris.
ani ſcriptores, cedite Grail,
ma recens vel celebravit anus,
que leget tantum cecinisſe putabit
m ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

On PARADISE LOST.

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book his vaſt deſign unfold;
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, hell, earth, chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while miſdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred truths to fable and old-ſong,
(So Samſon grop'd the temple's poſts in ſpite)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his ſight.
Yet as I read, ſoon growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame faith leads underſtanding blind;
Leſt he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was eaſy he ſhould render vain.
Or if a work ſo infinite he ſpann'd,
Jealous I was that ſome leſs ſkilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhow it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor deſpiſe
My caufeleſs, yet not impious ſurmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a ſhare.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper doſt omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majeſty which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horrour on us ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;
And above human flight doſt ſoar aloft,
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft.
The bird nam'd from that Paradiſe you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.
Where could'ſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expence of mind?
Juſt Heav'n thee, like Tireſias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loſs of ſight.
Well might'ſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;

own-Bays writes all the while and ſpells,
pack-horſe, tires without his bells:
es-like our buſhy-points appear,
ig them, we for faſhion wear;
orted by the mode offend,
I meant to praiſe thee, muſt commend.
eated like thy theme ſublime,
weight, and meaſure, needs not rhyme.

ANDREW MARVEL.

The VERSE.

meaſure is Engliſh Heroic Verſe without
me, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Vir-
itin; rhyme being no neceſſary adjunct or
ment of poem or good verſe, in longer works
, but the invention of a barbarous age, to
etched matter and lame metre; graced in-
: by the uſe of ſome famous modern poets,
way by cuſtom; but much to their own vexa-
drance, and conſtraint, to expreſs many
herwiſe, and, for the moſt part, worſe than
would have expreſſed them. Not without
nerefore, ſome, both Italian and Spaniſh
prime note, have rejected rhyme, both in
d ſhorter works, as have alſo long ſince our
iſh tragedies, as a thing of itſelf, to all judi-
, trivial, and of no true muſical delight;
nſiſts only in apt numbers, fit quantity of
and the ſenſe variouſly drawn out from one
another, not in the jingling ſound of like
a fault avoided by the learned ancients both
and all good oratory. This neglect then of
little is to be taken for a defect, though it
ſo perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather
ſteemed an example ſet, the firſt in Engliſh,
t liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the
me and modern bondage of rhyming.

PARADISE

PARADISE LOST,

A POEM,

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

ARGUMENT of Book I.

This First Book proposes, first, in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: They confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded: They rise; their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world, and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in heaven; for that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandæmonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

PARADISE

ARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

F man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
e us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
heav'nly Muſe, that on the ſecret top
reb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
beginning how the heav'ns and earth
out of Chaos: or if Sion hill
ht thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
y the oracle of God; I thence
e thy aid to my advent'rous ſong,
with no middle flight intends to ſoar
th' Aonian mount, while it purſues
gs unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme.
d chief thou, O Spi'rit, that doſt prefer
e all temples th' upright heart and pure,
ſt me, for thou know'ſt; thou from the firſt
preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
-like ſatt'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
nad'ſt it pregnant: what in me is dark,
ine; what is low, raiſe and ſupport;
to the *height of this* great argument

I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of hell; say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will,
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory' above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in heav'n, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him. Round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate:
At once, as far as angels ken, he views

tuation waſte and wild;
orrible on all ſides round
furnace flam'd, yet from thoſe flames
: rather darkneſs viſible
o diſcover ſights of woe,
rrow, doleful ſhades, where peace
never dwell, hope never comes
o all; but torture without end
nd a fiery deluge, fed
rning ſulphur unconſum'd:
ternal Juſtice had prepar'd
ellious, here their pris'n ordain'd
neſs, and their portion ſet
'd from God and light of heav'n,
:entre thrice to th' utmoſt pole.
: the place from whence they fell!
npanions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
nd whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
rns; and welt'ring by his ſide
ſelf in pow'r, and next in crime,
own in Paleſtine, and nam'd
To whom th' arch-enemy,
1 heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
horrid ſilence, thus began.
:ſt he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd
ho in the happy realms of light
tranſcendent brightneſs didſt outſhine
bright! if he whom mutual league,
hts and counſels equal hope
n the glorious enterprize,
ıe once, now miſery hath join'd
: into what pit thou ſeeſt
:ight fall'n, ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
hunder: and till then who knew
thoſe dire arms? Yet not for thoſe,

Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward luſtre, that fix'd mind,
And high diſdain from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightieſt rais'd me to contend;
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of ſpirits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmoſt pow'r with adverſe pow'r oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And ſhook his throne. What though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield,
And what is elſe not to be overcome;
That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terrour of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince by fate the ſtrength of gods
And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' exceſs of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

So ſpake th' apoſtate angel, though in pain;
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:
And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned powers,
That led th' imbattl'd Seraphim to war

onduct, and in dreadful deeds
langer'd heav'n's perpetual King,
proof his high ſupremacy,
held by ſtrength, or chance, or fate;
ee, and rue the dire event,
ad overthrow and foul defeat
heav'n, and all this mighty hoſt
leſtruction laid thus low,
ds and heavenly eſſences
for the mind and ſpi'rit remains
and vigour ſoon returns,
our glory' extinct, and happy ſtate
v'd up in endleſs miſery.
he our conqu'ror (whom I now
ieve Almighty, ſince no leſs
:ould have o'erpower'd ſuch force as ours)
this our ſpi'rit and ſtrength entire
ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
y ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
nightier ſervice as his thralls
war, whate'er his buſineſs be
heart of hell to work in fire,
rands in the gloomy deep;
then avail, though yet we feel
diminiſh'd, or eternal being
eternal puniſhment?
th ſpeedy words th' Archfiend reply'd.
:rub, to be weak is miſerable
ffering: but of this be ſure,
t good never will be our taſk,
do ill our ſole delight,
e contrary to his high will
eſiſt. If then his providence
:vil ſeek to bring forth good,
muſt be to pervert that end,

And out of good ſtill to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may ſucceed, ſo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and diſturb
His inmoſt counſels from their deſtin'd aim.
But ſee the angry Victor hath recall'd
His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of heav'n: the ſulphurous hail
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.
Let us not ſlip th' occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury yield it from our foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of Deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves;
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there;
And reaſſembling our afflicted powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our enemy, our own loſs how repair,
How overcome this dire calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not, what reſolution from Deſpair.

Thus Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareus or Typhon, whom the den

Tarſus held, or that ſea-beaſt
which God of all his works
geſt that ſwim th' ocean ſtream:
ſlumb'ring on the Norway foam
f ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
me iſland, oft, as ſeamen tell,
anchor in his ſcaly rind
is ſide under the lee, while night
ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
l out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
the burning lake: nor ever thence
or heav'd his head, but that the will
ermiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
: large to his own dark deſigns;
reiterated crimes he might
mſelf damnation, while he ſought
rs; and enrag'd might ſee
malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
dneſs, grace and mercy ſhown
him ſeduc'd; but on himſelf
uſion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
ipright he rears from off the pool
ſtature; on each hand the flames
ward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
leave i'the midſt a horrid vale.
expanded wings he ſteers his flight
nbent on the duſky air,
ruſual weight; till on dry land
f it were land that ever burn'd
as the lake with liquid fire;
ppear'd in hue, as when the force
nean wind tranſports a hill
Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
ng Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
ntrails thence conceiving fire,

Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: ſuch reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſs'd feet. Him follow'd his next mate,
Both glorying to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal power.

Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt Archangel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for heav'n, this mournful gloom
For that celeſtial light? Be' it ſo, ſince he
Who now as Sov'reign can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reas'on hath equall'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewel happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail horrours, hail
Infernal world! and thou profoundeſt hell
Receive thy new poſſeſſour; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
What matter where if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be, all but leſs than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet

heav'n, or what more loſt in hell?
ſpake, and him Beëlzebub
:r'd. Leader of thoſe armies bright,
th' Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
y hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
:remes, and on the perilous edge
/hen it rag'd, in all aſſaults
t ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
ge and revive, though now they lie
ınd proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
'hile, aſtounded and amaz'd,
, fall'n ſuch a pernicious height.
e had ceas'd when the ſuperiour fiend
g tow'ard the ſhore; his pond'rous ſhield,
:mper, maſſy, large, and round,
a caſt; the broad circumference
is ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
)ptic glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
from the top of Feſolé,
arno, to deſcry new lands,
nountains in her ſpotty globe.
to equal which the talleſt pine
Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
reat admiral, were but a wand,
with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
urning marle, (not like thoſe ſteps
's azure), and the torrid clime
ıim ſore beſides, vaulted with fire.
e ſo endur'd, till on the beach
flamed ſea he ſtood, and call'd
', angel-forms; who lay intranc'd
utumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
)roſa, where th' Etrurian ſhades
rch'd imbow'r; or ſcatter'd ſedge

Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coaſt, whoſe waves o'erthrew
Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſu'd
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floating carcaſes
And broken chariot-wheels: So thick beſtrown
Abject and loſt lay theſe, cov'ring the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell reſounded. Princes, potentates,
Warriours, the flow'r of heav'n, once yours, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeize
Eternal ſpi'rits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repoſe
Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject poſture have ye ſworn
To' adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from heav'n-gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Tranſfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n.

They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung:
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they ſoon obey'd
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,

Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;
Till, as a ſignal giv'n, th' uplifted ſpear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous north
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons
Came like a deluge on the ſouth, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan ſands.
Forthwith from every ſquadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haſte where ſtood
Their great commander; godlike ſhapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And pow'rs that erſt in heaven ſat on thrones;
Though of their names in heav'nly records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names; till wand'ring o'er the earth,
Through God's high ſufferance for the tri'al of man,
By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creator, and th' inviſible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,

And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, Muſe, their names then known, who firſt, wh
Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch, [hal
At their great empe'ror's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe who from the pit of hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his alter, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durſt abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.
Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſs'd through fi
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worſhipp'd in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Baſon, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon. Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right againſt the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleaſant Valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell.
Next Chemos, th' obſcene dread of Moab's ſons,
From Aroar to Nebo, and the wild
Of ſouthmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond

ry dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
lé, to th' Aſphaltic Pool.
ther name, when he entic'd
Sittim, on their march from Nile,
n wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
e his luſtful orgies he enlarg'd
hat hill of ſcandal, by the grove
h homicide; luſt hard by hate;
Joſiah drove them thence to hell.
ſe came they, who from the bord'ring flood
uphrates to the brook that parts
om Syrian ground, had general names
n and Aſhtaroth; thoſe male,
ninine. For ſpirits when they pleaſe
r ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
ompounded is their eſſence pure;
or manacled with joint or limb,
ded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
ibrous fleſh; but in what ſhape they chuſe
r condens'd, bright or obſcure,
ute their airy purpoſes,
ks of love or enmity fulfil.
e the race of Iſrael oft forſook
ring ſtrength, and unfrequented left
teous altar, bowing lowly down
al gods; for which their heads as low
own in battle, ſunk before the ſpear
cable foes. With theſe in troop
ſtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
queen of heav'n, with creſcent horns;
ſe bright image nightly by the moon
virgins paid their vows and ſongs;
alſo not unſung, where ſtood
ple on th' offenſive mountain, built
uxorious king, whoſe heart, tho' large,

Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damſels, to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a ſummer's day;
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when, by the viſion led,
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one,
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers:
Dagon his name, ſea-monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded thro' the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath, and Aſcalon,
And Accaron, and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delighful ſeat
Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo 'againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king,
Ahaz, his ſottiſh conqu'ror, whom he drew
God's altar to diſparage, and diſplace,
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Oſiris, Iſis, Orus, and their train,
With monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd

: Egypt, and her prieſts, to ſeek
wand'ring gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms,
: than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
fection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
ılf in Oreb; and the rebel king
ed that ſin in Bethel and in Dan,
ng his Maker, to the grazed ox,
ıh; who, in one night, when he paſs'd
Egypt marching, equall'd with one ſtroke
ıer firſt-born and all her bleating gods.
came laſt, than whom a ſpi'rit more lewd
ɔt from heaven, or more groſs to love
or itſelf: to him no temple ſtood
ar ſmok'd; yet who more oft than he
ıples and at altars, when the prieſt
atheiſt, as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd
luſt and violence the houſe of God?
ırts and palaces he alſo reigns,
ı luxurious cities, where the noiſe
ot aſcends above their loftieſt towers,
ıjury and outrage: and when night
ns the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
ılial, flown with inſolence and wine.
ſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
ɔeah, when the hoſpitable door
'd a matron to avoid worſe rape.
ſe were the prime in order and in might;
eſt were long to tell, though far renown'd,
nian gods, of Javan's iſſue held
yet confeſs'd later than Heav'n and Earth,
boaſted parents: Titan, Heav'n's firſt-born,
his enormous brood, and birthright ſeiz'd
unger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
rn and Rhea's ſon, like meaſure found;
e uſurping reign'd: Theſe firſt in Crete

And Ida known; thence on the ſnowy top
Of cold Olympus rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt heav'n; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to th' Heſperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmoſt iſles.

All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Down-caſt and damp, yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to'have found their chief
Not in deſpair, to'have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs itſelf; which on his count'nance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not ſubſtance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and diſpell'd their fears.
Then ſtrait commands that at the warlike ſound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be uprear'd
His mighty ſtandard: that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering ſtaff unfurl'd
Th' imperial enſign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind,
With gems and golden luſtre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial ſounds:
At which the univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were ſeen
Ten thouſand banners riſe into the air
With orient colours waving: with them roſe
A foreſt huge of ſpears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ſerried ſhields in thick array,
Of depth unmeaſurable: anon they move

fect phalanx, to the Dorian mood
tes, and ſoft recorders; ſuch as rais'd
ght of nobleſt temper heroes old
g to battle; and inſtead of rage,
rate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
anting power to mitigate and ſwage,
ſolemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chaſe
ſh, and doubt, and fear, and ſorr'ow, and pain
mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
ling united force, with fixed thought
on in ſilence to ſoft pipes, that charm'd
painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil: and now
c'd in view, they ſtand, a horrid front
adful length and dazzling arms, in guiſe
rriors old with order'd ſpear and ſhield,
ing what command their mighty chief
impoſe. He through the armed files
his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
hole battalion views, their order due,
viſages and ſtature as of gods;
number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
ds with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
s: for never ſince created man,
ch embodied force, as nam'd with theſe
merit more than that ſmall infrantry
d on by cranes; though all the giant brood
legra with th' heroic race were join'd
ought at Thebes and Ilium, on each ſide
with auxiliar gods; and what reſounds
e or romance of Uther's ſon
with Britiſh and Armoric knights;
ll who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
d in Aſpramont, or Montalban,
o, *Marocco*, or Trebiſond;

Or whom Biſerta ſent from Afric ſhore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread commander: he, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs than archangel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory' obſcur'd: as when the ſun new riſen
Looks through the horizontal miſty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipſe, diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd ſo, yet ſhone
Above them all th' archangel: but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had entrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliſs), condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of ſpirits for his fault amerc'd
Of heav'n, and from eternal ſplendours flung
For his revolt; yet faithful how they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd: as when heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt-oaks, or mountain-pines,
With ſinged top their ſtately growth, tho' bare
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half incloſe him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he eſſay'd, and thrice, in ſpite of ſcorn,
Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth: At laſt

Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.
O myriads of immortal ſpi'rits, O powers
Matchleſs, but with th' Almighty; and that ſtriſe
Was not inglorious, tho' th' event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, though after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied heav'n, ſhall fail to reaſcend,
Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat?
For me be witneſs all the hoſt of heaven,
If counſels different, or danger ſhunn'd
By me, have loſt our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one ſecure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent or cuſtom, and his regal ſtate
Put forth at full, but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains,
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in heaven, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of heaven:
Thither, *if but to pry*, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:

For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial ſpi'rits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature: peace is deſpair'd,
For who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, war
Open or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.
He ſpake: and to confirm his words, outflew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the High'eſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance tow'ard the vault of heaven.
There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe griſly top
Belch'd fire and rolling ſmoke; the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of ſulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous brigade haſten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers with ſpade and pickax arm'd
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or caſt a rampart. Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the leaſt erected ſpi'rit that fell
From heav'n; for e'en in heav'n his looks and thought
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatific: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane. And here let thoſe

Who boaſt in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,
And ſtrength and art are eaſily outdone
By ſpirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toil
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire:
Sluic'd from the lake, a ſecond multitude
With wondrous art found out the maſſy ore,
Severing each kind, and ſcumm'd the bullion droſs:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an organ, from one blaſt of wind,
To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breathes.
Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo ſuch magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inſhrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. Th' aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately height; and ſtrait the doors
Opening their brazen folds diſcover wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof,
Pendent *by ſubtile magic*, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets, fed

With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work ſome praiſe,
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tow'red ſtructure high,
Where ſcepter'd angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as princes; whom the Súpreme King
Exalted to ſuch power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient Greece; and in Auſonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the chryſtal battlements; from morn
T'o noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day; and, with the ſetting ſun,
Dropt from the zenith like a falling ſtar,
On Lemnos th' Ægean iſle: Thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
T'have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he 'ſcape
By all his engines, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in Hell.
Mean while the winged heralds by command
Of ſov'reign pow'r, with awful ceremony
And trumpets ſound, throughout the hoſt proclaim
A ſolemn council forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their ſummons call'd
From every band and ſquared regiment
By place or choice the worthieſt; they anon
With hundreds, and with thouſands, trooping came
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd, the gates
And porches wide, but chief the ſpacious hall
(*Though like* a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont to ride arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair

the beſt of Panim chivalry
rtal combat, or career with lance)
ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
d with the hiſs of ruſtling wings. As bees
ing-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
orth their populous youth about the hive
lers; they among freſh dews and flowers
and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,
burb of their ſtraw-built citadel,
bb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer
ſtate-affairs. So thick the airy crowd
'd, and were ſtraiten'd; till the ſignal given,
l a wonder! they but now who ſeem'd
neſs to ſurpaſs earth's giant ſons,
eſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
g numberleſs, like that pygmean race
d the Indian mount; or fairy elves,
midnight revels by a foreſt-ſide,
ntain, ſome belated peaſant ſees,
ams he ſees; while over-head the moon
bitreſs, and nearer to the earth
s her pale courſe; they on their mirth and dance
with jocund muſic charm his ear;
e with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
ncorporeal ſpi'rits to ſmalleſt forms
d their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
h without number ſtill, amidſt the hall
t infernal court. But far within,
their own dimenſions like themſelves,
eat Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
e receſs and ſecret conclave ſat,
ſand demigods on golden ſeats,
nt and full. After ſhort ſilence then,
mmons read, the great conſult began.

End of the First Book.

ARGUMENT of Book II.

The conſultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: Some adviſe it, others diſſuade. A third propoſal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to ſearch the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferiour to themſelves, about this time to be created: Their doubt who ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch: Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the reſt betake them ſeveral ways, and to ſeveral employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He paſſes on his journey to Hell-gates, finds them ſhut, and who ſat there to guard them, by whom at length they are opened, and diſcover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paſſes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the ſight of this new world which he ſought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high; inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with Heav'n; and, by ſucceſs untaught,
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd.
Powers and dominions, deities of heaven:
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppreſs'd and fall'n,
I give not heaven for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of heaven
Did firſt create your leader; next, free choice;
With what beſides, in council or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loſs
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate

In heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferiour: but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thund'rer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? Where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From faction: for none ſure will claim in hell
Precedence; none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heav'n, we now return
To claim our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and by what beſt way,
Whether of open war or covert guile,
We now debate: who can adviſe, may ſpeak.
He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, ſcepter'd king,
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt ſpirit
That fought in heav'n, now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength; and rather than be leſs,
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worſe,
He reck'd not, and theſe words thereafter ſpake.
My ſentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need; or when they need, not now.
For while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit ling'ring here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,
The priſon of his tyranny who reigns

day? No, let us rather chuſe,
th hell flames and fury, all at once
'n's high towers to force reſiſtleſs way,
our tortures into horrid arms
ıe torturer; when to meet the noiſe
nighty engine he ſhall hear
hunder; and for lightning, ſee
and horrour ſhot with equal rage
is angels; and his throne itſelf
h Tartarean ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
nvented torments. But perhaps
ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
ight wing againſt a higher foe.
bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
orgetful lake benumb not ſtill,
ur proper motion we aſcend
: native ſeat: deſcent and fall
ıdverſe. Who but felt of late,
; fierce foe hung on our broken rear
and purſu'd us through the deep,
ıt compulſion and laborious flight
thus low? Th' aſcent is eaſy then;
: is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
ger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find
:ſtruction; if there be in hell
: worſe deſtroy'd. What can be worſe
dwell here, driv'n out from bliſs, condemn'd
horred deep to utter woe;
ıin of unextinguiſhable fire
ciſe us without hope of end,
ls of his anger, when the ſcourge
y, and the torturing hour
ɔ penance? More deſtroy'd than thus,
d be quite aboliſh'd, and expire.
r we then? what doubt we to incenſe

His utmoſt ire? which to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential; happier far,
Than miſerable to have eternal being:
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power ſufficient to diſturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal throne:
Which if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounce'd
Deſp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous
To leſs than gods. On th' other ſide uproſe
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer perſon loſt not heav'n; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt counſels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous, and ſlothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent thus began.
I ſhould be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſuade immediate war,
Did not diſſuade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs;
When he who moſt excels in fact of arms,
In what he counſels, and in what excels,
Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair,
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what revenge? The towers of heav'n are fill'

urmed watch, that render all acceſs
gnable: oft on the bord'ring deep
› their legions; or, with obſcure wing,
far and wide into the realm of night,
ng ſurprize. Or could we break our way
ce, and at our heels all hell ſhould riſe
›lackeſt inſurrection, to confound
ı's pureſt light; yet our great enemy,
orruptible, would on his throne
›olluted; and th' ethereal mould,
ble of ſtain, would ſoon expel
ſchief, and purge off the baſer fire,
ous. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
deſpair: we muſt exaſperate
mighty Victor to ſpend all his rage,
ıat muſt end us; that muſt be our cure,
no more. Sad cure! for who would loſe,
h full of pain, this intellectual being,
:houghts that wander through eternity,
iſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
wide womb of uncreated night,
of ſenſe and motion? And who knows,
s be good, whether our angry foe
re it, or will ever? How he can,
tful; that he never will, is ſure.
', ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
:hrough impotence, or unaware,
: his enemies their wiſh, and end
n his anger, whom his anger ſaves
iſh endleſs? Wherefore ceaſe we then?
y who counſel war; we are decreed,
l, and deſtin'd to eternal woe;
'er doing, what can we ſuffer more,
an we ſuffer worſe? Is this then worſt,
:ting, thus conſulting, thus in arms?

What, when we fled amain, purſu'd, and ſtruck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The deep to ſhelter us? this hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that ſure was worſe.
What if the breath that kindled thoſe grim fires,
Awak'd, ſhould blow them into ſev'nfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted Vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her ſtores were open'd, and this firmament
Of hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrours, threat'ning hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
Deſigning or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever ſunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? this would be worſe.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye
Views all things at one view? he from heav'n's height
All theſe our motions vain ſees, and derides;
Not more almighty to reſiſt our might
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe torments? Better theſe than worſe,
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To ſuffer, as to do,

ength is equal, nor the law unjuſt
) ordains: this was at firſt reſolv'd,
rere wiſe, againſt ſo great a foe
ding, and ſo doubtful what might fall.
, when thoſe who at the ſpear are bold
nt'rous, if that fail them, ſhrink, and fear,
ret they know muſt follow, to endure
or ignominy', or bonds, or pain,
ntence of their Conqu'ror: this is now
om; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
preme foe in time may much remit
ger; and perhaps thus far remov'd,
nd us not offending, ſatisfy'd
what is puniſh'd; whence theſe raging fires
ıcken, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
ırer eſſence then will overcome
noxious vapour; or inur'd, not feel;
ng'd at length, and to the place conform'd
per, and in nature, will receive
ır the fierce heat; and, void of pain,
orrour will grow mild, this darkneſs light;
what hope the never-ending flight
ıre days may bring, what chance, what change
waiting; ſince our preſent lot appears
ppy, though but ill; for ill, not worſt;
ırocure not to ourſelves more woe.
s Belial with words cloth'd in reaſon's garb
l'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
ace: and after him thus Mammon ſpake.
er to diſinthrone the King of Heaven
ır, if war be beſt, or to regain
vn right loſt: him to unthrone we then
ope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
de Chance, and Chaos judge the ſtrife:
mer vain to hope, argues as vain

The latter: for what place can be for us
Within heav'n's bound, unleſs heav'n's Lord ſupreme
We overpow'r? Suppoſe he ſhould relent,
And publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
Of new ſubjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his preſence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
Forc'd hallelujah's; while he lordly ſits
Our envied ſovereign, and his altar breathes
Ambroſial odours and ambroſial flowers,
Our ſervile offerings? This muſt be our taſk
In heaven, this our delight; how wearifome
Eternity ſo ſpent in worſhip paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then purſue,
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd,
Unacceptable, though in heav'n, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage; but rather ſeek
Our own good from ourſelves, and from our own
Live to ourſelves, though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the eaſy yoke
Of ſervile pomp. Our greatneſs will appear
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,
Uſeful of hurtful, proſpe'rous of adverſe
We can create; and in what place ſoe'er
Thrive under ev'il, and work eaſe out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſt'ring their rage, and heaven reſembles hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light

when we pleaſe? This deſert ſoil
not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold;
ınt we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
icence; and what can heav'n ſhow more?
rments alſo may in length of time
e our elements; theſe piercing fires
as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
eir temper; which muſt needs remove
nſible of pain. All things invite
iceful counſels, and the ſettled ſtate
er, how in ſafety beſt we may
ɔſe our preſent evils, with regard
at we are, and where; diſmiſſing quite
ɔughts of war. Ye have what I adviſe.
ſcarce had finiſh'd, when ſuch murmur fill'd
ſembly, as when hollow rocks retain
ɔund of bluſt'ring winds, which all night long
ous'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
ing men o'erwatch'd, whoſe bark by chance,
mace, anchors in a craggy bay
the tempeſt: ſuch applauſe was heard
ımmon ended, and his ſentence pleas'd,
ng peace: for ſuch another field
dreaded worſe than hell: ſo much the fear
under and the ſword of Michaël
ght ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
und this nether empire, which might riſe,
licy, and long procéſs of time,
ulation oppoſite to heaven.
h when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom,
except, none higher ſat, with grave
t he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
'ar of ſtate; deep on his front ingraven
ɛration ſat, and public care;
rinced counſel in his face yet ſhone,

Majeſtic though in ruin: ſage he ſtood
With Atlantean ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as night,
Or ſummer's noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.
Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues; or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and, changing ſtyle, be call'd
Princes of hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue', and build up here
A growing empire; doubtleſs, while we dream,
And know not that the King of heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon; not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high juriſdiction, in new league
Banded againſt his throne; but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be ſure,
In height or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden thoſe in heaven.
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd or ſought; for what peace will be given
To us inſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But, to our power, hoſtility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoice

g, what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
H occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
ange'rous expedition to invade
, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or ſiege,
ɔuſh from the deep. What if we find
afier enterpriſe? There is a place,
ient and prophetic fame in heaven,
t), another world, the happy ſeat
e new race call'd Man, about this time
created like to us, though leſs
er and excellence, but favour'd more
who rules above; ſo was his will
nce'd among the gods, and by an oath,
hook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
r let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
:reatures there inhabit, of what mould
ſtance, how endu'd, and what their power,
here their weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
:e or ſubtlety. Though heav'n be ſhut,
:aven's high Arbitrator ſit ſecure
ɔwn ſtrength, this place may lie expos'd,
moſt border of his kingdom, left
ir defence who hold it: Here perhaps
ıdvantageous act may be achiev'd
den onſet, either with hell-fire
le his whole creation; or poſſeſs
ɔur own, and drive, as we were driven,
my habitants; or, if not drive,
them to our party, that their God
ɔve their foe, and with repenting hand
his own works. This would ſurpaſs
ɔn revenge, and interrupt his joy
confuſion, and our joy upraiſe
liſturbance; when his darling ſons,
headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe

Their frail original, and faded bliſs,
Faded ſo ſoon. Adviſe if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here
Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his deviliſh counſel, firſt devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could ſpring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
To mingle and involve, done all to ſpite
The great Creator? But their ſpite ſtill ſerves
His glory to augment. The bold deſign
Pleas'd highly thoſe infernal ſtates, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full aſſent
They vote: whereat his ſpeech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things reſolv'd, which from the loweſt deep
Will once more lift us up, in ſpite of fate,
Nearer our ancient ſeat; perhaps in view
Of thoſe bright confines, whence, with neighb'ring
And opportune excurſion, we may chance
Re-enter heav'n; or elſe in ſome mild zone
Dwell not unviſited of heaven's fair light,
Secure, and at the bright'ning orient beam
Purge off this gloom; the ſoft delicious air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But firſt whom ſhall we ſen
In ſearch of this new world? whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? Who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive

)y iſle? What ſtrength, what art can then
)r what evaſion bear him ſafe
, the ſtrict ſenteries and ſtations thick
; watching round? Here he had need
nſpection, and we now no leſs
. our ſuffrage; for on whom we ſend,
ght of all and our laſt hope relies.
iid, he ſat; and expectation held
ſuſpenſe, awaiting who appear'd
d, or oppoſe, or undertake
ous attempt: but all ſat mute,
ş the danger with deep thoughts; and each
count'nance read his own diſmay,
1. None among the choice and prime
heav'n-warring champions could be found
, as to profer, or accept
: dreadful voyage; till at laſt
hom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
s fellows, with monarchal pride,
; of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.
ſeny of heav'n, empyreal thrones,
ſon hath deep ſilence and demur
, though undiſmay'd: long is the way
l, that out of hell leads up to light;
)n ſtrong; this huge convex of fire,
us to devour, immures us round
; and gates of burning adamant
er us, prohibit all egreſs.
ſs'd, if any paſs, the void profound
ntial night receives him next
)ing, and with utter loſs of being
s him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
he ſcape into whatever world,
)wn region, what remains him leſs
known *dangers*, and as hard eſcape?

But I ſhould ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial ſov'reignty, adorn'd
With ſplendour, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the ſhape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do' I aſſume
Theſe royalties, and not refuſe to reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and ſo much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the reſt
High honour'd ſits? Go therefore, mighty powers,
Terrour of heav'n, though fall'n; intend at hôme,
While here ſhall be our home, what beſt may eaſe
The preſent miſery, and render hell
More tolerable; if there be cure, or charm,
To reſpite, or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction ſeek
Deliv'rance for us all: this enterpriſe
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying roſe
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, leſt, from his reſolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd;
And ſo refus'd, might in opinion ſtand
His rival; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe:
Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Tow'ards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the High'eſt in heav'n

'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
ır the general ſafety he deſpis'd
ı: for neither do the ſpirits damn'd
l their virtue; leaſt bad men ſhould boaſt
pecious deeds on earth, which glory' excites,
e ambition varniſh'd o'er with zeal.
hey their doubtful conſultations dark
, rejoicing in their matchleſs chief:
en from mountain-tops the duſky clouds
ling, while the north-wind ſleeps, o'erſpread
ı's cheerful face, the louring element
o'er the darken'd landſcape ſnow, or ſhower;
ıce the radiant ſun, with farewell ſweet
l this evening-beam, the fields revive,
irds their notes renew, and bleating herds
their joy, that hill and valley rings.
ne to men! devil with devil damn'd
concord holds, men only diſagree
eatures rational, though under hope
av'nly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
ve in hatred, enmity, and ſtrife,
g themſelves, and levy cruel wars,
ng the earth, each other to deſtroy:
(which might induce us to accord)
had not helliſh foes enow beſides,
, day and night, for his deſtruction wait.
e Stygian council thus diſſolv'd; and forth
ler came the grand infernal peers:
t came their mighty paramount, and ſeem'd
: th' antagoniſt of heaven, nor leſs
hell's dread emperor, with pomp ſupreme,
God-like imitated ſtate; him round
)be of fiery Seraphim inclos'd,
bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
of their ſeſſion ended they bid cry

With trumpets regal ſound the great reſult:
Tow'ards the four winds four ſpeedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the ſounding alchemy,
By heralds voice explain'd; the hollow' abyſs
Heard far and wide, and all the hoſt of hell
With deaf'ning ſhout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at eaſe their minds, and ſomew
By falſe preſumptuous hope, the ranged powers [rai
Diſband, and wand'ring, each his ſeveral way
Purſues, as inclination or ſad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likelieſt find
Truce to his reſtleſs thoughts, and entertain
The irkſome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air ſublime,
Upon the wing, or in ſwift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wage'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their ſpear
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of heav'n the welkin burns.
Others, with vaſt Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt th' invenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines;
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapleſs fall

n of battle; and complain that fate
tue ſhould inthrall to force or chance.
ng was partial; but the harmony
could it leſs when ſpi'rits immortal ſing?)
led hell, and took with raviſhment
onging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet,
quence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe),
apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
ghts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
idence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
te, free will, foreknowledge abſolute;
nd no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.
d and evil much they argu'd then,
ineſs and final miſery,
and apathy, and glory' and ſhame;
ſdom all, and falſe philoſophy:
th a pleaſing ſorcery, could charm
a while, or anguiſh, and excite
us hope, or arm th' obdured breaſt
ubborn patience, as with triple ſteel.
part, in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
l adventure to diſcover wide
ſmal world, if any clime perhaps
ield them eaſier habitation, bend
ays their flying march, along the banks
infernal rivers, that diſgorge
burning lake their baleful ſtreams;
d Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
eron, of ſorrow, black and deep;
, nam'd of lamentation loud
n the rueful ſtream; fierce Phlegethon,
aves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
rom theſe, a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,
he river of oblivion, rolls
y *labyrinth*; whereof who drinks,

Forthwith his former ſtate and be'ing forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile; all elſe deep ſnow and ice;
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Caſius old,
Where armies whole have ſunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce;
From beds of raging fire to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean ſound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink:
But Fate withſtands, and to oppoſe th' attempt
Meduſa with Gorgonian terrour guards
The ford, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In cónfus'd march forlorn, th' advent'rous bands
With ſhudd'ring horrour pale, and eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: through many a dark and dreary vale
They paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,

r a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
es, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death,
: of death; which God by curſe
r'il, for evil only good,
life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
le, inutterable, and worſe
es yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
and hydras, and chimæras dire.
hile the adverſary' of God and man,
h thoughts inflam'd of high'eſt deſign,
ift wings, and tow'ards the gates of hell
iis ſolitary flight: ſometimes
the right hand coaſt, ſometimes the left;
es with level wing the deep, then ſoars
fiery concave tow'ring high.
far off at ſea a fleet deſcry'd,
the clouds, by equinoctial winds
ng from Bengala, or the iſles
te and Tidore, whence merchants bring
y drugs; they on the trading flood
wide Ethiopian to the Cape
ming nightly tow'ard the pole: ſo ſeem'd
ie flying fiend. At laſt appear
ds, high reaching to the horrid roof;
e threefold the gates; three folds were braſs,
n, three of adamantine rock;
ible, impal'd with circling fire,
ſum'd. Before the gates there ſat
ſide a formidable ſhape;
eem'd woman to the waſte, and fair;
d foul in many a ſcaly fold
us and vaſt; a ſerpent arm'd
tal ſting: about her middle round
ell-hounds never ceaſing bark'd

With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they liſt, would creep,
If aught diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd
Within unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant-blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb;
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head,
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving, onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides; hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valu'd he, nor ſhunn'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape,
That dar'ſt, tho' grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave aſk'd of thee:
Retire, or taſte thy folly', and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with ſpi'rits of heaven.

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, reply'd.
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,

Who firſt broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's ſons,
Conjúr'd againſt the High'eſt; for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd,
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with ſpi'rits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn,
Where I reign king; and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy puniſhment,
Falſe fugitive, and to thy ſpeed add wings;
Left with a whip of ſcorpions I purſue
Thy ling'ring, or with one ſtroke of this dart
Strange horrour ſeize thee', and pangs unfelt before.
So ſpake the griſly terrour, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other ſide
Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood
Unterrify'd; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend; and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black clouds,
With heav'n's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front,
Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung
Had not the ſnaky ſorcereſs that ſat

Faſt by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.
O father, what intends thy hand, ſhe cry'd,
Againſt thy only ſon? What fury', O ſon,
Poſſeſſes thee, to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy father's head? and know'ſt for whom
For him who ſits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.
She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh peſt
Forbore; then theſe, to her, Satan return'd.
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand
Prevented, ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale firſt met, thou call'ſt
Me father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my ſon:
I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.
T' whom thus the portreſs of hell-gate reply'd.
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In heav'n, when at th' aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt heav'n's King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth; till on the left ſide op'ning wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and count'nance bright,
Then ſhining heav'nly fair, a goddeſs arm'd,
Out of thy head I ſprung: amazement ſeiz'd
All th' hoſt of heav'n; back they recoil'd, afraid

, and call'd me Sin, and for a ſign
:ous held me; but familiar grown,
'd, and with attractive graces won
oft averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
f in me thy perfect image viewing,
'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
ne in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
ving burden. Mean while war aroſe,
:lds were fought in heav'n; wherein remain'd
hat could elſe?) to our almighty foe
'ictory; to our part loſs and rout,
gh all the empyréan: down they fell
headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
is deep; and in the general fall
at which time this pow'rful key
y hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
ıt my opening. Penſive here I ſat
but long I ſat not, till my womb
nt by thee, and now exceſſive grown,
ous motion felt, and rueful throes.
this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt,
)wn begotten, breaking violent way
ırough my intrails, that with fear and pain
:d, all my nether ſhape thus grew
)rm'd: but he my inbred enemy
ſſu'd, brandiſhing his fatal dart
) deſtroy: I fled, and cry'd out, Death;
:mbled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
ll her caves, and back reſounded, Death.
but he purſu'd, (tho' more, it ſeems,
l with luſt than rage), and, ſwifter far,
rtook his mother, all diſmay'd,
embraces forcible and foul
ring with me, of that rape begot.

Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrours vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find:
Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim Death, my ſon and foe; who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.
She finiſh'd; and the ſubtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.
Dear daughter, ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy ſire,
And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heav'n, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, thro' dire change
Befall'n us, unforeſeen, unthought of; know,
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly hoſt
Of ſpi'rits, that, in our juſt pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand ſole; and one for all
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and thro' the void immenſe

To ſearch with wand'ring queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created, vaſt and round; a place of bliſs
In the pourlieus of heav'n, and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room; tho' more remov'd,
Leſt heav'n ſurcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more ſecret, now deſign'd, I haſte
To know; and this once known, ſhall ſoon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd,
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear
His famine ſhould be fill'd; and bleſs'd his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: no leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire.
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heaven's all-pow'rful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantine gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,
Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what I owe to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of heav'n, and heav'nly born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrours and with clamours compaſs'd round,
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou

My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,
Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And tow'ards the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;
Which but herſelf, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maſſy ir'on or ſolid rock with eaſe
Unfaſtens: on a ſudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to ſhut
Excell'd her pow'r: the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt,
Under ſpread enſigns marching, might paſs thro'
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace-mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimenſion, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And Chaos, anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe
Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for maſt'ry, and to battle bring

mbryon atoms; they around the flag
his faction, in their ſeveral clans,
rm'd or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift, or ſlow,
populous, unnumber'd as the ſands
ca or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,
to ſide with warring winds, and poiſe
ghter wings. To whom theſe moſt adhere
s a moment: Chaos umpire ſits,
deciſion more embroils the fray,
ch he reigns: next him high arbiter
governs all. Into this wild abyſs,
mb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
her ſea, nor ſhore, nor air, nor fire,
theſe in their pregnant cauſes mix'd
dly, and which thus muſt ever fight,
h' Almighty Maker them ordain
k materials to create more worlds.
s wild abyſs the wary fiend
n the brink of hell, and look'd a while,
ng his voyage; for no narrow frith
to croſs. Nor was his ear leſs peal'd
oiſes loud and ruinous, (to compare
hings with ſmall), than when Bellona ſtorms,
l her batt'ring engines bent to raze
pital city'; or leſs than if this frame
'n were falling, and theſe elements
ny had from her axle torn
lfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
ads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
l ſpurns the ground; thence many a league,
cloudy chair, aſcending rides
ous; but that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
acuity: all unawares
ng his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
uſand fathoms deep; and to this hour

Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury ſtay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half fly'ing; behoves him now both oar and ſail.
As when a gryphon, through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe, o'er hill or moory dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold: ſo eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rar
With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way;
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length an univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, aſſaults his ear
With loudeſt vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or ſpirit of the nethermoſt abyſs
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to aſk
Which way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies
Bord'ring on light; when ſtrait behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep; with him enthron'd
Sat ſable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign; and by them ſtood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confuſion all embroil'd,
And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.

T' whom Satan turning boldly, thus. Ye power
And ſpirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,

d ancient Night, I come no ſpy
poſe to explore or to diſturb
ts of your realm; but by conſtraint
ıg this darkſome deſert, as my way
ugh your ſpacious empire up to light,
nd without guide, half loſt, I ſeek
ıdieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
vith heav'n; or if ſome other place,
ır dominion won, th' ethereal King
ately, thither to arrive
his profound; direct my courſe:
no mean recompenſe it brings
behoof; if I that region loſt,
ıation-thence expell'd, reduce
riginal darkneſs, and your ſway,
s my preſent journey), and once more
ſtandard there of ancient Night;
th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
:'ring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,
. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
ghty leading angel, who of late
ıd againſt heav'n's King, though overthrown.
d heard; for ſuch a numerous hoſt
in ſilence thro' the frighted deep,
a upon ruin, rout on rout,
ı worſe confounded; and heav'n-gates
ıt by millions her victorious bands
. I upon my frontiers here
dence; if all I can will ſerve
e which is left ſo to defend,
'd on ſtill thro' your inteſtine broils
ıg the ſceptre of old Night: firſt hell,
geon, ſtretching far and wide beneath;
r *heav'n and* earth, another world,

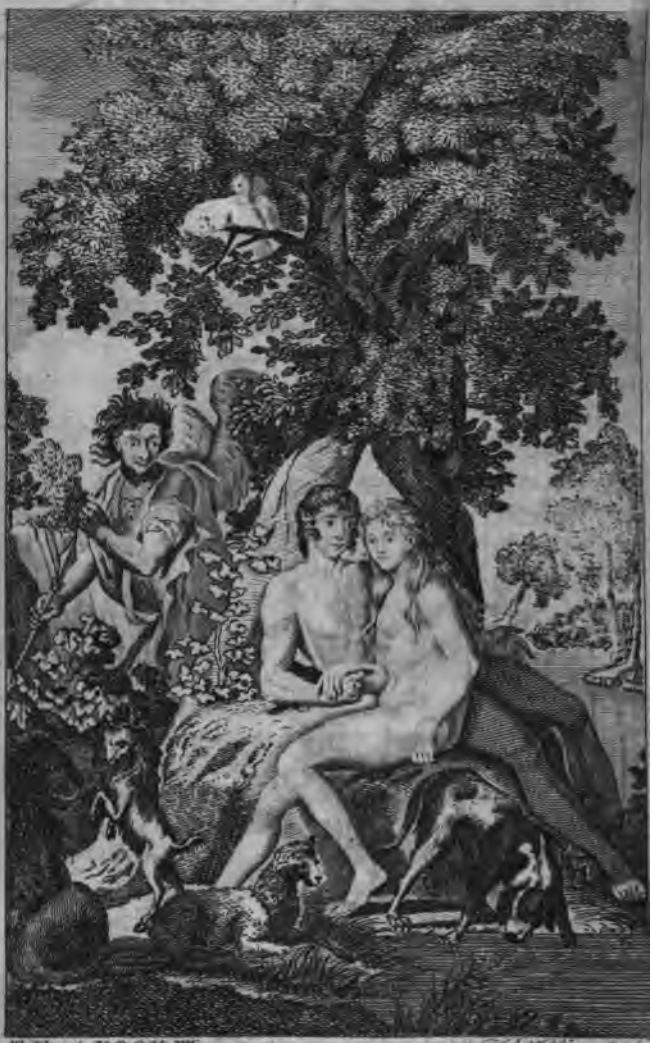
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain,
To that ſide heav'n from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go and ſpeed;
Havock, and ſpoil, and ruin are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan ſtay'd not to reply,
But glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire;
Into the wild expanſe; and through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beſet,
And more indanger'd, than when Argo paſs'd
Thro' Boſphorus, betwixt the juſtling rocks:
Or when Ulyſſes on the larboard ſhunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool ſteer'd.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on; with difficulty and labour he;
But he once paſs'd ſoon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyſs, whoſe boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continu'd, reaching th' utmoſt orb
Of this frail world; by which the ſpi'rits perverſe
With eaſy intercourſe paſs to and fro,
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by ſpecial grace.
But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the boſom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature firſt begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmoſt works a broken foe,

tumult leſs, and with leſs hoſtile din;
Satan with leſs toil, and now with eaſe,
on the calmer wave by dubious light,
ke a weather-beaten veſſel holds
the port, tho' ſhrouds and tackle torn;
the emptier waſte, reſembling air,
is his ſpread wings, at leiſure to behold
F th' empyreal heaven, extended wide
:uit, undetermin'd ſquare or round,
opal tow'rs, and battlements adorn'd
'ing ſaphir, once his native ſeat;
aſt by, hanging in a golden chain,
pendent world, in bigneſs as a ſtar
nalleſt magnitude, cloſe by the moon.
ıer full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
rs'd, and in a curſed hour he hies.

END *of the* SECOND BOOK.

ARGUMENT of Book III.

God ſitting on his throne ſees Satan flying towards th world, then newly created; ſhows him to the S who ſat at his right hand; foretells the ſucceſs of Sata in perverting mankind; clears his own juſtice and wi dom from all imputation, having created man free, an able enough to have withſtood his tempter; yet declare his purpoſe of grace towards him, in regard he fell no of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him ſeduced. The Son of God renders praiſes to his Father for the manifeſtation of his gracious purpoſe towards man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the ſatisfaction of divine juſtice. Man hath offended the majeſty of God by aſpiring to Godhead; and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, muſt die, unleſs ſome one can be found ſufficient to anſwer for his offence, and undergo his puniſhment: The Son of God freely offers himſelf a ranſom for man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him: They obey; and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermoſt orb; where wandering he firſt finds a place, ſince called the Limbo of Vanity: what perſons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of heaven, deſcrib'd aſcending by ſtairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his paſſage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but firſt changes himſelf into the ſhape of a meaner angel; and pretending a zealous deſire to behold the new creation, and man, whom God had placed here, inquires o him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alig firſt on mount Niphates.



To Vivant BOOK III. *Thos. Thurston Sculp.*

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.

Hail, holy Light! offspring of Heav'n firſt-born!
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam!
I expreſs thee' unblam'd? ſince God is light,
never but in unapproached light
lt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
ht effluence of bright eſſence increate.
ear'ſt thou rather pure ethereal ſtream,
ſe fountain who ſhall tell? Before the ſun,
e the heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
od, as with a mantle didſt inveſt
riſing world of waters dark and deep,
from the void and formleſs infinite.
I reviſit now with bolder wing,
p'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
at obſcure ſojourn; while in my flight
ugh utter and through middle darkneſs borne,
other notes than to th' Orphéan lyre,
g of Chaos and eternal Night;
ght by the heav'nly Muſe to venture down
dark deſcent, and up to reaſcend,
igh hard and rare. Thee I reviſit ſafe,
feel thy ſov'reign vital lamp; but thou
ſit'ſt not theſe eyes, that roll in vain
nd thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
ck a drop ſerene hath quench'd their orbs,

Or dim ſuffuſion veil'd. Yet not the more
Ceaſe I to wander, where the Muſes haunt
Clear ſpring, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
Smit with the love of ſacred ſong; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That waſh thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I viſit: nor ſometimes forget
Thoſe other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides;
And Tireſias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seaſons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the ſweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or ſight of vernal bloom, or ſummer's roſe,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud inſtead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Preſented with an univerſal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out.
So much the rather thou, celeſtial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powe
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all miſt from thence
Purge and diſperſe, that I may ſee and tell
Of things inviſible to mortal ſight.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan where he ſits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the ſanctities of heaven
Stood thick as ſtars, and from his ſight receiv'd

le paſt utterance: on his right
liant Image of his glory ſat,
r Son. On earth he firſt beheld
› firſt parents, yet the only two
kind, in the happy garden plac'd,
; immortal fruits of joy and love,
rupted joy, unrivall'd love,
ul ſolitude. He then ſurvey'd
d the gulf between, and Satan there
ɜ the wall of heav'n on this ſide Night,
lun air ſublime; and ready now
› with wearied wings and willing feet
bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
nd imboſom'd, without firmament;
in which, in ocean or in air.
d beholding from his proſpect high,
ı paſt, preſent, future, be beholds,
his only Son foreſeeing ſpake.
begotten Son, ſeeſt thou what rage
rts our adverſary? whom no bounds
'd, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
›n him there, nor yet the main abyſs
terrupt, can hold; ſo bent he ſeems
erate revenge, that ſhall redound
s own rebellious head. And now
ı all reſtraint broke looſe, he wings his way
off heav'n, in the precincts of light,
tow'ards the new-created world,
n there plac'd, with purpoſe to eſſay
y force he can deſtroy, or worſe,
falſe guile pervert: and ſhall pervert;
will hearken to his glozing lies,
ly tranſgreſs the ſole command,
lge of his obedience: ſo will fall,
his faithleſs progeny. Whoſe fault?
ut his own? Ingrate, he had of me

All he could have: I made him juſt and right,
Sufficient to have ſtood, though free to fall.
Such I created all th' ethereal powers
And ſpi'rits, both them who ſtood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they ſtood who ſtood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have giv'n ſincere
Of true allegiance, conſtant faith or love,
Where only what they needs muſt do appear'd,
Not what they would? what praiſe could they receive?
What pleaſure I from ſuch obedience paid,
When will and reaſon (reaſon alſo' is choice)
Uſeleſs and vain, of freedom both deſpoil'd,
Made paſſive both, had ſerv'd neceſſity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can juſtly' accuſe
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predeſtination over-rul'd
Their will, diſpos'd by abſolute decree,
Or high foreknowledge. They themſelves decreed
Their own revolt, not I: if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no leſs prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without leaſt impulſe or ſhadow' of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreſeen,
They treſpaſs, authors to themſelves in all,
Both what they judge, and what they chuſe; for ſo
I form'd them free: and free they muſt remain,
Till they inthrall themſelves; I elſe muſt change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themſelves ordain'd their fall.
The firſt ſort by their own ſuggeſtion fell,
Self-tempted, ſelf-deprav'd: man falls, deceiv'd
By th' other firſt: man therefore ſhall find grace,
The other none: in mercy' and juſtice both,
Through heaven and earth, ſo ſhall my glory' excel

But mercy, firſt and laſt, ſhall brighteſt ſhine.
Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd
All heaven, and in the bleſſed ſpi'rits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the ſon of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious; in him all his Father ſhone
Subſtantially expreſs'd; and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace;
Which uttering, thus he to his Father ſpake.
O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy ſov'reign ſentence, that man ſhould find grace;
For which both heav'n and earth ſhall high extol
Thy praiſes, with th' innumerable ſound
Of hymns and ſacred ſongs, wherewith thy throne
Incompaſs'd ſhall reſound thee ever bleſs'd.
For ſhould man finally be loſt, ſhould man
Thy creature late ſo lov'd, thy youngeſt ſon,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgeſt only right.
Or ſhall the adverſary thus obtain
His end, and fruſtrate thine? ſhall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodneſs bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accompliſh'd, and to hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyſelf
Aboliſh thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou haſt made?
So ſhould thy goodneſs and thy greatneſs both
Be queſtion'd and blaſphem'd without defence.
To whom the great Creator thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my ſoul hath chief delight,
Son of my boſom, Son who art alone

My word, my wiſdom, and effectual might,
All haſt thou ſpoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpoſe hath decreed.
Man ſhall not quite be loſt, but ſav'd who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchſaf'd: once more I will renew
His lapſed pow'rs, though forfeit, and inthrall'd
By ſin to foul exorbitant deſires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he ſhall ſtand
On even ground againſt his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have choſen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the reſt; ſo is my will:
The reſt ſhall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their ſinful ſtate, and to appeaſe betimes
Th' incenſed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their ſenſes dark,
What may ſuffice, and ſoften ſtony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due,
To pray'r, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavour'd with ſincere intent,
Mine ear ſhall not be ſlow, mine eye not ſhut.
And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire Conſcience; whom if they will hear,
Light after light, well us'd, they ſhall attain,
And to the end perſiſting, ſafe arrive.
This my long ſufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and ſcorn, ſhall never taſte;
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may ſtumble on, and deeper fall:
And none but ſuch from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; man diſobeying,
Diſloyal breaks his fealty, and ſins
Againſt the high Supremacy of Heaven,

g godhead, and ſo loſing all,
ate his treaſon hath nought left;
deſtruction ſacred and devote,
h his whole poſterity, muſt die;
or juſtice muſt; unleſs for him
ther able, and as willing, pay
id ſatisfaction, death for death.
av'nly powers, where ſhall we find ſuch love?
of ye will be mortal, to redeem
nortal crime, and juſt th' unjuſt to ſave?
in all heaven charity ſo dear?
ſk'd but all the heav'nly quire ſtood mute,
ence was in heav'n: on man's behalf
or interceſſor none appear'd,
leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
adly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
w without redemption all mankind
ave been loſt, adjudge'd to death and hell
m ſevere, had not the Son of God,
m the fullneſs dwells of love divine,
reſt mediation thus renew'd.
er, thy word is paſt, man ſhall find grace;
all grace not find means, that finds her way,
eedieſt of thy winged meſſengers,
t all thy creatures, and to all
unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought?
for man, ſo coming: he her aid
ver ſeek, once dead in ſins, and loſt;
nent for himſelf, or offering meet,
:d and undone, hath none to bring.
me then; me for him, life for life
; on me let thine anger fall;
it me man; I for his ſake will leave
ſom, and this glory next to thee
put off, and for him laſtly die
leas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage:

Under his gloomy pow'r I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſh'd; thou haſt giv'n me to poſſeſs
Life in myſelf for ev'r; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathſome grave
His prey, nor ſuffer my unſpotted ſoul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I ſhall riſe victorious, and ſubdue
My vanquiſher, ſpoil'd of his vaunted ſpoil;
Death his death's wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
Inglorious, of his mortal ſting diſarm'd.
I through the ample air, in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and ſhow
The powers of darkneſs bound. Thou at the ſight
Pleas'd, out of heaven ſhalt look down, and ſmile;
While, by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,
Death laſt, and with his carcaſe glut the grave:
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter heav'n, long abſent, and return,
Father to ſee thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd,
And reconcilement; wrath ſhall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy preſence joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aſpect
Silent yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only ſhone
Filial obedience: as a ſacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration ſeiz'd
All heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd.

O thou in heaven and earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou
My ſole complacence! well thou know'ſt how dear
To me are all my works; nor man the leaſt,

h laſt created; that for him I ſpare
·om my boſom and right hand, to ſave,
ıg thee a while, the whole race loſt.
:herefore, whom thou only can'ſt redeem,
ıature alſo to thy nature join;
: thyſelf man among men on earth,
leſh, when time ſhall be, of virgin ſeed,
ıdrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
:ad of all mankind, though Adam's ſon.
ıim periſh all men, ſo in thee,
n a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd
ıy as are reſtor'd, without thee none.
me makes guilty all his ſons; thy merit
:d ſhall abſolve them who renounce
own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
ve in thee tranſplanted, and from thee
e new life. So man, as is moſt juſt,
atisfy for man, be judg'd, and die;
ying riſe, and riſing with him raiſe
:thren, ranſom'd with his own dear life.
v'nly love ſhall outdo helliſh hate,
to death, and dying to redeem,
rly to redeem, what helliſh hate
ly deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroys
e who, when they may, accept not grace.
alt thou, by deſcending to aſſume
nature, leſſen or degrade thine own.
e thou haſt, though thron'd in higheſt bliſs,
to God, and equally enjoying
ce fruition, quitted all, to ſave
d from utter loſs, and haſt been found
rit more than birthright Son of God,
worthieſt to be ſo by being good,
ore than great or high; becauſe in thee
ıath abounded more than glory' abounds;
ore thy humiliation ſhall exalt

With thee thy manhood alſo to this throne;
Here ſhalt thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt reign
Both God and man, Son both of God and man,
Anointed univerſal King; all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and aſſume
Thy merits; under thee, as head ſupreme,
Thrones, princedoms, powers, dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
In heav'n, or earth, or under earth in hell,
When thou attended gloriouſly from heaven
Shalt in the ſky appear, and from thee ſend
The ſummoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds,
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all paſt ages, to the general doom
Shall haſten; ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe their ſleep.
Then all thy ſaints aſſembled, thou ſhalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd ſhall ſink
Beneath thy ſentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Meanwhile
The world ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpring
New heav'n and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell:
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal ſceptre ſhalt lay by,
For regal ſceptre then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be all in all. But all ye gods,
Adore him, who to compaſs all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a ſhout
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſs'd voices, uttering joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hoſannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions. Lowly reverent,

either throne they bow, and to the ground
on adoration down they caſt
vns, inwove with amarant, and gold;
amarant, a flower which once
e, faſt by the tree of life,
bloom; but ſoon for man's offence
remov'd, where firſt it grew, there grows,
rs aloft ſhading the fount of life,
e the riv'r of bliſs through midſt of heav'n
Elyſian flow'rs her amber ſtream:
e, that never fade, the ſpi'rits elect
reſplendent locks, inwreath'd with beams;
ſe garlands thick thrown off, the bright
that like a ſea of jaſper ſhone,
with celeſtial roſes ſmil'd.
vn'd again, their golden harps they took;
e tun'd, that glittering by their ſide
rs hung, and with preamble ſweet
ng ſymphony they introduce
ed ſong, and waken raptures high;
xempt, no voice but well could join
part, ſuch concord is in heaven.
Father, firſt they ſung omnipotent,
e, immortal, infinite,
ing; thee author of all being,
of light, thyſelf inviſible
e glorious brightneſs where thou ſitt'ſt
inacceſſible, but when thou ſhad'ſt
laze of thy beams, and through a cloud
and about thee like a radiant ſhrine,
excеſſive bright thy ſkirts appear;
heaven, that brighteſt Seraphim
not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
they ſang of all creation firſt,
Son, divine ſimilitude,
onſpicuous count'nance, without cloud

Made visible, th' Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd th' effulgence of his glory' abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He heav'n of heav'ns, and all the powers therein,
By thee created; and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heav'n's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only' extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.
Not so on man: him through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy' and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity' incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So strictly, but much more to pity' inclin'd,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy' and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love!
Love no where to be found less than divine!
Hail Son of God, Saviour of men! thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in heav'n, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferiour orbs, inclos'd
From Chaos, and th' inroad of darkness old,

hted walks. A globe far off
now ſeems a boundleſs continent
ſte, and wild, under the frown of night
pos'd, and ever-threat'ning ſtorms
bluſt'ring round, inclement ſky;
hat ſide which from the wall of heaven,
liſtant far, ſome ſmall reflection gains
ering air leſs vex'd with tempeſt loud.
t'd the fiend at large in ſpacious field:
a vulture on Imaus bred,
owy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
g from a region ſcarce of prey,
: the fleſh of lambs or yeanling kids,
where flocks are fed, flies tow'ard the ſprings
es or Hydaſpes, Indian ſtreams;
s way lights on the barren plains
ina, where Chineſes drive
s and wind their cany waggons light.
s windy ſea of land, the fiend
ip and down alone, bent on his prey;
or other creature in this place,
r lifeleſs, to be found was none;
:, but ſtore hereafter from the earth
:r like aëreal vapours flew
ings tranſitory' and vain, when ſin
nity had fill'd the works of men;
things vain, and all who in vain things
ir fond hopes of glory' or laſting fame,
ineſs in this or th' other life;
have their reward on earth, the fruits
ul ſuperſtition and blind zeal,
ſeeking but the praiſe of men, here find
bution, empty as their deeds;
naccompliſh'd works of Nature's hand,
:, monſtrous, or unkindly mix'd,
on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till final diſſolution, wander here;
Not in the neighb'ring moon, as ſome have dream'd;
Thoſe argent fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated ſaints, or middle ſpirits, hold
Betwixt th' angelical and human kind:
Hither of ill-join'd ſons and daughters born
Firſt from the ancient world thoſe giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and ſtill with vain deſign
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build:
Others came ſingle; he who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he who to enjoy
Plato's Elyſium, leap'd into the ſea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos, and idiots, eremites, and friers
White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that ſtray'd ſo far to ſeek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in heaven;
And they who to be ſure of Paradiſe,
Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciſcan think to paſs diſguis'd;
They paſs the planets ſeven, and paſs the fix'd,
And that cryſtalline ſphere whoſe balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that firſt mov'd:
And now Saint Peter at heaven's wicket ſeems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of heaven's aſcent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent croſs wind from either coaſt
Blows them tranſverſe, ten thouſand leagues awry
Into the devious air: then might ye ſee
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, toſt,
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, diſpenſes, pardons, bulls,
The ſport of winds: all theſe upwhirl'd aloft

:r the backſide of the world far off
limbo large and broad, ſince call'd
aradiſe of Fools, to few unknown
after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
s dark globe the fiend found as he paſs'd;
ng he wander'd, till at laſt a gleam
vning light turn'd thitherward in haſte
ıvell'd ſteps: far diſtant he deſcries,
ling by degrees magnificent
the wall of Heav'n, a ſtructure high;
whereof, but far more rich, appear'd
ork as of a kingly palace-gate,
frontiſpiece of diamond and gold
liſh'd; thick with ſparkling orient gems
ortal ſhone, inimitable on earth
del, or by ſhading pencil drawn.
airs were ſuch as whereon Jacob ſaw
aſcending and deſcending, bands
ardians bright, when he from Eſau fled
lan-Aram, in the field of Luz
ing by night under the open ſky,
aking cry'd, This is the gate of heav'n.
lair myſteriouſly was meant, nor ſtood
always, but drawn up to heav'n ſometimes
ſs; and underneath a bright ſea flow'd
er, or of liquid pearl, whereon
ſter came from earth, ſailing arriv'd
l by angels, or flew o'er the lake
ı a chariot drawn by fiery ſteeds.
airs were then let down, whether to dare
nd by eaſy aſcent, or aggravate
excluſion from the doors of bliſs:
againſt which open'd from beneath,
r the bliſsful ſeat of Paradiſe,
ge down to th' earth, a paſſage wide,
by far than that of after-times.

Over mount Sion, and, tho' that were large,
Over the promis'd land to God ſo dear;
By which, to viſit oft thoſe happy tribes,
On high beheſts his angels to and fro
Paſs'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërſaba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and th' Arabian ſhore;
So wide the opening ſeem'd, where bounds were ſet
To darkneſs, ſuch as bound the ocean-wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower ſtair,
That ſcal'd by ſteps of gold to heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the ſudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a ſcout
Through dark and defert ways with peril gone
All night, at laſt by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of ſome high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye diſcovers unaware
The goodly proſpect of ſome foreign land
Firſt ſeen, or ſome renown'd metropolis
With gliſt'ring ſpires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the riſing ſun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder ſeiz'd, tho' after Heaven ſeen,
The ſpi'rit malign, but much more envy ſeiz'd,
At ſight of all this world beheld ſo fair.
Round he ſurveys (and well might, where he ſtood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended ſhade) from eaſtern point
Of Libra, to the fleecy ſtar that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic ſeas,
Beyond th' horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth; and without longer pauſe
Down right into the world's firſt region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with eaſe
Through the pure marble air his oblique way,
Amongſt innumerable ſtars, that ſhone

ınt, but nigh hand ſeem'd other worlds;
worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iſles,
: Heſperian gardens fam'd of old,
fields, and groves, and flow'ry vales;
ppy iſles, but who dwelt happy there
not to inquire. Above them all
en Sun, in ſplendour likeſt Heaven,
s eye; thither his courſe he bends
the calm firmament, (but up or down,
, or eccentric, hard to tell,
ude), where the great luminary
: vulgar conſtellations thick,
n his lordly eye keep diſtance due,
light from far; they as they move
rry dance in numbers that compute
nths, and years, tow'ards his all-cheering
ſt their various motions, or are turn'd [lamp
agnetic beam, that gently warms
erſe, and to each inward part
ıtle penetration, though unſeen,
viſible virtue ev'n to the deep;
ouſly was ſet his ſtation bright.
ıds the fiend, a ſpot like which perhaps
ıer in the Sun's lucent orb
ı his glaz'd optic tube yet never ſaw.
e he found beyond expreſſion bright,
l with aught on earth, metal or ſtone;
arts like, but all alike inform'd
liant light, as glowing ir'on with fire:
part ſeem'd gold, part ſilver clear;
carbuncle moſt or chryſolite,
topaz, to the twelve that ſhone
ı's breaſtplate, and a ſtone beſides
rather oft than elſewhere ſeen,
ne, or like to that which here below
hers in vain ſo long have ſought,

In vain, tho' by their pow'rful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various ſhapes old Proteus from the ſea,
Drain'd thro' a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
Th' arch-chemic ſun, ſo far from us remote,
Produces, with terreſtrial humour mix'd,
Here in the dark ſo many precious things
Of colour glorious, and effect ſo rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For ſight no obſtacle found here, nor ſhade,
But all ſunſhine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from th' equator, as they now
Shot upward ſtill direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body' opaque can fall; and th' air,
No where ſo clear, ſharpen'd his viſual ray
To objects diſtant far, whereby he ſoon
Saw within ken a glorious angel ſtand,
The ſame whom John ſaw alſo in the Sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightneſs hid;
Of beaming ſunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor leſs his locks behind
Illuſtrious on his ſhoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on ſome great charge employ'd
He ſeem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the ſpi'rit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wand'ring flight
To Paradiſe, the happy ſeat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But firſt he caſts to change his proper ſhape,
Which elſe might work him danger or delay;
And now a ſtripling Cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face

iil'd celeſtial, and to every limb
grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd:
coronet his flowing hair
on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
a colour'd plume, ſprinkled with gold;
fit for ſpeed ſuccinct, and held
s decent ſteps a ſilver wand.
not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
rew nigh his radiant viſage turn'd,
i'd by his gar, and ſtrait was known
angel Uriël, one of the ſeven
God's preſence, neareſt to his throne,
idy at command, and are his eyes
i thro' all the heav'ns, or down to th' earth
ſwift errands, over moiſt and dry,
and land: him Satan thus accoſts.
for thou of thoſe ſev'n ſpi'rits that ſtand
of God's high throne, gloriouſly bright,
art wont his great authentic will
er thro' higheſt heav'n to bring,
ll his ſons thy embaſſy attend;
: art likelieſt by ſupreme decree
our to obtain; and as his eye,
oft this new creation round;
able deſire to ſee, and know
his wond'rous works, but chiefly man,
delight and favour, him for whom
his works ſo wond'rous he ordain'd,
ought me from the quires of Cherubim
us wand'ring. Brigheſt Seraph, tell
of all theſe ſhining orbs hath man
ſeat, or fixed ſeat hath none,
heſe ſhining orbs his choice to dwell;
ay find him, and with ſecret gaze
admiration him behold,
n *the great Creator* hath beſtow'd

Worlds, and on whom hath all theſe graces pour'd;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The univerſal Maker we may praiſe;
Who juſtly hath driv'n out his rebel-foes
To deepeſt hell, and, to repair that loſs
Created this new happy race of men
To ſerve him better: wiſe are all his ways.
So ſpake the falſe diſſembler unperceiv'd;
For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only' evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, thro' heaven and earth:
And oft tho' wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſeems: which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, tho' regent of the Sun, and held
The ſharpeſt-ſighted ſpi'rit of all in heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impoſtor foul,
In his uprightneſs anſwer thus return'd.
Fair angel, thy deſire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great work-maſter, leads to no exceſs
That reaches blame, but rather merits praiſe
The more it ſeems exceſs, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal manſion thus alone,
To witneſs with thine eyes what ſome perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only' in heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleaſant to know, and worthieſt to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wiſdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their cauſes deep?
I ſaw when at his word the formleſs maſs,

his world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
ſtood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
light ſhone, and order from diſorder ſprung:
Swift to their ſeveral quarters haſted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quinteſſence of heaven
Flew upward, ſpirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to ſtars
Numberleſs, as thou ſeeſt, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his courſe;
The reſt in circuit walls this univerſe.
Look downward on that globe, whoſe hither ſide,
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, ſhines;
That place is earth, the ſeat of man; that light
His day, which elſe, as th' other hemiſphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighb'ring moon
So call that oppoſite fair ſtar) her aid
Timely' interpoſes, and her monthly round
Still ending, ſtill renewing, thro' mid heav'n,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills, and empties, to enlighten th' earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That ſpot to which I point is Paradiſe,
Adam's abode, thoſe lofty ſhades his bower;
Thy way thou canſt not miſs, me mine requires.
Thus ſaid, he turn'd; and Satan bowing low,
As to ſuperiour ſpi'rits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and tow'ard the coaſt of earth beneath,
Down from th' ecliptic, ſped with hop'd ſucceſs,
Throws his ſteep flight in many an airy wheel;
Nor ſtay'd, till on Niphates top he lights.

End of the THIRD BOOK.

ARGUMENT of Book IV.

Satan now in proſpect of Eden, and nigh the place he muſt now attempt the bold enterpriſe which dertook alone againſt God and man, falls int doubts with himſelf, and many paſſions, fear, en deſpair; but at length confirms himſelf in evil, jo on to Paradiſe, whoſe outward proſpect and fit is deſcribed, overleaps the bounds, ſits in the ſha cormorant on the tree of life, as higheſt in the g to look about him. The garden deſcribed; S firſt ſight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their lent form and happy ſtate; but with reſolution t their fall; overhears their diſcourſe, thence g that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them of, under penalty of death; and thereon inte found his temptation, by ſeducing them to tran then leaves them a while, to know further of ſtate by ſome other means. Mean while Uriel de ing on a ſun-beam, warns Gabriel, who had in the gate of Paradiſe, that ſome evil ſpirit had e the deep, and paſſed at noon by his ſphere in the of a good angel down to Paradiſe, diſcovered a his furious geſtures on the mount. Gabriel prom find him ere morning. Night coming on, Ada Eve diſcourſe of going to their reſt: their bow ſcribed; their evening worſhip. Gabriel dr forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round radiſe, appoints two ſtrong angels to Adam's bowe the evil ſpirit ſhould be there doing ſome harm to or Eve ſleeping; there they find him at the ear o tempting her in a dream, and bring him, thoug willing, to Gabriel: by whom queſtioned, he ſco ly anſwers; prepares reſiſtance, but hinder'd by from heaven, flies out of Paradiſe.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

O For that warning voice, which he who ſaw
Th' Apocalyps heard cry in heav'n aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to ſecond rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to th' inhabitants on earth! that now,
While time was, our firſt parents had been warn'd
The coming of their ſecret foe, and ſcap'd,
Haply ſo ſcap'd his mortal ſnare: for now
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with rage, came down,
The Tempter e'er th' Accuſer of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loſs
Of that firſt battle, and his flight to hell:
Yet not rejoicing in his ſpeed, tho' bold,
Far off, and fearleſs, nor with cauſe to boaſt,
Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breaſt,
And like a deviliſh engine back recoils
Upon himſelf; horrour and doubt diſtract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom ſtir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One ſtep, no more than from himſelf, can fly
By change of place: now conſcience wakes deſpair,
That ſlumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of *what he was, what is*, and what muſt be

Worſe; of worſe deeds worſe ſufferings muſt enſue.
Sometimes tow'ards Eden, which now in his view
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd look he fixes ſad;
Sometimes tow'ards heav'n, and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now ſat high in his meridian tower:
Then much revolving, thus in ſighs began.

O thou that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride, and worſe ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heav'n againſt heav'n's matchleſs King.
Ah, wherefore! he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs, than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up ſo high
I 'ſdeind ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me high'eſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe,
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd;
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferiour angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other power

ıt have aſpir'd, and me though mean
part; but other powers as great
ſtand unſhaken, from within
ɔut, to all temptations arm'd.
e ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Whom haſt thou then, or what, to' ac-
free love, dealt equally to all? [cuſe,
ve accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
it deals eternal woe.
thou; ſince againſt his thy will
vhat it now ſo juſtly rues.
! which way ſhall I fly
, and infinite deſpair?
fly is hell; myſelf am hell;
oweſt deep, a lower deep
g to devour me opens wide,
: hell I ſuffer ſeems a heaven.
relent: is there no place
ıtance, none for pardon left?
by ſubmiſſion; and that word
ls me, and my dread of ſhame
ıi'rits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
romiſes, and other vaunts
ıit, boaſting I could ſubdue
ent. Ay me, they little know
abide that boaſt ſo vain,
orments inwardly I groan,
dore me on the throne of hell,
and ſceptre high advanc'd,
ll I fall, only ſupreme
ıch joy ambition finds.
ld repent, and could obtain,
ce, my former ſtate; how ſoon
t recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
ſubmiſſion ſwore? eaſe would recant
pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead me to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold in ſtead
Of us outcaſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe: all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good; by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, ſhall know.
Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale ire, envy, and deſpair;
Which marr'd his borrow'd viſage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heav'nly minds from ſuch diſtempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he ſoon aware,
Each perturbation ſmooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the firſt
That practis'd falſehood under ſaintly ſhow,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whoſe eye purſu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' Aſſyrian mount
Saw him diſfigur'd, more than could befall
Spi'rit of happy ſort: his geſtures fierce
He mark'd, and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he ſuppos'd, all unobſerv'd, unſeen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradiſe,
Now nearer, crowns, with her incloſure green,

ıral mound, the champaign head
ilderneſs; whoſe hairy ſides
t overgrown, gotteſque and wild,
'd; and over head up grew
height of loftieſt ſhade,
pine, and fir, and branching palm,
ne; and as the ranks aſcend,
ſhade, a woody theatre
view. Yet higher than their tops
us wall of Paradiſe up ſprung:
ır general fire gave proſpect large
her empire neighb'ring round.
than that wall a circling row
trees, loaden with faireſt fruit,
l fruits at once of golden hue,
vith gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
he ſun more glad impreſs'd his beams,
evening-cloud, or humid bow,
hath ſhower'd the earth: ſo lovely ſeem'd
ape: and of pure now purer air
proach, and to the heart inſpires
ht and joy, able to drive
ut deſpair: now gentle gales
ir odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
ımes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
y ſpoils. As when to them who ſail
Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
e, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
ırs from the ſpicy ſhore
ıe Bleſs'd; with ſuch delay
they ſtack their courſe, and many a league
h the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles:
'd theſe odorous ſweets the fiend,
heir bane; though with them better pleas'd
Ideus with the fiſhy fume
im, though enamour'd, from the ſpouſe

Of Tobit's ſon, and with a vengeance ſent
From Media poſt to Egypt, there faſt bound.
Now to th' aſcent of that ſteep ſavage hill
Satan had journey'd on, penſive and ſlow;
But further way found none, ſo thick intwin'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of ſhrubs and tangling buſhes had perplex'd
All path of man or beaſt that paſs'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd eaſt
On th' other ſide: which when th' archfelon ſaw,
Due entrance he diſdain'd, and; in contempt,
At one ſlight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of hill or higheſt wall, and ſheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to ſeek new haunt for prey,
Watching where ſhepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field ſecure,
Leaps o'er the fence with eaſe into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the caſh
Of ſome rich burgher, whoſe ſubſtantial doors,
Croſs-barr'd and bolted faſt, fear no aſſault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this firſt grand thief into God's fold;
So ſince into his church lewd hirelings climb.
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree, and higheſt there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but ſat deviſing death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For proſpect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts beſt things
To worſt abuſe, or to their meaneſt uſe.

him with new wonder now he views,
elight of human ſenſe expos'd,
w room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
n on earth: for bliſsful Paradiſe
the garden was, by him in th' eaſt
planted; Eden ſtretch'd her line
uran eaſtward to the royal towers
t Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
e the ſons of Eden long before
a Telaſſar: in this pleaſant ſoil
more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
he fertile ground he caus'd to grow
s of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
amid them ſtood the tree of life,
ninent, blooming ambroſial fruit
table gold: and next to life,
th, the tree of knowledge, grew faſt by;
dge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
ard through Eden went a river large,
ng'd his courſe, but through the ſhaggy hill
nderneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
ountain as his garden-mould high rais'd
e rapid current, which through veins
as earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
reſh fountain, and with many a rill
the garden; thence united fell
he ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
rom his darkſome paſſage now appears;
v divided into four main ſtreams,
verſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
ntry, whereof here needs no account;
ier to tell how, if art could tell,
m that ſaphir fount the criſped brooks,
on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
izy errour under pendent ſhades

Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers, worthy' of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning-sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide-bowers. Thus was this
A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and b
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only', and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grasing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirrour holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Prosérpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flow'r, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet
Of Daphne by Orontes, and th' inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise

rive; nor that Nyſeian iſle
:he river Triton, where old Cham,
ntiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove,
hea, and her florid ſon
:chus, from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye;
Abaſſin kings their iſſue guard,
ıara, though this by ſome ſuppos'd
diſe under the Ethiop line
ıead, inclos'd with ſhining rock,
ay's journey high, but wide remote
Aſſyrian garden; where the fiend
ighted all delight, all kind
:reatures, new to ſight, and ſtrange.
far nobler ſhape, erect and tall,
ect, with native honour clad
najeſty, ſeem'd lords of all:
ıy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
ɜ of their glorious Maker ſhone,
iſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
ıut in true filial freedom plac'd),
ue authority in men: though both
, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd:
nplation he, and valour form'd;
ſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive grace;
ıd only, ſhe for God in him.
rge front and eye ſublime declar'd
ule; and hyacinthine locks
ım his parted forelock manly hung
, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
veil, down to the ſlender waſte
orned golden treſſes wore
l, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
ıe curls her tendrils, which imply'd
ı, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
er yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,

Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor thoſe myſterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty ſhame, diſhoneſt ſhame
Of nature's works, honour diſhonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With ſhows inſtead, mere ſhows of ſeeming pure,
And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
Simplicity, and ſpotleſs innocence!
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliеſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain-ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labour than ſuffice'd
To recommend cool zephyr, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholeſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy bank damaſk'd with flowers:
The ſavoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirſted, ſcoop the brimming ſtream;
Nor gentle purpoſe, nor endearing ſmiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beſeems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them friſking play'd
All beaſts of th' earth, ſince wild, and of all chaſe
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tygers, ounces, pards,

Gambol'd before them; th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboſcis; cloſe the ſerpent ſly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with paſture gazing ſat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the ſun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone career
To th' ocean-iſles, and in th' aſcending ſcale
Of heav'n the ſtars that uſher evening roſe:
When Satan ſtill in gaze, as firſt he ſtood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd ſpeech recover'd ſad.
O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliſs thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not ſpirits, yet to heav'nly ſpirits bright
Little inferiour; whom my thoughts purſue
With wonder, and could love, ſo lively ſhines
In them divine reſemblance, and ſuch grace
The hand that form'd them on their ſhape hath pour'd.
Ah gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all theſe delights
Will vaniſh, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taſte is now of joy;
Happy, but for ſo happy ill ſecur'd
Long to continue, and this high ſeat your heaven
Ill fenc'd for heaven to keep out ſuch a foe,
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I ſeek
And mutual amity, ſo ſtrait, ſo cloſe,
That I with you muſt dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not pleaſe,
Like *this fair Paradiſe*, your ſenſe; yet ſuch

Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell ſhall unfold,
To entertain you two, her wideſt gates,
And ſend forth all her kings; there will be room,
Not like theſe narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd.
And ſhould I at your harmleſs innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reaſon juſt,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conqu'ring this new world, compels me now
To do what elſe, though damn'd, I ſhould abhor.
So ſpake the fiend, and with neceſſity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his deviliſh deeds.
Then from his lofty ſtand on that high tree
Down he alights among the ſportful herd
Of thoſe four-footed kinds, himſelf now one,
Now other, as their ſhape ſerv'd beſt his end
Nearer to view his prey, and uneſpy'd
To mark what of their ſtate he more might learn,
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he ſtalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tyger, who by chance hath ſpy'd
In ſome purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches cloſe, then riſing changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who choſe his ground,
Whence ruſhing he might ſureſt ſeize them both,
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam, firſt of men,
To firſt of women, Eve, thus moving ſpeech,
Turn'd him, all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner, and ſole part, of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all; needs muſt the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good

As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſy charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'ſt
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left,
Among ſo many ſigns of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk,
To prune theſe growing plants, and tend theſe flowers;
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Preeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf can'ſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd

Under a ſhade on flowers, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and ho
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſu'd from a cave, and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanſe of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſw'ring looks
Of ſympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me, What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair Eve,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt, of him thou
His fleſh, his bone; to give thee be'ing I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide
Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;

art of my ſoul I ſeek thee, and thee claim
My other half. With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt father; half her ſwelling breaſt
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight,
Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms,
Smil'd with ſuperiour love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the clouds
That ſhed May flowers; and preſs'd her matron lip
With kiſſes pure. Aſide the Devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance, and to himſelf thus plain'd.
Sight hateful, ſight tormenting! thus theſe two,
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, ſhall enjoy their fill
Of bliſs on bliſs; while I to hell am thruſt,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce deſire,
Among our other torments not the leaſt,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it ſeems;
One fatal tree there ſtands, of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taſte. Knowledge forbidden?
Suſpicious, reaſonleſs. Why ſhould their Lord
Envy them that? can it be ſin to know?
Can it be death? and do they only ſtand
By ignorance? is that their happy ſtate,
The proof of their obedience, and their faith?
O *fair foundation laid* whereon to build
their ruin! *Hence* I will excite their minds

With more deſire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with deſign
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aſpiring to be ſuch,
They taſte, and die: what likelier can enſue?
But firſt with narrow ſearch I muſt walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unſpy'd;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wand'ring ſpi'rit of heav'n, by fountain-ſide,
Or in thick ſhade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may,
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleaſures, for long woes are to ſucceed.
So ſaying, his proud ſtep he ſcornful turn'd,
But with ſly circumſpection, and began
Thro' wood, thro' waſte, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Mean while in utmoſt longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the ſetting ſun
Slowly deſcended, and with right aſpect
Againſt the eaſtern gate of Paradiſe
Levell'd his evening-rays: it was a rock
Of alabaſter, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conſpicuous far, winding with one aſcent
Acceſſible from earth, one entrance high;
The reſt was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it roſe, impoſſible to climb.
Betwixt theſe rocky pillars Gabriel ſat,
Chief of th' angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
Th' unarmed youth of heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celeſtial armoury, ſhields, helms, and ſpears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming, and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding thro' the even
On a ſunbeam, ſwift as a ſhooting ſtar
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fir'd
Impreſs the air, and ſhows the mariner

m what point of his compaſs to beware
ɔetuous winds: he thus began in haſte.
Gabriel, to thee thy courſe by lot hath given
arge and ſtrict watch, that to this happy place
evil thing approach or enter in.
is day at height of noon came to my ſphere
ſpirit, zealous, as he ſeem'd, to know
ire of th' Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
d's lateſt image: I deſcrib'd his way,
nt all on ſpeed, and mark'd his airy gate;
t on the mount that lies from Eden north,
here he firſt lighted, ſoon diſcern'd his looks
ien from heav'n, with paſſions foul obſcur'd:
ne eye purſu'd him ſtill, but under ſhade
ſt ſight of him: one of the baniſh'd crew,
ear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raiſe
w troubles; him thy care muſt be to find.
To whom the winged warriour thus return'd.
iel, no wonder if thy perfect ſight,
nid the ſun's bright circle where thou ſitt'ſt,
e far and wide: in at this gate none paſs
ie vigilance here plac'd, but ſuch as come
ell known from heav'n; and ſince meridian hour
creature thence: if ſpi'rit of other ſort,
minded, have o'erleap'd theſe earthly bounds
purpoſe, hard thou know'ſt it to exclude
ritual ſubſtance with corporeal bar,
t if within the circuit of theſe walks,
whatſoever ſhape he lurk, of whom
ou tell'ſt, by morrow dawning I ſhall know.
ɔo promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
urn'd on that bright beam, whoſe point now rais'd
e him ſlope downward to the ſun now fall'n
eath th' Azores; whether the prime orb,
edible how ſwift, had thither roll'd
aal, or this leſs volubile earth,

By ſhorter flight to th' eaſt, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his weſtern throne attend:
Now came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſapphires: Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Riſing in clouded majeſty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve. Fair conſort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to reſt,
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night, to men
Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our preſent labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,

ſtrown, unſightly and unſmooth,
ce, if we mean to tread with eaſe:
, as Nature wills, night bids us reſt.
n thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
and diſpoſer, what thou bid'ſt
obey: ſo God ordains;
law, thou mine: to know no more
happieſt knowledge, and her praiſe.
converſing I forget all time;
and their change, all pleaſe alike.
e breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,
n of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun,
on this delighful land he ſpreads
beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
vith dew; fragrant the fertile earth
howers; and ſweet the coming on
l evening mild; then ſilent night,
ıer ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
the gems of heaven, her ſtarry train:
t breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
n of earlieſt birds; nor riſing ſun
ightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
vith dew; nor fragrance after ſhowers;
ıl evening mild; nor ſilent night,
ıer ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
ıg ſtar-light, without thee is ſweet.
ore all night long ſhine theſe? for whom
ous ſight, when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
n our general anceſtor reply'd:
of God and man, accompliſh'd Eve,
: their courſe to finiſh round the earth
ev'ning, and from land to land
hough to nations yet unborn,
light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
larkneſs ſhould by night regain

Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things; which theſe ſoft fires
Not only' enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, tho' unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were non
That heav'n would want ſpectators, God want pr
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſeleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often, from the ſteep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight-air,
Sole, or reſponſive to each others note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven
Thus talking hand in hand alone they paſs'd
On to their bliſsful bower: it was a place
Chos'n by the ſov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful uſe; the roof
Of thickeſt covert was inwoven ſhade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either ſide
Acanthus, and each odorous bufhy ſhrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flowe
Iris all hues, roſes and jeſſamine,
Rear'd high their flouriſh'd heads between, and wrou
Moſaic; underfoot the violet,

rocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
roider'd the ground, more colour'd than with ſtone
f coſtlieſt emblem: other creature here,
aſt, bird, inſect, or worm, durſt enter none;
ich was their awe of man. In ſhadier bower
ore ſacred and ſequeſter'd, tho' but feign'd,
n or Sylvanus never ſlept, nor nymph,
or Faunus haunted. Here, in cloſe receſs,
ith flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs
ſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed,
nd heav'nly quires the hymenæan ſung,
hat day the genial angel to our ſire,
rought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
lore lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
ndow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
a ſad event, when to th' unwiſer ſon
f Japhet brought by Hermes, ſhe inſnar'd
lankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
n him who had ſtole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
oth turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
he God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
hich they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
nd ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
aker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
hich we in our appointed work employ'd
ave finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help,
nd mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs
rdain'd by thee; and this delicious place,
or us too large, where thy abundance wants
artakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
ut thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
o fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
hy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
nd when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.

This ſaid unanimous, and other rites
Obſerving none, but adoration pure,
Which God likes beſt, into their inmoſt bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
Theſe troubleſome diſguiſes which we wear,
Strait ſide by ſide were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair ſpouſe, nor Eve the rites
Myſterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites auſterely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to ſome, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increaſe; who bids abſtain
But our deſtroyer, foe to God and man?
Hail wedded love! myſterious law, true ſource
Of human offspring, ſole propriety
In Paradiſe of all things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous luſt was driv'n from men,
Among the beſtial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother, firſt were known.
Far be' it, that I ſhould write thee ſin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holieſt place,
Perpetual fountain of domeſtic ſweets,
Whoſe bed is undefil'd and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent, or paſt, as ſaints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
His conſtant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unendear'd,
Caſual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton maſque, or midnight-ball
Or ſerenate, which the ſtarv'd lover ſings
To his proud fair, beſt quitted with diſdain.

lull'd by nightingales embracing ſlept;
1 their naked limbs the flow'ry roof
r'd roſes, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
pair; and O yet happieſt, if ye ſeek
ppier ſtate, and know to know no more.
had Night meaſur'd with her ſhadowy cone
ay up hill this vaſt ſublunar vault,
om their ivory port the Cherubim
iſſuing at th' accuſtom'd hour, ſtood arm'd
ir night-watches in warlike parade;
Gabriel to his next in power thus ſpake.
ell, half theſe draw off, and coaſt the ſouth
trickeſt watch; theſe other wheel the north;
rouit meets full weſt. As flame they part,
heeling to the ſhield, half to the ſpear.
heſe, two ſtrong and ſubtle ſpi'rits he call'd
ear him ſtood, and gave them thus in charge.
riel and Zephon, with wing'd ſpeed
thro' this garden, leave unſearch'd no nook;
iefly where thoſe two fair creatures lodge,
id perhaps aſleep, ſecure of harm.
vening from the ſun's decline arriv'd,
ills of ſome infernal ſpirit ſeen
ward bent (who could have thought?) eſcap'd
rs of hell, on errand bad no doubt:
here ye find, ſeize faſt, and hither bring.
ying, on he led his radiant files,
ig the moon; theſe to the bower direct,
h of whom they ſought: him there they found
ike a toad, cloſe at the ear of Eve,
g by his deviliſh art to reach
gans of her fancy', and with them forge
s as he liſt, phantaſms and dreams;
nſpiring venom, he might taint
mal ſpirits, that from pure blood ariſe

Like gentle breathes from rivers pure, thence raiſe
At leaſt diſtemper'd, diſcontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate deſires,
Blown up with high conceits ingend'ring pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his ſpear
Touch'd lightly; for no falſehood can endure
Touch of celeſtial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeneſs: up he ſtarts
Diſcover'd and ſurpris'd. As when a ſpark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun ſome magazine to ſtore
Againſt a rumour'd war, the ſmutty grain
With ſudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air;
So ſtarted up, in his own ſhape, the fiend.
Back ſtept thoſe two fair angels, half amaz'd.
So ſudden to behold the griſly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accoſt him ſoon.
Which of thoſe rebel ſpi'rits adjudg'd to hell
Com'ſt thou, eſcap'd thy priſon? and transform'd,
Why ſatt'ſt thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of theſe that ſleep?
Know ye not then, ſaid Satan, fill'd with ſcorn,
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there ſitting where ye durſt not ſoar:
Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; or if ye know,
Why aſk ye, and ſuperfluous begin
Your meſſage, like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus Zephon, anſw'ring ſcorn with ſcorn.
Think not, revolted ſpi'rit, thy ſhape the ſame,
Or undiminiſh'd brightneſs to be known,
As when thou ſtood'ſt in heav'n upright and pure:
That glory then, when thou no more waſt good,
Departed from thee'; and thou reſembleſt now
Thy ſin and place of doom obſcure and foul.

me, for thou, be ſure, ſhalt give account
1 who ſent us, whoſe charge is to keep
lace inviolable, and theſe from harm.
ake the Cherub; and his grave rebuke,
in youthful beauty, added grace
ble: abaſh'd the Devil ſtood,
lt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw
' in her ſhape how lovely; ſaw, and pin'd
; but chiefly to find here obſerv'd
tre viſibly impair'd; yet ſeem'd
nted. If I muſt contend, ſaid he,
ith the beſt, the ſender not the ſent,
at once; more glory will be won,
be loſt. Thy fear, ſaid Zephon bold,
ve us trial what the leaſt can do
againſt thee wicked, and thence weak.
fiend reply'd not, overcome with rage;
e a proud ſteed rein'd, went haughty on,
ing his iron curbs to ſtrive or fly
d it vain; awe from above had quell'd
urt, not elſe diſmay'd. Now drew they nigh
:ſtern point, where thoſe half-rounding guards
:t, and cloſing ſtood in ſquadron join'd,
ng next command. To whom their chief,
l, from the front thus call'd aloud.
ends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
; this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
and Zephon through the ſhade;
ith them comes a third of regal port,
led ſplendour wan; who by his gait
rce demeanor ſeems the prince of hell,
ely to part hence without conteſt;
irm, for in his look defiance lours.
carce had ended, when thoſe two approach'd,
ief related whom they brought, where found,

How buſied, in what form and poſture couch'd.
To whom, with ſtern regard, thus Gabriel ſpake.
Why haſt thou, Satan, broke the bounds preſcrib'd
To thy tranſgreſſions, and diſturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to tranſgreſs
By thy example, but have power and right
To queſtion thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it ſeems, to violate ſleep, and thoſe
Whoſe dwelling God hath planted here in bliſs?
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou had'ſt in heav'n th' eſteem of wiſe,
And ſuch I held thee; but this queſtion aſk'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break looſe from hell,
Tho' thither doom'd? Thou wouldſt thyſelf, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Fartheſt from pain, where thou might'ſt hope to change
Torment with eaſe, and ſooneſt recompenſe
Dole with delight, which in this place I ſought;
To thee no reaſon, who know'ſt only good,
But evil haſt not try'd: and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him ſurer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our ſtay
In that dark durance: thus much what was aſk'd.
The reſt is true, they found me where they ſay;
But that implies not violence or harm.
Thus he in ſcorn. The warlike angel mov'd,
Diſdainfully half ſmiling, thus reply'd.
O loſs of one in heav'n to judge of wiſe,
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his priſon 'ſcap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wiſe
Or not, who aſk what boldneſs brought him hither
Unlicens'd from his bounds in hell preſcrib'd;
So wiſe he judges it to fly from pain

:, and to 'ſcape his puniſhment.
: thou ſtill, preſumptuous, till the wrath,
:hou incurr'ſt by flying, meet thy flight
d, and ſcourge that wiſdom back to hell,
:aught thee yet no better, that no pain
ıal anger infinite provok'd.
:refore thou alone? wherefore with thee
ot all hell broke looſe? is pain to them
n, leſs to be fled? or thou than they
:dy to endure? courageous chief,
t in flight from pain, hadſt thou alleg'd
deſerted hoſt this cauſe of flight,
ırely hadſt not come ſole fugitive.
'hich the fiend thus anſwer'd, frowning ſtern:
t I leſs endure, or ſhrink from pain,
g angel; well thou know'ſt I ſtood
rceſt, when in battle to thy aid
ıſting volied thunder made all ſpeed,
:onded thy elſe not dreaded ſpear.
l thy words at random, as before,
thy inexperience what behoves
ard eſſays and ill ſucceſſes paſt
ful leader, not to hazard all
gh ways of danger by himſelf untry'd:
'ore, I alone firſt undertook
g the deſolate abyſs, and ſpy
:w created world, whereof in hell
; not ſilent, here in hope to find
ıbode, and my afflicted powers
le here on earth, or in mid air;
ı for poſſeſſion put to try once more
hon and thy gay legions dare againſt;
eaſier buſineſs were to ſerve their Lord
p in heav'n, with ſongs to hymn his throne,
'actis'd diſtances to cringe, not fight.
Whom the warrior angel ſoon reply'd.

To ſay and ſtrait unſay, pretending firſt
Wiſe to fly pain, profeſſing next the ſpy,
Argues no leader, but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldſt thou faithful add? O name,
O ſacred name of faithfulneſs profan'd!
Faithful, to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your diſcipline, and faith engag'd,
Your military obedience, to diſſolve
Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Pow'r ſupreme?
And thou, ſly hypocrite, who now would ſeem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once ſawn'd, and cring'd, and ſervily ador'd
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To diſpoſſeſs him, and thyſelf to reign?
But mark what I arreed thee now, Avant;
Fly thither whence thou fledſt: if from this hour
Within theſe hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And ſeal thee ſo, as henceforth not to ſcorn
The facile gates of hell too ſlightly barr'd.
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, reply'd.
Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary Cherub, but ere then
Far heavier load thyſelf expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King
Ride on thy Wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'ſt his triumphant wheels
In progreſs through the road of heaven ſtar-pav'd.
While thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, ſharp'ning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported ſpears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harveſt waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind

them; the careful plowman doubting ſtands,
n the threſhing-floor his hopeful ſheaves
chaff. On th' other ſide, Satan alarm'd,
ling all his might, dilated ſtood,
Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
ıture reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
orror plum'd; nor wanted in his graſp
ſeem'd both ſpear and ſhield. Now dreadful deeds
t have enſu'd, not only Paradiſe
s commotion, but the ſtarry cope
aven perhaps, or all the elements,
ıſt had gone to wreck, diſturb'd and torn
violence of this conflict, had not ſoon
ternal, to prevent ſuch horrid fray,
forth in heav'n his golden ſcales, yet ſeen
ıxt Aſtrea and the Scorpion ſign,
ein all things created firſt he weigh'd,
pendulous round earth with balanc'd air
nterpoiſe, now ponders all events,
s and realms: in theſe he put two weights,
equel each of parting and of fight;
atter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;
h Gabriel ſpying, thus beſpake the fiend.
an, I know thy ſtrength, and thou know'ſt mine;
er our own, but giv'n: what folly then
aſt what arms can do? ſince thine no more
Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubled now
ample thee as mire: for proof look up,
read thy lot in yon celeſtial ſign,
e thou art weigh'd, and ſhown how light, how
u reſiſt. The fiend look'd up, and knew
ounted ſcale aloft: nor more; but fled
ı'ring, and with him fled the ſhades of night.

End of the Fourth Book.

ARGUMENT of Book V.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troubleſome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her; they come forth to their day-labours: their morning-hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcuſable, ſends Raphael to admoniſh him of his obedience, of his free eſtate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever elſe may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradiſe, his appearance deſcribed, his coming diſcerned by Adam afar off ſitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choiceſt fruits of Paradiſe got together by Eve; their diſcourſe at table: Raphael performs his meſſage, minds Adam of his ſtate and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's requeſt, who that enemy is, and how he came to be ſo, beginning from his firſt revolt in heaven, and the occaſion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, perſuading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in argument diſſuades and oppoſes him, then forſakes him.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.

NOW Morn, her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd: ſo cuſtom'd; for his ſleep
Was airy light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which th'only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhirll matin ſong
Of birds on every bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: he, on his ſide
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus. Awake,
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'n's laſt beſt gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake: the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime, to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How *nature paints her colours*, how the bee

Sits on the bloom extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam; whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign;
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night: methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it ſaid,
Why ſleepeſt thou Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: heaven wakes with all his eyes;
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze.
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I paſs'd, through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from heav'n
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia; on that tree he alſo gaz'd;
And O fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load, and taſte thy ſweet,

r God, nor man? Is knowledge ſo deſpis'd? envy', or what reſerve forbids to taſte? :bid who will, none ſhall from me withhold nger thy offer'd good; why elſe ſet here? iis ſaid, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm : pluck'd, he taſted: me damp horrour chill'd : ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold. at he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine, weet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt, orbidden here, it ſeems, as only fit 'or gods, yet able to make gods of men: Ind why not gods of men, ſince good, the more Communicated, more abundant grows, The author not impair'd, but honour'd more? Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve, Partake thou alſo; happy though thou art, Happier thou mayſt be, worthier canſt not be: Taſte this, and be henceforth among the gods Thyſelf a goddeſs, not to earth confin'd, But ſometimes in the air, as we; ſometimes Aſcend to heaven, by merit thine, and ſee What life the gods live there, and ſuch live thou. So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held, Ev'n to my mouth, of that ſame fruit held part Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſavoury ſmell So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought, Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds With him I flew, and underneath beheld The earth outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide and various: wond'ring at my flight and change To this high exaltation; ſuddenly My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down, and fell aſleep: but O how glad I wak'd, To find this but a dream: Thus Eve her night Related, *and thus* Adam anſwer'd ſad.

Beſt image of myſelf, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung, I fear:
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties, that ſerve
Reaſon as chief: among theſe Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, airy ſhapes,
Which reaſon joining or disjoining frames
All what we affirm, or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining ſhapes,
Wild work produces oft, and moſt in dreams,
Ill-matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances, methinks, I find
Of our laſt evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange; yet be not ſad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do.
Be not diſheartened then, nor cloud thoſe looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and ſerene,
Than when fair morning firſt ſmiles on the world;
And let us to our freſh employments riſe,
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choiceſt boſom'd ſmells,
Reſerv'd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.

eer'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was cheer'd;
ıtly a gentle tear let fall
ther eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
her precious drops that ready ſtood,
their chryſtal fluice, he ere they fell
ıs the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe,
us awe, that fear'd to have offended.
was clear'd, and to the field they haſte.
, from under ſhady arbo'rous roof
they forth were come to open ſight
ſpring, and the ſun, who ſcarce up riſen,
heels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean-brim,
rallel to the earth his dewy ray,
ring in wide landſcape all the eaſt
ıdiſe and Eden's happy plains,
hey bow'd adoring, and began
riſons, each morning duly paid
us ſtyle; for neither various ſtyle
y rapture wanted they to praiſe
laker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd, or ſung
tated, ſuch prompt eloquence
from their lips, in proſe or numerous verſe,
neable than needed lute or harp
more ſweetneſs; and they thus began.
: are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
:y, thine this univerſal frame,
ondrous fair; thyſelf how wondrous then!
able, who ſitt'ſt above theſe heavens,
ıviſible, or dimly ſeen
thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
ɔdneſs beyond thought, and power divine.
: who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
for ye behold him, and with ſongs
ıral ſymphonies, day without night,
s throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,

On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſ
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance, not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations that now riſe
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pine
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls; ye birds,
That ſinging up to heaven-gate aſcend,

lear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe.
ſe that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail, univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd ſoon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haſte,
Among ſweet dews and flowers; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitleſs embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; ſhe ſpous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, th' adopted cluſters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity heaven's high King, and to him call'd
Raphael, the ſociable ſpi'rit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and ſecur'd
His marriage with the ſev'n-times wedded maid.
Raphael, ſaid he, thou hear'ſt what ſtir on earth
atan, from hell 'ſcap'd thro' the darkſome gulf,
ath rais'd in Paradiſe, and how diſturb'd
his night the human pair, how he deſigns
1 them at once to ruin all mankind.
o therefore, half this day as friend with friend
onverſe with Adam, in what bower or ſhade
hou find'ſt him from the heat of noon retir'd,
o reſpite his day-labour with repaſt,
r with repoſe; and ſuch diſcourſe bring on,

As may adviſe him of his happy ſtate,
Happineſs in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will; his will tho' free,
Yet mutable: whence warn him to beware
He ſwerve not too ſecure. Tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himſelf from heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like ſtate of bliſs:
By violence? no, for that ſhall be withſtood;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Leſt willfully tranſgreſſing he pretend
Surpriſal, unadmoniſh'd, unforewarn'd.

So ſpake th' eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All juſtice: nor delay'd the winged ſaint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thouſand celeſtial Ardours, where he ſtood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings, up-ſpringing light
Flew thro' the midſt of heaven; th' angelic quires
On each hand parting, to his ſpeed gave way
Thro' all th' empyreal road; till at the gate
Of heaven arriv'd, the gate ſelf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the Sov'reign Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obſtruct his ſight,
Star interpos'd, however ſmall, he ſees,
Not unconform to other ſhining globes,
Earth, and the gard'n of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glaſs
Of Galileo, leſs aſſur'd, obſerves
Imagin'd lands and regions in the moon:
Or pilot, from amidſt the Cyclades,
Delos or Samos firſt appearing, kens
A cloudy ſpot. Down thither prone in flight
He ſpeeds, and through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with ſteddy wing

ıe polar winds, then with quick fan
the buxom air; till within ſoar
ng eagles, to' all the fowls he ſeems
, gaz'd by all, as that ſole bird,
inſhrine his reliques in the ſun's
nple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
n th' eaſtern cliff of Paradiſe
, and to his proper ſhape returns,
wing'd: ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
nents divine; the pair that clad
ılder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
al ornament; the middle pair
a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
is loins and thighs with downy gold,
urs dipt in heaven; the third his feet
l from either heel with feather'd mail,
ır'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
k his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
ıit wide. Strait knew him all the bands
; under watch; and to his ſtate,
is meſſage high, in honour riſe;
me meſſage high they gueſs'd him bound.
tt'ring tents he paſs'd, and now is come
bliſsful field, thro' groves of myrrh,
'ring odours, caſſia, nard, and balm;
neſs of ſweets; for nature here
d as in her prime, and play'd at will
n fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
ve rule or art; enormous bliſs.
' the ſpicy foreſt onward come
ſcern'd, as in the door he ſat
ol bower, while now the mounted ſun
n direct his fervid rays to warm
ınoſt womb, more warmth than Adam needs;
within, due at her hour, prepar'd

For dinner ſavoury fruits, of taſte to pleaſe
True appetite, and not diſreliſh thirſt
Of nectar'ous draughts between, from milky ſtream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
Haſte hither Eve, and worth thy ſight behold
Eaſtward among thoſe trees, what glorious ſhape
Comes this way moving; ſeems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; ſome great beheſt from heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchſafe
This day to be our gueſt. But go with ſpeed,
And what thy ſtores contain, bring forth, and pour
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our heavenly ſtranger: well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large beſtow
From large beſtow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by diſburd'ning grows
More fruitful, which inſtructs us not to ſpare.
To whom thus Eve. Adam, earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inſpir'd, ſmall ſtore will ſerve, where ſtore,
All ſeaſons, ripe for uſe hangs on the ſtalk;
Save what by frugal ſtoring firmneſs gains
To nouriſh, and ſuperfluous moiſt conſumes:
But I will haſte, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and jucieſt gourd, will pluck ſuch choice
To entertain our angel-gueſt, as he
Beholding ſhall confeſs, that here on earth
God hath diſpens'd his bounties as in heaven.
So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt,
What order, ſo contriv'd as not to mix
Taſtes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte upheld with kindlieſt change;
Beſtirs her then, and from each tender ſtalk
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields

ndia Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhore,
ontus, or the Punic coaſt, or where
nous reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
gh or ſmooth rin'd, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
gathers, tribute large, and on the board
ps with unſparing hand; for drink the grape
cruſhes, inoffenſive muſt, and meaths
n many a berry', and from ſweet kernels preſs'd
tempers dulcet creams; nor theſe to hold
ats her fit veſſels pure; then ſtrows the ground
h roſe and odours from the ſhrub unfum'd.
leanwhile our primitive great ſire, to meet
godlike gueſt, walks forth, without more train
ompanied than with his own complete
ſections; in himſelf was all his ſtate,
re ſolemn than the tedious pomp that waits
princes, when their rich retinue long
horſes led, and grooms beſmeard with gold,
zzles the croud, and ſets them all agape.
rer his preſence Adam, though not aw'd,
with ſubmiſs approach and reverence meek,
to' a ſuperiour nature, bowing low,
us ſaid. Native of heaven, for other place
ne can than heaven ſuch glorious ſhape contain;
ce by deſcending from the thrones above,
oſe happy places thou haſt deign'd a while
want, and honour theſe, vouchſafe with us
o' only, who yet by ſovereign gift poſſeſs
is ſpacious ground, in yonder ſhady bower
reſt, and what the garden choiceſt bears
ſit and taſte, till this meridian heat
over, and the ſun more cool decline.
Whom thus th' angelic Virtue anſwer'd mild.
am, I therefore came; nor art thou ſuch
ated, or ſuch place haſt here to dwell,

As may not oft invite, tho' ſpi'rits of heaven
To viſit thee: lead on then where thy bower
O'erſhades; for theſe mid-hours, till evening riſe,
I have at will. So to the ſylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbour ſmil'd,
With flow'rets deck'd, and fragrant ſmells; but Eve
Undeck'd ſave with herſelf, more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the faireſt goddeſs feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked ſtrove,
Stood to' entertain her gueſt from heaven; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail!
Beſtow'd, the holy ſalutation us'd
Long after to bleſs'd Mary, ſecond Eve.

Hail, mother of mankind! whoſe fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy ſons,
Than with theſe various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table. Rais'd of graſſy turf
Their table was, and moſſy ſeats had round;
And on her ample ſquare from ſide to ſide
All autumn pil'd, tho' ſpring and autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while diſcourſe they hold;
No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. Heav'nly ſtranger, pleaſe to taſte
Theſe bounties, which our Nouriſher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeaſur'd out, deſcends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The earth to yield; unſavoury food perhaps
To ſpiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celeſtial Father gives to all.

To whom the angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whoſe praiſe be ever ſung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of pureſt ſpi'rits be found
No' ingrateful food: and food alike thoſe pure
Intelligential ſubſtances require,

ır rational; and both contain
n every lower faculty
hereby they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte,
coct, digeſt, aſſimilate,
eal to incorporeal turn.
whatever was created, needs
n'd and fed: of elements,
feeds the purer, earth the ſea,
he ſea feed air, the air thoſe fires
nd as loweſt, firſt the moon;
her viſage round thoſe ſpots, unpurg'd
t yet into her ſubſtance turn'd.
he moon no nouriſhment exhale
noiſt continent to higher orbs.
hat light imparts to all, receives
is alimental recompenſe,
xhalations, and at even
the ocean. Though in heav'n the trees
broſial fruitage bear, and vines
r; though from off the boughs each morn
mellifluous dews, and find the ground
th pearly grain: yet God hath here
bounty ſo with new delights,
mpare with heaven; and to taſte
I ſhall be nice. So down they ſat,
ir viands fell: nor ſeemingly
, nor in miſt, the common gloſs
gians; but with keen diſpatch
nger, and concoctive heat
ſtantiate: what redounds, tranſpires
ſpi'rits with eaſe; nor wonder; if by fire
oal th' empiric alchemiſt
or holds it poſſible to turn,
droſſieſt ore to perfect gold,
he mine. Meanwhile at table Eve

Miniſter'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleaſant liquors crown'd. O innocence
Deſerving Paradiſe! if ever, then,
Then had the ſons of God excuſe to' have been
Enamour'd at that ſight; but in thoſe hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealouſy
Was underſtood, the injur'd lover's hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had ſuffic'd,
Not burden'd nature, ſudden mind aroſe
In Adam, not to let th' occaſion paſs
Giv'n him by this great conference, to know
Of things above this world, and of their be'ing
Who dwell in heaven, whoſe excellence he ſaw
Tranſcend his own ſo far, whoſe radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whoſe high power ſo far
Exceeded human; and his wary ſpeech
Thus to th' empyreal miniſter he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
Under whoſe lowly roof thou haſt vouchſaf'd
To enter, and theſe earthly fruits to taſte,
Food not of angels, yet accepted ſo,
As that more willingly thou couldſt not ſeem
At heaven's high feaſts to' have fed: yet what compare?
To whom the winged Hierarch reply'd.
O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good; created all
Such to perfection, one firſt matter all,
Endu'd with various forms, various degrees,
Of ſubſtance, and in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more ſpiritous, and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their ſeveral active ſpheres aſſign'd,
Till body up to ſpirit work, in bounds

'd to each kind. So from the root
hter the green ſtalk, from thence the leaves
laſt the bright conſummate flower
rous breathes: flowers, and their fruit,
iſhment, by gradual ſcale ſublim'd,
i'rits aſpire, to animal,
tual; give both life and ſenſe,
underſtanding; whence the ſoul
ives, and reaſon is her being,
or intuitive: diſcourſe
urs, the latter moſt is ours,
ut in degree, of kind the ſame.
it then, what God for you ſaw good
not, but convert, as you,
ſubſtance. Time may come, when men
ls may participate, and find
nient di'et, nor too light fare;
hese corporal nutriments perhaps
s may at laſt turn all to ſpirit,
y tract of time, and wing'd aſcend
is we, or may at choice
heav'nly Paradiſes dwell;
nd obedient, and retain
y firm his love entire,
geny you are. Mean while enjoy
hat happineſs this happy ſtate
ehend, incapable of more.
n the patriarch of mankind reply'd
le ſpi'rit, propitious gueſt,
hou taught the way that might direct
dge, and the ſcale of nature ſet
e to circumference, whereon,
lation of created things,
may aſcend to God. But ſay,
it that caution join'd, If ye be found

Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?

To whom the angel. Son of heaven and earth,
Attend. That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continu'est such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein to stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not overrul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be try'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other chuse?
Myself, and all th' angelic host, that stand
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none: freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And some from heaven to deepest hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!

To whom our great progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighb'ring hills
Aereal music send: nor knew I not

will and deed created free;
we never ſhall forget to love
Maker, and obey him whoſe command
gle is yet ſo juſt, my conſtant thoughts
ir'd me', and ſtill aſſure: though what thou tell'ſt
h paſs'd in heaven, ſome doubt within me move,
more deſire to hear, if thou conſent,
e full relation; which muſt needs be ſtrange,
rthy of ſacred ſilence to be heard:
d we have yet large day; for ſcarce the ſun
th finiſh'd half his journey', and ſcarce begins
other half in the great zone of heaven.
Thus Adam made requeſt; and Raphaël,
er ſhort pauſe aſſenting, thus began.
High matter thou injoin'ſt me', O prime of men,
d taſk, and hard: for how ſhall I relate
human ſenſe th' inviſible exploits
warring ſpirits? how without remorſe
e ruin of ſo many glorious once
d perfect while they ſtood? how laſt unfold
e ſecrets of another world, perhaps
t lawful to reveal? Yet for thy good
is is diſpens'd; and what ſurmounts the reach
human ſenſe, I ſhall delineat ſo,
likening ſpiritual to corporal forms,
may expreſs them beſt; though what if earth
but the ſhadow' of heaven, and things therein
ch to' other like, more than on earth is thought?
As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
ign'd where theſe heavens now roll, where earth now
on her centre pois'd; when on a day [reſts
r time, though in eternity, apply'd
motion, meaſures all things durable
preſent, paſt and future) on ſuch day
heaven's great year brings forth, th' empyreal hoſt

Of angels, by imperial ſummons call'd,
Innumerable before th' Almighty's throne
Forthwith from all the ends of heaven appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thouſand thouſand enſigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for diſtinction ſerve
Of hierarchies, of orders and degrees;
Or in their glitt'ring tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in bliſs imboſom'd ſat the Son,
Amidſt as from a flaming mount, whoſe top
Brightneſs had made inviſible, thus ſpake.
Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd ſhall ſtand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son, and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myſelf have ſworn, to him ſhall bow
All knees in heaven, and ſhall confeſs him Lord:
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United as one individual ſoul,
For ever happy: him who diſobeys,
Me diſobeys, breaks union, and that day
Caſt out from God and bleſſed viſion, falls
Into' utter darkneſs, deep ingulf'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.
So ſpake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All ſeem'd well pleas'd; all ſeem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other ſolemn days, they ſpent

ong and dance about the ſacred hill;
lical dance, which yonder ſtarry ſphere
planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
mbles neareſt, mazes intricate,
entric, intervolv'd, yet regular
n moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem;
l in their motions harmony divine.
ſmooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
ens delighted. Ev'ning now approach'd,
r we have alſo' our ev'ning and our morn,
ours for change delectable, not need);
thwith from dance to ſweet repaſt they turn
ſirous; all in circles as they ſtood,
bles are ſet, and on a ſudden pil'd
th angels food, and rubied nectar flows
pearl, in diamond, and maſſy gold;
it of delicious vines, the growth of heaven.
flowers repos'd, and with freſh flowerets crown'd,
ey eat, they drink, and in communion ſweet
aff immortality and joy, ſecure
ſurfeit, where full meaſure only bounds
ceſs, before th' all-bounteous King, who ſhower'd
th copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
w when ambroſial night, with clouds exhal'd
om that high mount of God, whence light and ſhade
ring both, the face of brighteſt heaven had chang'd
grateful twilight, (for night comes not there
darker veil), and roſeate dews diſpos'd
but th' unſleeping eyes of God to reſt;
ide over all the plain, and wider far
an all this globous earth in plain outſpread,
ch are the courts of God), th' angelic throng,
pers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
living ſtreams among the trees of life,
rilions *numberleſs*, and ſudden rear'd,

Celeſtial tabernacles, where they ſlept
Fann'd with cool winds; ſave thoſe who, in their courſe,
Melodious hymns about the ſov'reign throne
Alternate all night long. But not ſo wak'd
Satan; ſo call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven; he of the firſt,
If not the firſt archangel, great in power,
In favour and preeminence, yet fraught
With envy' againſt the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Meſſiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that ſight, and thought himſelf impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving, and diſdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duſky hour,
Friendlieſt to ſleep and ſilence, he reſolv'd
With all his legions to diſlodge, and leave
Unworſhipp'd, unobey'd, the throne ſupreme,
Contemptuous; and his next ſubordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in ſecret ſpake.

Sleep'ſt thou, companion dear, what ſleep can cloſe
Thy eyelids? and remember'ſt what decree
Of yeſterday, ſo late hath paſs'd the lips
Of heaven's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Waſt wont, I mine to thee was wont to' impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy ſleep diſſent? New laws thou ſeeſt impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raiſe
In us who ſerve, new counſels, to debate
What doubtful may enſue: more in this place
To utter is not ſafe. Aſſemble thou
Of all thoſe myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
Her ſhadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haſte,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we poſſeſs

rs of the north ; there to prepare
nment to receive our King,
Meſſiah, and his new commands,
ily through all the hierarchies
paſs triumphant, and give laws.
the falſe archangel, and infus'd
ce into th' unwary breaſt
iate: he together calls,
ɔne by one; the regent powers,
regent; tells, as he was taught,
ſoft High commanding, now ere night,
m night had diſincumber'd heaven,
hierarchal ſtandard was to move;
ɹggeſted cauſe, and caſts between
words and jealouſies, to ſound
tegrity: but all obey'd
d ſignal, and ſuperiour voice
eat potentate; for great indeed
and high was his degree in heaven;
ıance; as the morning-ſtar that guides
flock, allur'd them, and with lies
him the third part of heaven's hoſt.
ıile th' eternal Eye, whoſe ſight diſcerns
houghts, from forth his holy mount,
within the golden lamps that burn
fore him, ſaw, without their light,
iſing; ſaw in whom, how ſpread
ſons of morn, what multitudes
ed to oppoſe his high decree;
ıg to his only Son, thus ſaid.
ıu in whom my glory I behold
lendence, heir of all my might,
ow concerns us to be ſure
ıipotence, and with what arms
o *hold what* anciently we claim

Of deity or empire: ſuch a foe
Is riſing, who intends to' erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the ſpacious north;
Nor ſo content, hath in his thought to try
In battle, what our power is, or our right.
Let us adviſe, and to this hazard draw
With ſpeed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence; leſt unawares we loſe
This our high place, our ſanctuary, our hill.
To whom the Son with calm aſpect, and clear,
Lightning divine, ineffable, ſerene,
Made anſwer. Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Juſtly haſt in deriſion, and ſecure
Laugh'ſt at their vain deſigns and tumults vain;
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illuſtrates, when they ſee all regal power
Given me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to ſubdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worſt in heaven.
So ſpake the Son; but Satan, with his powers,
Far was advanc'd on winged ſpeed, an hoſt
Innumerable as the ſtars of night,
Or ſtars of morning, dew-drops, which the ſun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they paſs'd, the mighty regencies
Or Seraphim, and Potentates, and Thrones,
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the ſea, from one entire globoſe
Stretch'd into longitude; which having paſs'd,
At length into the limits of the north
They came; and Satan to his royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raiſ'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers

From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted), which not long after, he
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of heaven,
The mountain of the congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come; and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears.
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself ingross'd
All power, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed; for whom all this haste
Of midnight-march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best,
With what may be devis'd of honours new,
Receive him, coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of heaven possess'd before
By none; and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.

Who can in reaſon then, or right, aſſume
Monarchy over ſuch as live by right
His equals, if in power and ſplendour leſs,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much leſs for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration, to th' abuſe
Of thoſe imperial titles, which aſſert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to ſerve.
Thus far his bold diſcourſe without controul
Had audience; when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and, in a flame of zeal ſevere,
The current of his fury, thus oppos'd.
O argument blaſphémous, falſe and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven
Expected, leaſt of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyſelf ſo high above thy peers.
Canſt thou with impious obloquy condemn
The juſt decree of God, pronounc'd and ſworn,
That to his only Son, by right endu'd
With regal ſceptre, every ſoul in heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
Confeſs him rightful King? Unjuſt, thou ſay'ſt,
Flatly unjuſt, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unſucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God, ſhalt thou diſpute
With him the points of liberty, who made
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of heaven
Such as he pleas'd, and circumſcrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is; how far from thought

s leſs, bent rather to exalt
ſtate, under one head more near
lut to grant it thee unjuſt,
over equals monarch reign:
o' great and glorious, doſt thou count,
:lic nature join'd in one,
im begotten Son? by whom,
Word, the mighty Father made
ev'n thee; and all the ſpi'rits of heaven
:ated in their bright degrees,
iem with glory', and to their glory nam'd
lominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
)wers; nor by his reign obſcur'd,
lluſtrious made; ſince he the head
: number thus reduc'd becomes;
ir laws; all honour to him done
ir own. Ceaſe then this impious rage,
not theſe; but haſten to appeaſe
ed Father, and th' incenſed Son,
lon may be found in time beſought.
: the fervent angel; but his zeal
ided, as out of ſeaſon judg'd,
r and raſh: whereat rejoic'd
te, and more haughty thus reply'd.
were form'd then ſay'ſt thou. and the work
ıry hands, by taſk transferr'd
er to his Son? Strange point, and new!
hich we would know whence learn'd: who
creation was? remember'ſt thou [ſaw
ıg, while the Maker gave thee being?
no time when we were not as now;
: before us, ſelf-begot, ſelf-rais'd
n quick'ning power, when fatal courſe
d his full orb, the birth mature
native heaven, ethereal ſons.

Our puiſſance is our own; our own right hand
Shall teach us higheſt deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou ſhalt behold
Whether by ſupplication we intend
Addreſs, and to begirt th' Almighty throne
Beſeeching or beſieging. This report,
Theſe tidings carry to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He ſaid, and, as the ſound of waters deep,
Hoarſe murmur echo'd to his words applauſe
Through the infinite hoſt; nor leſs for that
The flaming Seraph fearleſs, though alone
Incompaſs'd round with foes, thus anſwer'd bold.
O alienate from God, O ſpi'rit accurs'd,
Forſaken of all good; I ſee thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapleſs crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion ſpread
Both of thy crime and puniſhment: henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Meſſiah; thoſe indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchſaf'd; other decrees
Againſt thee are gone forth without recall;
That golden ſceptre, which thou didſt reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruiſe and break
Thy diſobedience. Well thou didſt adviſe;
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
Theſe wicked tents devoted, leſt the wrath
Impendent, raging into ſudden flame
Diſtinguiſh not: for ſoon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou ſhalt know.
So ſpake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,

nſhaken, unſeduce'd, unterrify'd,
is loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
or number, nor example, with him wrought
o ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
hough ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
ong way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
uperiour, nor of violence fear'd ought;
nd with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
n thoſe proud towers to ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

End of the Fifth Book.

ARGUMENT of Book VI.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were ſent forth to battle againſt Satan and his angels. The firſt fight deſcribed: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council, invents deviliſh engines, which in the ſecond day's fight put Michael and his angels to ſome diſorder; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet the tumult not ſo ending, God in the third day ſends Meſſiah his Son, for whom he had reſerved the glory of that victory: he in the power of his Father coming to the place, and cauſing all his legions to ſtand ſtill on either ſide, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midſt of his enemies, purſues them, unable to reſiſt, towards the wall of heaven; which opening, they leap down with horrour and confuſion into the place of puniſhment prepared for them in the deep. Meſſiah returns in triumph to his Father.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.

ALL night the dreadleſs angel, unpurſu'd,
Through heaven's wide champain held his way; till Morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with roſy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, faſt by his throne,
Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
Lodge and diſlodge by turns, which makes thro' heaven
Grateful viciſſitude, like day and night;
Light iſſues forth, and at the other door
Obſequious darkneſs enters, till her hour
To veil the heaven, tho' darkneſs there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn
Such as in higheſt heaven, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vaniſh'd Night,
Shot thro' with orient beams; when all the plain
Cover'd with thick embattled ſquadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, firſt met his view.
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among thoſe friendly powers, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,

That of ſo many myriads fall'n, yet one
Return'd not loſt. On to the ſacred hill
They led him high applauded, and preſent
Before the ſeat ſupreme; from whence a voice,
From midſt a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.
Servant of God, well done, well haſt thou fought
The better fight, who ſingle haſt maintain'd
Againſt revolted multitudes the cauſe
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the teſtimony' of truth haſt borne
Univerſal reproach, far worſe to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care,
To ſtand approv'd in ſight of God, tho' worlds
Judge'd thee perverſe. The eaſier conqueſt now
Remains thee, aided by this hoſt of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
Than ſcorn'd thou didſt depart; and to ſubdue
By force, who reaſon for their law refuſe,
Right reaſon for their law, and for their King
Meſſiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celeſtial armies prince;
And thou in military proweſs next,
Gabriel, lead forth to battle theſe my ſons
Invincible, lead forth my armed ſaints,
By thouſands and by millions, rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godleſs crew
Rebellious: them with fire and hoſtile arms
Fearleſs aſſault; and to the brow of heaven
Purſuing, drive them out from God and bliſs,
Into their place of puniſhment, the Gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.
So ſpake the Sov'reign Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and ſmoke to roll
In duſky wreaths, reluctant flames, the ſign

wak'd; nor with leſs dread the loud
umpet from on high 'gan blow:
ommand the powers militant,
for heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd
reſiſtible, mov'd on
heir bright legions, to the ſound
ental harmony, that breath'd
our to advent'rous deeds,
r godlike leaders, in the cauſe
d his Meſſiah. On they move
r firm; nor obvious hill,
ing vale, nor wood, nor ſtream divides
ect ranks; for high above the ground
ch was, and the paſſive air upbore
ole tread; as when the total kind
in orderly array on wing,
mon'd over Eden, to receive
ies of thee; ſo over many a tract
they march'd, and many a province wide,
ie length of this terrene: at laſt
horrizon to the north appear'd
to ſkirt a fiery region, ſtretch'd
ous aſpect, and nearer view
ith upright beams innumerable
pears, and helmets throng'd, and ſhields
vith boaſtful argument portray'd,
ed powers of Satan haſting on
ous expedition; for they ween'd
ſame day, by fight, or by ſurpriſe,
ie mount of God, and on his throne
envier of his ſtate, the proud
out their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
d-way: though ſtrange to us it ſeem'd
hat angel ſhould with angel war,
rce hoſting meet, who wont to meet

So oft in feſtivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as ſons of one great Sire,
Hymning th' eternal Father: but the ſhout
Of battle now began, and ruſhing ſound
Of onſet ended ſoon each milder thought.
High in the midſt exalted as a god
Th' apoſtate in his ſun-bright chariot ſat,
Idol of majeſty divine, inclos'd
With flaming Cherubim and golden ſhields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt hoſt and hoſt but narrow ſpace was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Preſented ſtood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advance'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that ſight endur'd not, where he ſtood
Among the mightieſt, bent on higheſt deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heaven! that ſuch reſemblance of the Higheſt
Should yet remain, where faith and reälty
Remain not: wherefore ſhould not ſtrength and might
There fail where virtue fails, or weakeſt prove
Where boldeſt, tho' to fight unconquerable?
His puiſſance, truſting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whoſe reaſon I have try'd
Unſound and falſe; nor is it aught but juſt,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both diſputes alike
Victor; tho' brutiſh that contéſt, and foul,
When reaſon hath to deal with force, yet ſo
Moſt reaſon is that reaſon overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth ſtepping oppoſite, half-way he met

ɜ foe, at this prevention more
and thus ſecurely him defy'd.
art thou met? thy hope was to have reach'd
ht of thy aſpiring unoppos'd,
ne of God unguarded, and his ſide
d at the terrour of thy power
: tongue: fool, not to think how vain
h' Omnipotent to riſe in arms;
of ſmalleſt things could, without end
'd inceſſant armies to defeat
; or with ſolitary hand
beyond all limit, at one blow,
could have finiſh'd thee, and whelm'd
ons under darkneſs: but thou ſeeſt
ot of thy train; there be who faith
nd piety to God, though then
not viſible, when I alone
ı thy world erroneous to diſſent
: my ſect thou ſeeſt; now learn too late
ſometimes may know, when thouſands err.
ı the grand foe, with ſcornful eye aſkance,
ſwer'd. Ill for thee, but in wiſh'd hour
evenge, firſt ſought, for thou return'ſt
ght, ſeditious angel, to receive
ited reward, the firſt aſſay
right hand provok'd; ſince firſt that tongue,
with contradiction, durſt oppoſe
part of the gods, in ſynod met
ities to aſſert, who while they feel
livine within them, can allow
ence to none. But well thou com'ſt
ıy fellows, ambitious to win
: ſome plume, that thy ſucceſs may ſhow
on to the reſt: this pauſe between
er'd leſt thou boaſt) to let thee know;

At firſt I thought that liberty and heaven
To heavenly ſouls had been all one; but now
I ſee that moſt through ſloth had rather ſerve,
Miniſt'ring ſpi'rits, train'd up in feaſt and ſong;
Such haſt thou arm'd, the minſtrelſy of heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day ſhall prove.
To whom in brief thus Abdiel ſtern reply'd:
Apoſtate! ſtill thou err'ſt, nor end wild find
Of erring; from the path of truth remote:
Unjuſtly thou deprav'ſt it with the name
Of ſervitude, to ſerve whom God ordains,
Or Nature; God and Nature bid the ſame,
When he who rules is worthieſt, and excells
Them whom he governs. This is ſervitude,
To ſerve th' unwiſe, or him who hath rebell'd
Againſt his worthier, as thine now ſerve thee,
Thyſelf not free, but to thyſelf inthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'ſt our miniſt'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom; let me ſerve
In heaven God ever bleſs'd, and his divine
Behеſts obey, worthieſt to be obey'd;
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect: mean while
From me return'd, as erſt thou ſaidſt, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious creſt receive.
So ſay'ing, a noble ſtroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but ſo ſwift with tempeſt fell
On the proud creſt of Satan, that no ſight
Nor motion of ſwift thought, leſs could his ſhield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His maſſy ſpear upſtay'd; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had puſh'd a mountain from his ſeat,
Half ſunk with all his pines. Amazement ſeiz'd

he rebel thrones, but greater rage, to ſee
hus foil'd their mightieſt; ours joy fill'd, and ſhout,
reſage of victory, and fierce deſire
f battle: whereat Michaël bid ſound
h' archangel trumpet; thro' the vaſt of heaven
ſounded, and the faithful armies rung
ſanna to the High'eſt: nor ſtood at gaze
he adverſe legions, nor leſs hideous join'd
he horrid ſhock. Now ſtorming fury roſe,
nd clamour ſuch as heard in heaven till now
'as never; arms on armour claſhing bray'd
orrible diſcord, and the madding wheels
f brazen chariots rage'd; dire was the noiſe
f conflict; over head the diſmal hiſs
f fiery darts in flaming vollies flew,
nd flying vaulted either hoſt with fire.
o under fiery cope together ruſh'd
oth battles main, with ruinous aſſault
nd inextinguiſhable rage: all heaven
ſounded; and had earth been then, all earth
ad to her centre ſhook. What wonder? when
illions of fierce encount'ring angels fought
n either ſide, the leaſt of whom could wield
heſe elements, and arm him with the force
all their regions: how much more of power
my' againſt army numberleſs to raiſe
eadful combuſtion warring, and diſturb,
hough not deſtroy, their happy native ſeat;
d not th' eternal King omnipotent,
om his ſtrong hold of heaven, high over-rul'd
d limited their might; tho' number'd ſuch
each divided legion might have ſeem'd
numerous hoſt, in ſtrength each armed hand
legion, led in fight, yet leader ſeem'd
ch warriour ſingle as in chief, expert

When to advance, or ſtand, or turn the ſway
Of battle, open when, and when to cloſe
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear; each on himſelf rely'd,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was ſpread
That war, and various, ſometimes on firm ground
A ſtanding fight, then ſoaring on main wing
Tormented all the air; all air ſeem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even ſcale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had ſhown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging thro' the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the ſword of Michael ſmote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed ſway
Brandiſh'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide waſting; ſuch deſtruction to withſtand
He haſted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample ſhield,
A vaſt circumference. At his approach
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Inteſtine war in heaven, th' arch-foe ſubdu'd
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hoſtile frown
And viſage all inflam'd firſt thus began.
Author of ev'il, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in heaven, now plenteous, as thou ſeeſt
Theſe acts of hateful ſtrife, hateful to all,
Though heavieſt by juſt meaſure on thyſelf,
And thy adherents: how haſt thou diſturb'd
Heaven's bleſſed peace, and into nature brought
Miſery, uncreated till the crime

rebellion? how haſt thou inſtill'd
ılice into thouſands, once upright
thful, now prov'd falſe? But think not here
ible holy reſt; heaven caſts thee out
ll her confines. Heaven the ſeat of bliſs,
not the works of violence and war.
hen, and evil go with thee along,
ſpring, to the place of evil, hell,
nd thy wicked crew; there mingle broils,
; avenging ſword begin thy doom,
: more ſudden vengeance wing'd from God
ate thee with augmented pain.
ake the prince of angels; to whom thus
verſary. Nor think thou with wind
threats to awe whom yet with deeds
an'ſt not. Haſt thou turn'd the leaſt of theſe
ıt, or if to fall, but that they riſe
uiſh'd, eaſier to tranſact with me
ou ſhould'ſt hope, imperious, and with threats
e me hence? Err not, that ſo ſhall end
ſe which thou call'ſt evil, but we ſtyle
ife of glory; which we mean to win,
this heaven itſelf into the hell
ableſt; here however to dwell free,
o reign: mean while thy utmoſt force,
n him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
:, but have ſought thee far and nigh.
ended parle, and both addreſs'd for fight
:able; for who, though with the tongue
:ls, can relate, or to what things
n earth conſpicuous, that may lift
imagination to ſuch height
like power? for likeſt gods they ſeem'd,
ıey or mov'd, in ſtature, motion, arms,
ecide the empire of great Heaven.

Now wav'd their fiery ſwords, and in the air
Made horrid circles; two broad ſuns their ſhields
Blaz'd oppoſite, while Expectation ſtood
In horrour: from each hand with ſpeed retir'd,
Where erſt was thickeſt fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unſafe within the wind
Of ſuch commotion; ſuch as, to ſet forth
Great things by ſmall, if nature's concord broke,
Among the conſtellations war were ſprung,
Two planets, ruſhing from aſpect malign
Of fierceſt oppoſition, in mid ſky,
Should combat, and their jarring ſpheres confound.
Together both, with next to th' Almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one ſtroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or ſwift prevention: but the ſword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge; it met
The ſword of Satan, with ſteep force to ſmite
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer; nor ſtay'd,
But with ſwift wheel reverſe, deep ent'ring, ſhar'd
All his right ſide: then Satan firſt knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; ſo ſore
The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound
Paſs'd thro' him: but th' ethereal ſubſtance clos'd,
Not long diviſible; and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nectar'rous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguine, ſuch as celeſtial ſpi'rits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd, ere while ſo bright.
Forthwith on all ſides to his aid was run
By angels many and ſtrong, who interpos'd
Defence; while others bore him on their ſhields
Back to his chariot, where it ſtood retir'd

'rom off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnaſhing for anguiſh, and deſpite, and ſhame,
To find himſelf not matchleſs, and his pride
Humbled by ſuch rebuke, ſo far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet ſoon he heal'd; for ſpi'rits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In trails, heart, or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all ſenſe; and as they pleaſe,
They limb themſelves, and colour, ſhape, or ſize
Aſſume, as likes them beſt, condenſe or rare.
Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deſerv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphémous; but anon
Down cloven to the waiſt, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Tho' huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquiſh'd Adramalech, and Aſmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be leſs than gods
Diſdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghaſtly wounds thro' plate and mail.
Nor ſtood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The athieſt crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel ſcorch'd and blaſted, overthrew.
I might relate of thouſands, and their names

Eternize here on earth; but thoſe elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,
Seek not the praiſe of men: the other ſort,
In might tho' wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown leſs eager, yet by doom
Cancel'd from heaven and ſacred memory,
Nameleſs in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For ſtrength from truth divided, and from juſt,
Illaudable, naught merits but diſpraiſe
And ignominy; yet to glory' aſpires,
Vain-glorious, and thro' infamy ſeeks fame:
Therefore eternal ſilence be their doom.
And now their mightieſt quell'd, the battle ſwerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul diſorder; all the ground
With ſhiver'd armour ſtrown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming ſteeds; what ſtood, recoil'd
O'erwearied, thro' the faint Satanic hoſt
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale fear ſurpris'd,
Then firſt with fear ſurpris'd, and ſenſe of pain,
Fled ignominious, to ſuch evil brought
By ſin of diſobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwiſe th' inviolable ſaints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes, not to have ſinn'd
Not to have diſobey'd; in fight they ſtood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, tho' from their place by violence mov'd.
Now night her courſe began, and over heaven
Inducing darkneſs, grateful truce impos'd,
And ſilence on the odious din of war:

ous and fiery ſpume, till touch'd
ıven's ray, and temper'd, they ſhoot forth
eous, op'ning to the ambient light?
their dark nativity the deep
ld us, pregnant with infernal flame;
ıto hollow engines, long and round,
mm'd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
ınd infuriate, ſhall ſend forth
', with thund'ring noiſe, among our foes
›lements of miſchief, as ſhall daſh
s, and o'erwhelm whatever ſtands
that they ſhall fear we have diſarm'd
und'rer of his only dreaded bolt.
; ſhall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
ıll end our wiſh. Meanwhile revive;
fear; to ſtrength and counſel join'd
›thing hard, much leſs to be deſpair'd.
ded, and his words their drooping cheer
n'd, and their languiſh'd hope reviv'd.
ntion all admir'd, and each, how he
' inventor miſs'd; ſo eaſy' it ſeem'd
ınd, which yet unfound moſt would have
e. Yet haply of thy race [thought
: days, if malice ſhould abound,
e intent on miſchief, or inſpir'd
vi'liſh machination, might deviſe
rument to plague the ſons of men
on war and mutual ſlaughter bent.
h from council to the work they flew;
guing ſtood; innumerable hands
ıdy; in a moment up they turn'd
e celeſtial ſoil, and ſaw beneath
inals of nature in their crude
on; ſulphureous and nitrous foam
ınd, they mingled, and, with ſubtle art,

Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:
Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this earth
Intrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and their balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespy'd.
Now when fair morn orient in heaven appear'd,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came fly'ing, and, in mid air, aloud thus cry'd.
Arm, warriours! arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbid shield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.
So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;

ɔut diſturb they took alarm,
move imbattled: when behold
ar with heavy pace the foe
ʒ groſs and huge, in hollow cube
s deviliſh enginery, impal'd
le with ſhadowing ſquadrons deep,
fraud. At interview both ſtood
ut ſuddenly at head appear'd
thus was heard commanding loud.
l, to right and left the front unfold;
y ſee who hate us, how we ſeek
ompoſure, and with open breaſt
r to receive them, if they like
e, and turn not back perverſe:
doubt; however, witneſs heaven,
neſs thou anon, while we diſcharge
part; ye who appointed ſtand,
have in charge, and briefly touch
ropound, and loud that all may hear.
ıg in ambiguous words, he ſcarce
; when to right and left the front
nd to either flank retir'd:
ɔur eyes diſcover'd, new and ſtrange,
ɔunted row of pillars laid
(for like to pillars moſt they ſeem'd,
d bodies made of oak or fir,
ches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
ı, ſtony mould, had not their mouths
ous orifice gap'd on us wide,
ʒ hollow truce: at each behind
ſtood, and in his hand a reed
ing tipt with fire; while we ſuſpenſe,
ſtood within our thoughts amus'd:
for ſudden all at once their reeds
and to a narrow vent apply'd

With niceſt touch. Immediate in a flame,
But ſoon obſcur'd with ſmoke, all heaven appear'd,
From theſe deep-throated engines belch'd, whoſe roar
Imbowel'd with outrageous noiſe the air,
And all her intrails tore, diſgorging foul
Their deviliſh glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
Of iron globes; which on the victor hoſt
Level'd, with ſuch impetuous fury ſmote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might ſtand,
Though ſtanding elſe as rocks, but down they fell
By thouſands, angel on archangel roll'd;
The ſooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have eaſily, as ſpi'rits, evaded ſwift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul diſſipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
Nor ſerv'd it to relax their ſerried files.
What ſhould they do? if on they ruſh'd, repulſe
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more deſpis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of Seraphim another row,
In poſture to diſplode their ſecond tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worſe abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.
O friends, why come not on theſe victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breaſt, (what could we more?), propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtrait they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe,
If our propoſals once again were heard,

We ſhould compel them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus Belial, in like gameſome mood:
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well underſtand;
Not underſtood, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhow us when our foes walk not upright.
So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they preſum'd
So eaſy', and of his thunder made a ſcorn,
And all his hoſt derided, while they ſtood
A while in trouble: but they ſtood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Againſt ſuch helliſh miſchief fit to' oppoſe.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
For earth hath this variety from heaven
Of pleaſure ſituate in hill and dale)
Light as the light'ning glimpſe they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands. Amaze,
Be ſure, and terrour, ſeiz'd the rebel-hoſt,
When coming towards them ſo dread they ſaw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on thoſe curſed engines triple-row
They ſaw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themſelves invaded next, and on their heads

Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came ſhadowing, and oppreſs'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armour help their harm, cruſh'd in and bruis'd
Into their ſubſtance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long ſtruggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of ſuch pris'on, though ſpi'rits of pureſt light,
Pureſt at firſt, now groſs by ſinning grown.
The reſt, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills uptore:
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in diſmal ſhade;
Infernal noiſe; war ſeem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confuſion heap'd
Upon confuſion roſe. And now all heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overſpread;
Had not th' almighty Father, where he ſits
Shrin'd in his ſanctuary of heaven ſecure,
Conſulting on the ſum of things, foreſeen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpoſe he might ſo fulfil,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
Th' aſſeſſor of his throne, he thus began.
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son in whoſe face inviſible is beheld
Viſibly, what by deity I am,
And in whoſe hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are paſt,
Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
Theſe diſobedient: ſore hath been their fight,
As likelieſt was, when two ſuch foes met arm'd;

ıemſelves I left them; and thou know'ſt,
their creation they were form'd,
ıt ſin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
r, for I ſuſpend their doom;
in perpetual fight they needs muſt laſt
and no ſolution will be found:
ıried hath perform'd what war can do,
liſorder'd rage let looſe the reins,
›untains as with weapons arm'd; which makes
ırk in heaven, and dange'rous to the main.
rs are therefore paſt, the third is thine;
: I have ordain'd it, and thus far
fer'd, that the glory may be thine
ıg this great war, ſince none but thou
it. Into thee ſuch virtue' and grace
: I have transfus'd, that all may know
n and hell thy power above compare;
ı perverſe commotion govern'd thus,
ifeſt thee worthieſt to be Heir
ıings, to be Heir, and to be King
:d unction, thy deſerved right.
, thou Mightieſt, in thy Father's might,
my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
ake heaven's baſis, bring forth all my war,
and thunder, my almighty arms
, and ſword upon thy puiſſant thigh;
:heſe ſons of darkneſs, drive them out
l heaven's bounds into the utter deep:
:t them learn, as likes them, to deſpiſe
ıd Meſſiah his anointed King.
id, and on his Son with rays direct
ull; he all his Father full expreſs'd
y into his face receiv'd;
ıs the Filial Godhead anſw'ring ſpake.
ther, O Supreme of heavenly Thrones,

Firſt, Higheſt, Holieſt, Beſt; thou always ſeek'ſt
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is moſt juſt; this I my glory' account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declar'ſt thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliſs.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I aſſume;
And gladlier ſhall reſign, when in the end
Thou ſhalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'ſt:
But whom thou hat'ſt, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrours, as I put thy mildneſs on,
Image of thee in all things; and ſhall ſoon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid heaven of theſe rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill manſion driven down,
To chains of darkneſs, and th' undying worm,
That from thy juſt obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happineſs entire.
Then ſhall thy ſaints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far ſeparate, circling thy holy mount
Unfeigned Hallelujahs to thee ſing,
Hymns of high praiſe, and I among them chief.
So ſaid, he o'er his ſceptre bowing, roſe
From the right hand of Glory where he ſat;
And the third ſacred morn began to ſhine,
Dawning through heaven. Forth ruſh'd with whirlwind ſound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itſelf inſtinct with ſpirit, but convoy'd
By four Cherubic ſhapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with ſtars, their bodies all,
And wings, were ſet with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a cryſtal firmament,
Whereon a ſaphire throne, inlaid with pure

Amber, and colours of the ſhow'ry arch.
He in celeſtial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Aſcended; at his right hand victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder ſtor'd;
And from about him fierce effuſion roll'd
Of ſmoke, and bick'ring flame, and ſparkles dire.
Attended with ten thouſand thouſand ſaints,
He onward came, far off his coming ſhone;
And twenty thouſand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were ſeen.
He on the wings of Cherub rode ſublime
On the cryſtalline ſky, in ſapphir thron'd,
Illuſtrious far and wide; but by his own
Firſt ſeen: them unexpected joy ſurpris'd,
When the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd
Aloft by angels borne, his ſign in heaven;
Under whoſe conduct Michael ſoon reduce'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head imbodied all in one.
Before him power divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice, and went
Obſequious; heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
And with freſh flow'rets hill and valley ſmil'd.
This ſaw his hapleſs foes, but ſtood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers
Inſenſate, hope conceiving from deſpair.
In heavenly ſpi'rits could ſuch perverſeneſs dwell?
But to convince the proud what ſigns avail,
Or wonders more th' obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might moſt reclaim,
Grieving to ſee his glory, at the ſight
Took envy; and aſpiring to his height,

Stood reimbattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to proſper, and at length prevail
Againſt God and Meſſiah, or to fall
In univerſal ruin laſt; and now
To final battle drew, diſdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his hoſt on either hand thus ſpake.
Stand ſtill in bright array, ye ſaints, here ſtand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle reſt;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearleſs in his righteous cauſe;
And as ye have receiv'd, ſo have ye done
Invincibly: but of this curſed crew
The puniſhment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whoſe he ſole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; ſtand only, and behold
God's indignation on theſe godleſs pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have deſpis'd,
Yet envied; againſt me is all their rage,
Becauſe the Father, t' whom in heaven ſupreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath aſſign'd;
That they may have their wiſh, to try with me
In battle which the ſtronger proves, they all,
Or I alone againſt them, ſince by ſtrength
They meaſure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other ſtrife with them do I vouchſafe.
So ſpake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too ſevere to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four ſpread out their ſtarry wings
With dreadful ſhade contiguous, and the orbs

-ce chariot roll'd, as with the ſound
t floods, or of a numerous hoſt.
impious foes right onward drove,
s night; under his burning wheels
ſt empyréan ſhook throughout,
e throne itſelf of God. Full ſoon
em he arriv'd, in his right hand
ten thouſand thunders, which he ſent
n, ſuch as in their ſouls infix'd
they aſtoniſh'd all reſiſtence loſt,
ge; down their idle weapons dropt:
ls, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
es and mighty Seraphim proſtráte,
'd the mountains now might be again
m them, as a ſhelter from his ire.
n either ſide tempeſtuous fell
s, from the fourfold-viſag'd four
ith eyes, and from the living wheels
ike with multitude of eyes;
in them rul'd, and every eye
htning, and ſhot forth pernicious fire
'accurs'd, that wither'd all their ſtrength,
eir wonted vigour left them drain'd,
, ſpiritleſs, afflicted, fallen.
is ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
er in mid volley; for he meant
ſtroy, but root them out of heaven:
hrown he rais'd, and as a herd
or timorous flock together throng'd,
m before him thunder-ſtruck, purſu'd
ours and with furies to the bounds
l wall of heav'n; which op'ning wide,
rard, and a ſpacious gap diſclos'd
aſteful deep: the monſtrous ſight
n *with horrour* backward, but far worſe

Urg'd them behind: headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomleſs pit.
Hell heard th' unſufferable noiſe, hell ſaw
Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but ſtrict Fate had caſt too deep
Her dark foundations, and too faſt had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: hell at laſt
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the houſe of woe and pain.
Diſburden'd heaven rejoic'd, and ſoon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor from th' expulſion of his foes
Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his ſaints, who ſilent ſtood
Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him ſung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion giv'n,
Worthieſt to reign! He celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid heav'n, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he ſits at the right hand of Bliſs.
Thus meaſuring things in heav'n by things on earth,
At thy requeſt, and that thou mayſt beware
By what is paſt, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have elſe to human race been hid;
The diſcord which befel, and war in heaven
Among th' angelic powers, and the deep fall

e too high aſpiring, who rebell'd
ıtan; he who envies now thy ſtate,
w is plotting how he may ſeduce
ſo from obedience, that, with him
l of happineſs, thou mayſt partake
iſhment, eternal miſery;
would be all his ſolace and revenge,
ſpite done againſt the Moſt High,
ıce to gain companion of his woe.
n not to his temptations, warn
aker; let it profit thee to' have heard
ble example the reward
ɔedience; firm they might have ſtood,
; remember, and fear to tranſgreſs.

End *of the* Sixth Book

ARGUMENT of Book VII.

Raphael, at the requeſt of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was firſt created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleaſure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; ſends his Son with glory and attendance of angels to perform the work of the creation in ſix days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reaſcenſion into heaven.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.

DEſcend from heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whoſe voice divine
ollowing above th' Olympian hill I ſoar,
bove the flight of Pegaséan wing.
he meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
or of the Muſes nine, nor on the top
f old Olympus dwell'ſt; but heavenly born,
efore the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
hou with eternal Wiſdom didſt converſe,
iſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
i preſence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
ith thy celeſtial ſong. Up-led by thee,
to the heaven of heavens I have preſum'd,
n earthly gueſt, and drawn empyreal air,
hy temp'ring; with like ſafety guided down,
eturn me to my native element:
eſt from this flying ſteed unrein'd, (as once
ellerophon, though from a higher clime),
iſmounted, on th' Aleian field I fall,
rroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
alf yet remains unſung, but narrower bound
ithin the viſible diurnal ſphere;
tanding on earth, not rapt above the pole,
ore ſafe I ſing with mortal voice, unchang'd

To hoarſe or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude; yet not alone, while thou
Viſit'ſt my ſlumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the eaſt: ſtill govern thou my ſong,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous diſſonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the ſavage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muſe defend
Her ſon. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heavenly, ſhe an empty dream.
Say, Goddeſs, what enſu'd when Raphaël,
The affable archangel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apoſtaſy, by what befel in heaven
To thoſe apoſtates, leſt the like befall
In Paradiſe to Adam, or his race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they tranſgreſs, and ſlight that ſole command,
So eaſily obey'd, amid the choice
Of all taſtes elſe to pleaſe their appetite,
Though wand'ring. He with his conſorted Eve
The ſtory heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muſe, to hear
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to their thought
So unimaginable as hate in heav'n,
And war ſo near the peace of God in bliſs,
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With bleſſedneſs. Whence Adam ſoon repeal'd

:s that in his heart aroſe: and now
et ſinleſs, with deſire to know
cer might concern him, how this world
, and earth conſpicuous firſt began,
d whereof created, for what cauſe,
hin Eden or without was done
memory, as one whoſe drought
allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtream,
id murmur heard new thirſt excites,
thus to aſk his heavenly gueſt.
hings, and full of wonder in our ears,
ng from this world, thou haſt reveal'd,
erpreter, by favour ſent
m the empyréan to forwarn
' of what might elſe have been our loſs,
, which human knowledge could not reach:
1 to th' infinitely Good we owe
thanks, and his admoniſhment
ith ſolemn purpoſe to obſerve
y his ſov'reign will, the end
we are. But ſince thou haſt vouchſaf'd
r our inſtruction to impart
bove earthly thought, which yet concern'd
ing, as to higheſt Wiſdom ſeem'd,
deſcend now lower, and relate
y no leſs perhaps avail us known,
began this heaven, which we behold
high, with moving fires adorn'd
ble; and this which yields or fills
the ambient air wide interfus'd
g round this florid earth; what cauſe
e Creator, in his holy reſt
all eternity, ſo late to build
; and the work begun, how ſoon
if unforbid thou mayſt unfold

What we, not to explore the ſecrets aſk
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though ſteep; ſuſpenſe in heav
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the riſing birth
Of nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the ſtar of evening and the moon
Haſte to thy audience, night with her will bring
Silence, and ſleep liſt'ning to thee will watch;
Or we can bid his abſence, till thy ſong
End, and diſmiſs thee ere the morning ſhine.
Thus Adam his illuſtrious gueſt beſought:
And thus the godlike angel anſwer'd mild.
This alſo thy requeſt with caution aſk'd
Obtain: though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can ſuffice,
Or heart of man ſuffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canſt attain, which beſt may ſerve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee alſo happier, ſhall not be withheld
Thy hearing; ſuch commiſſion from above
I have receiv'd, to anſwer thy deſire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abſtain
To aſk, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' inviſible King,
Only omniſcient, hath ſuppreſs'd in night,
To none communicable in earth or heaven:
Enough is left beſides to ſearch and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no leſs
Her temp'rance over appetite, to know
In meaſure what the mind may well contain;
Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns

o folly', as nouriſhment to wind.
hen, that after Lucifer from heaven
im, brighter once amidſt the hoſt
, than that ſtar the ſtars among)
his flaming legions through the deep
lace, and the great Son return'd
; with his ſaints, the omnipotent
'ather from his throne beheld
ltitude, and to his Son thus ſpake.
t our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
imſelf rebellious, by whoſe aid
ceſſible high ſtrength, the ſeat
ſupreme, us diſpoſſeſs'd,
l to have ſeiz'd, and into fraud
ny, whom their place here knows no more:
ıe greater part have kept, I ſee,
ion; Heaven yet populous retains
ſufficient to poſſeſs her realms
wide, and this high temple to frequent
ıiſteries due and ſolemn rites.
is heart exalt him in the harm
lone, to have diſpeopled heaven,
ge fondly deem'd, I can repair
iment, if ſuch it be, to loſe
and in a moment will create
world, out of one man a race
ınumerable, there to dwell,
; till by degrees of merit rais'd,
n to themſelves at length the way
, under long obedience try'd;
ı be chang'd to heaven, and heaven to earth,
dom, joy and union without end.
le inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven;
my Word, begotten Son, by thee
rform; ſpeak thou, and be it done:

My overſhadowing Spi'rit and might with thee
I ſend along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth,
Boundleſs the deep, becauſe I Am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the ſpace.
Though I uncircumſcrib'd myſelf retire,
And put not forth my goodneſs, which is free
To act or not, neceſſity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
So ſpake th' Almighty, and to what he ſpake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more ſwift
Than time or motion; but to human ears
Cannot without proceſs of ſpeech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in heaven,
When ſuch was heard declar'd th' Almighty's will:
Glory they ſung to the Moſt High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace!
Glory to him, whoſe juſt avenging ire
Had driv'n out th' ungodly from his ſight,
And th' habitations of the juſt; to him
Glory and praiſe, whoſe wiſdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, inſtead
Of ſpi'rits malign a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuſe
His good to worlds and ages infinite!
So ſang the Hierarchies. Mean while the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majeſty divine; ſapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him ſhone.
About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And virtues, winged ſpi'rits, and chariots wing'd

armoury of God; where ſtand of old
etween two brazen mountains lodge'd
ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
quipage; and now came forth
ous, for within them ſpirit liv'd,
on their Lord: heaven open'd wide
during gates, harmonious ſound
n hinges moving, to let forth
of Glory in his powerful Word
it coming to create new worlds.
nly ground they ſtood, and from the ſhore
w'd the vaſt immeaſurable abyſs,
us as a ſea, dark, waſteful, wild,
the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
ing waves, as mountains, to aſſault
height, and with the centre mix the pole.
, ye troubled waves! and thou deep, peace!
th' omnific Word, your diſcord end:
d; but on the wings of Cherubim
in paternal glory rode
Chaos, and the world unborn;
s heard his voice: him all his train
in bright proceſſion, to behold
and the wonders of his might.
r'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
he golden compaſſes, prepar'd
eternal ſtore, to circumſcribe
erſe, and all created things:
he center'd, and the other turn'd
ro' the vaſt profundity obſcure,
Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
hy juſt circumference, O world.
od the heaven created, thus the earth,
nform'd and void: darkneſs profound
h' abyſs: but on the watry calm

His brooding wings the Spi'rit of God outſpread,
And vital virtue' infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid maſs; but downward purge'd
The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
Adverſe to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the reſt to ſeveral place
Diſparted, and between ſpun out the air,
And earth ſelf-balanc'd on her centre hung.
Let there be light, ſaid God; and forthwith light
Ethereal, firſt of things, quinteſſence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native eaſt
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the ſun
Was not; ſhe in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God ſaw the light was good;
And light from darkneſs by the hemiſphere
Divided: light the day, and darkneſs night
He nam'd. Thus was the firſt day ev'n and morn:
Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
By the celeſtial quires, when orient light
Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
Birth-day of heaven and earth; with joy and ſhout
The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works; Creator him they ſung,
Both when firſt ev'ning was, and when firſt morn.
Again, God ſaid, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanſe of liquid, pure,
Tranſparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermoſt convex
Of this great round: partition firm and ſure,
The waters underneath from thoſe above
Dividing: for as earth, ſo he the world

circumfluous waters calm, in wide
e ocean, and the loud miſrule
s far remov'd, leſt fierce extremes
us might diſtemper the whole frame:
en he nam'd the Firmament: ſo ev'n
ning chorus ſung the ſecond day.
rth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
s, embryon immature involv'd,
not: over all the face of earth
an flow'd; not idle, but with warm
umour ſoft'ning all her globe,
d the great mother to conceive,
ith genial moiſture; when God ſaid,
r'd now ye waters under heaven
place, and let dry land appear.
ely the mountains huge appear
t, and their broad bare backs upheave
clouds, their tops aſcend the ſky:
s heav'd the tumid hills, ſo low
ık a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
s bed of waters: thither they
ith glad precipitance, uproll'd
on duſt conglobing from the dry;
in cryſtal wall, or ridge direct,
; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
rift floods: as armies at the call
et (for of armies thou haſt heard)
their ſtandard, ſo the watry throng,
ling after wave, where way they found,
with torrent rapture, if through plain,
ıg; nor withſtood them rock or hill,
or under ground, or circuit wide
ent-errour wand'ring, found their way,
he waſhy ooſe deep channels wore;
God had bid the ground be dry,

All but within thoſe banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters he call'd Seas:
And ſaw that it was good; and ſaid, Let th' earth
Put forth the verdant graſs, herb yielding ſeed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whoſe ſeed is in herſelf upon the earth.
He ſcarce had ſaid, when the bare earth, till then
Deſert and bare, unſightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender graſs, whoſe verdure clad
Her univerſal face with pleaſant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that ſudden flower'd
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her boſom ſmelling ſweet: and theſe ſcarce blown,
Forth flouriſh'd thick the cluſt'ring vine, forth crept
The ſmelling gourd, up ſtood the corny reed
Imbattled in her field; and th' humble ſhrub,
And buſh with frizzled hair implicit: laſt
Roſe as in dance the ſtately trees, and ſpread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their bloſſoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-ſide,
With borders long the rivers: that earth now
Seem'd like to heaven, a ſeat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her ſacred ſhades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the earth a dewy miſt
Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th' earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green ſtem; God ſaw that it was good:
So ev'n and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty ſpake, Let there be lights
ligh in th' expanſe of heaven, to divide
The day from night; and let them be for ſigns,
For ſeaſons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven,
To give light on the earth; and it was ſo.
And God made two great lights, great for their uſe
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The leſs by night, altern; and made the ſtars,
And ſet them in the firmament of heaven,
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their viciſſitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkneſs to divide. God ſaw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celeſtial bodies firſt the ſun
A mighty ſphere he fram'd, unlightſome firſt,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
Globoſe, and every magnitude of ſtars,
And ſow'd with ſtars the heaven thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy ſhrine, and plac'd
In the ſun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their ſmall peculiar, though from human ſight
So far remote, with diminution ſeen.
First in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
His *longitude thro'* heaven's high road; the gray

Dawn, and the Pleiades before him dance'd,
Shedding ſweet influence: leſs bright the moon,
But oppoſite in levell'd weſt was ſet,
His mirrour, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light ſhe needed none
In that aſpect; and ſtill that diſtance keeps
Till night, then in the eaſt her turn ſhe ſhines,
Revolv'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thouſand leſſer lights dividual holds,
With thouſand thouſand ſtars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemiſphere: then firſt adorn'd
With their bright luminaries, that ſet and roſe,
Glad ev'ning and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
And God ſaid, Let the waters generate
Reptile with ſpawn abundant, living ſoul:
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Diſplay'd on the' open firmament of heav'n.
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteouſly
The waters generated by their kinds,
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And ſaw that it was good, and bleſs'd them; ſaying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the ſeas,
And lakes, and running ſtreams, the waters fill;
And let the fowl be multiply'd on th' earth.
Forthwith the ſounds and ſeas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable ſwarm, and ſhoals
Of fiſh, that with their fins and ſhining ſcales
Glide under the green wave, in ſculls that oft
Bank the mid ſea: part ſingle or with mate
Graze the ſea-weed their paſture, and thro' groves
Of coral ſtray; or ſporting with quick glance,
Show to the ſun their wav'd coats dropt with gold;
Or in their pearly ſhells at eaſe, attend
Moiſt nutriment; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch: on ſmooth the ſeal,

ded dolphins play: part huge of bulk
ng unwieldly', enormous in their gait,
the ocean: there leviathan,
of living creatures, on the deep
d like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
ms a moving land, and at his gills
n, and at his trunk spouts out a sea;
ile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
rood as numerous hatch, from th' egg that soon
; with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
illow young, but feather'd soon and fledge
mm'd their pens, and soaring th' air sublime,
ang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
ect; there the eagle and the stork
; and cedar-tops their eyries build:
sely wing the region, part more wise
non, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
nt of seasons, and set forth
iry caravan high over seas
and over lands with mutual wing
their flight; so steers the prudent crane
ual voyage, borne on winds; the air
as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
ranch to branch the smaller birds with song
t the woods, and spread their painted wings
; nor then the solemn nightingale
warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
owny breast; the swan with arched neck
r her white wings mantling proudly, rows
o with oary feet; yet oft they quit
nk, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
d aereal sky: others on ground
firm; the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
nt hours; and th' other, whose gay train

Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and ſtarry' eyes. The waters thus
With fiſh repleniſh'd, and the air with fowl,
Ev'ning and morn ſolemniz'd the fifth day.
The ſixth, and of creation laſt, aroſe
With ev'ning harps and matin; when God ſaid,
Let th' earth bring forth ſoul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beaſt of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and ſtrait
Op'ning her fertile womb, teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up roſe,
As from his lair, the wild beaſt where he wons
In foreſt wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they roſe, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Thoſe rare and ſolitary, theſe in flocks
Paſturing at once, and in broad herds upſprung.
The graſſy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then ſprings as broke from bonds,
And rampant ſhakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Riſing, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the ſwift ſtag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: ſcarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth, upheav'd
His vaſtneſs: fleec'd the flocks and bleating roſe,
As plants: ambiguous between ſea and land
The river-horſe and ſcaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Inſect or worm: thoſe wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and ſmalleſt lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of ſummer's pride,
With ſpots of gold and purple, azure and green:

line their long dimenſion drew,
he ground with ſinuous trace; not all
nature; ſome of ſerpent-kind,
in length and corpulence, involv'd
r folds, and added wings. Firſt crept
ionious emmet, provident
in ſmall room large heart inclos'd,
juſt equality perhaps
joined in her popular tribes
nalty: ſwarming next appear'd
: bee, that feeds her huſband drone
, and builds her waxen cells
y ſtor'd: the reſt are numberleſs,
heir natures know'ſt, and gav'ſt them names,
thee repeated; nor unknown
t, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field,
:tent ſometimes, with brazen eyes
mane terrific, though to thee
s, but obedient at thy call.
ven in all her glory ſhone, and roll'd
is, as the great firſt Mover's hand
'd their courſe; earth in her rich attire
te lovely ſmil'd; air, water, earth,
h, beaſt, was flown, was ſwum, was walk'd
and of the ſixth day yet remain'd:
ted yet the maſter-work, the end
lone; a creature, who not prone
as other creatures, but endu'd
ty of reaſon, might erect
and upright with front ſerene
reſt, ſelf-knowing, and from thence
ous to correſpond with heaven,
il to acknowledge whence his good
thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
devotion, to adore

And worſhip God ſupreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Preſent?) thus to his Son audibly ſpake.
Let us make now man in our image, man
In our ſimilitude, and let them rule
Over the fiſh and fowl of ſea and air,
Beaſt of the field, and over all the earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This ſaid, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man!
Duſt of the ground, and in thy noſtrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Expreſs, and thou becam'ſt a living ſoul.
Male he created thee, but thy conſort
Female for race; then bleſs'd mankind, and ſaid,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fiſh of the ſea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet diſtinct by name, thence, as thou know'ſt,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taſte;
And freely all their pleaſant fruit for food
Gave thee; all ſorts are here that all th' earth yields,
Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which taſted works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'ſt not; in the day thou eat'ſt, thou dy'ſt;
Death is the penalty impos'd; beware,
And govern well thy appetite, leſt Sin
Surpriſe thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finiſh'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good.

and morn accompliſh'd the ſixth day:
till the Creator from his work
', though unwearied, up return'd,
ıe heaven of heavens, his high abode,
to behold this new-created world,
ition of his empire, how it ſhow'd
ect from his throne, how good, how fair,
ng his great idea. Up he rode,
l with acclamation, and the ſound
nious of ten thouſand harps that tun'd
harmonies: the earth, the air
ed, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt),
ıvens and all the conſtellations rung,
nets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
he bright pomp aſcended jubilant.
everlaſting gates! they ſung;
e heav'ns, your living doors! let in
ıat Creator from his work return'd
ɔent, his ſix days work, a world!
ınd henceforth oft; for God will deign
oft the dwellings of juſt men,
ɔd, and with frequent intercourſe
will ſend his winged meſſengers
nds of ſupernal grace! So ſung
ırious train aſcending. He thro' heaven,
ɛn'd wide her blazing portals, led
's eternal houſe direct the way;
l and ample road, whoſe duſt is gold,
ɾement ſtars, as ſtars to thee appear,
the galaxy, that milky way,
nightly, as a circling zone, thou ſeeſt
d with ſtars. And now on earth the ſeventh
aroſe in Eden; for the ſun
, and twilight from the eaſt came on,
ning night; when at the holy mount

Of Heaven's high ſeated top, th' imperial throne
Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and ſure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and ſat him down
With his great Father; for he alſo went
Inviſible, yet ſtay'd, (ſuch privilege
Hath Omnipreſence), and the work, ordain'd,
Author and end of all things; and from work
Now reſting, bleſs'd and hallow'd the ſeventh day,
As reſting on that day from all his work:
But not in ſilence holy kept; the harp
Had work, and reſted not; the ſolemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of ſweet ſtop,
All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire
Temper'd ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or uniſon: of incenſe clouds,
Fuming from golden cenſers, hid the mount.
Creation and the ſix days acts they ſung,
Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power! what thought can meaſure thee, or tongue
Relate thee! greater now in thy return
Than from the giant-angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnify'd; but to create
Is greater than created to deſtroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy empire! Eaſily the proud attempt
Of ſpi'rits apoſtate, and their counſels vain,
Thou haſt repell'd, while impiouſly they thought
Thee to diminiſh, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worſhippers. Who ſeeks
To leſſen thee, againſt his purpoſe ſerves
To manifeſt the more thy might: his evil
Thou uſeſt, and from thence creat'ſt more good.
Witneſs this new-made world, another heaven,
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glaſſy ſea;

plitude almoſt immenſe, with ſtars
ous, and every ſtar perhaps a world
in'd habitation; but thou know'ſt
ſeaſons: among theſe the ſeat of men,
with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
pleaſant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,
ns of men, whom God hath thus advance'd
d in his image, there to dwell,
orſhip him; and in reward to rule
is works, on earth, in ſea, or air;
ultiply a race of worſhippers,
nd juſt: thrice happy, if they know
happineſs, and perſevere upright.
ung they, and the empyrean rung,
Hallelujahs: thus was Sabbath kept.
ıy requeſt think now fulfill'd, that aſk'd
irſt this world and face of things began,
hat before thy memory was done
the beginning, that poſterity,
ı'd by thee, might know; if elſe thou ſeek'ſt
, not ſurpaſſing human meaſure ſay.

End *of the* Seventh Book.

ARGUMENT of Book VIII.

Adam inquires concerning celeſtial motions; is doubtfully anſwered, and exhorted to ſearch rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam aſſents; and, ſtill deſirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered ſince his own creation, his placing in Paradiſe, his talk with God concerning ſolitude and fit ſociety, his firſt meeting and nuptials with Eve; his diſcourſe with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

To Virgil BOOK VIII.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.

E angel ended, and in Adam's ear
o charming left his voice, that he a while
ght him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear;
as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.
at thanks ſufficient, or what recompenſe
have I to render thee, divine
an, who thus largely haſt allay'd
hirſt I had of knowledge, and vouchſaf'd
riendly condeſcenſion to relate
s elſe by me unſearchable, now heard
wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
glory attributed to the High
r? Something yet of doubt remains,
only thy ſolution can reſolve.
en I behold this goodly frame, this world,
aven and earth conſiſting, and compute
magnitudes, this earth a ſpot, a grain,
m, with the firmament compar'd,
l her number'd ſtars, that ſeem to roll
incomprehenſible, (for ſuch
diſtance argues, and their ſwift return
al), merely to officiate light
this opacous earth, this punctual ſpot,
y *and night, in* all their vaſt ſurvey

Uſeleſs beſides; reaſoning I oft admire,
How nature wiſe and frugal could commit
Such diſproportions, with ſuperfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater ſo manifold, to this one uſe,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impoſe
Such reſtleſs revolution day by day
Repeated, while the ſedentary earth,
That better might with far leſs compaſs move,
Serv'd by more noble than herſelf, attains
Her end without leaſt motion, and receives,
As tribute, ſuch a ſumleſs journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to deſcribe whoſe ſwiftneſs number fails.
So ſpake our ſire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe; which Eve
Perceiving, where ſhe ſat retir'd in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtic from her ſeat,
And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery; they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: ſuch pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;
Her huſband the relator ſhe preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to aſk
Choſe rather; he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd?
With goddeſslike demeanor forth ſhe went;

ended; for on her, as queen,
f winning graces waited ſtill,
about her ſhot darts of deſire
es, to wiſh her ſtill in ſight:
ael now to Adam's doubt propos'd
t and facile, thus reply'd,
or ſearch I blame thee not; for heav'n
ook of God before thee ſet,
o read his wondrous works, and learn
s, hours, or days, or months, or years.
tain, whether heaven move, or earth,
ot, if thou reckon right; the reſt
or angel the great Architect
to conceal, and not divulge
to be ſcann'd by them who ought
mire; or if they liſt to try
; he his fabric of the heavens
o their diſputes, perhaps to move
er at their quaint opinions wide
when they come to model heaven,
late the ſtars, how they will wield
ty frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
pearances, how gird the ſphere
ric and eccentric ſcribbled o'er,
epicycle, orb in orb.
y thy reaſoning this I gueſs,
o lead thy offspring, and ſuppoſeſt
es bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
ot bright, nor heaven ſuch journeys run,
ng ſtill, when ſhe alone receives
t. Conſider firſt, that great
infers not excellence: the earth
n compariſon of heaven, ſo ſmall,
ing, may of ſolid good contain
ty than the ſun that barren ſhines,

Whoſe virtue on itſelf works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth; there firſt receiv'd
His beams, unactive elſe, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are thoſe bright luminaries
Officious, but to thee, earth's habitant.
And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it ſpeak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So ſpacious, and his line ſtretch'd out ſo far;
That man may know he dwells not in his own;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe circles attribûte,
Though numberleſs, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could add
Speed almoſt ſpiritual: me thou think'ſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the morning hour ſet out from heaven,
Where God reſides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden; diſtance inexpreſſible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heavens, to ſhow
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I ſo affirm, though ſo it ſeem
To thee who haſt thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human ſenſe,
Plac'd heaven from earth ſo far, that earthly ſight,
If it preſume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the ſun
Be centre to the world, and other ſtars
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wand'ring courſe now high, now low, then hid,
Progreſſive, retrograde, or ſtanding ſtill,
In ſix thou ſeeſt; and what if ſev'nth to theſe
The planet earth, ſo ſtedfaſt though ſhe ſeem,

three different motions move?
se to several spheres thou must ascribe,
ntrary with thwart obliquities;
he sun his labour, and that swift
l and diurnal rhomb supposed,
else above all stars, the wheel
nd night; which needs not thy belief,
industrious of herself fetch day
g east, and with her part averse
: sun's beam meet night, her other part
inous by his ray. What if that light
n her through the wide-transpicuous air,
rrestrial moon be as a star
ning her by day, as she by night
h? reciprocal, if land be there,
d inhabitants: her spots thou seest
s, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
her soften'd soil; for some to eat
there; and other suns, perhaps,
eir attendant moons, thou wilt descry
icating male and female light;
wo great sexes animate the world,
each orb perhaps with some that live.
vast room in nature unpossess'd
; soul; desert and desolate,
shine, yet scarce to contribute
a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
this habitable, which returns
ck to them, is obvious to dispute.
ther thus these things, or whether not;
the sun predominant in heaven
he earth, or earth rise on the sun;
the east his flaming road begin,
om west her silent course advance
offensive pace, that spinning sleeps

On her ſoft axle, while ſhe paces even,
And bears thee ſoft with the ſmooth air along;
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above, him ſerve and fear;
Of other creatures, as him pleaſes beſt,
Wherever plac'd, let him diſpoſe: joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradiſe,
And thy fair Eve; heaven is for thee too high
To know what paſſes there; be lowly wiſe:
Think only what concerns thee and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what ſtate, condition, or degree,
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd,
Not of earth only, but of higheſt heaven.
To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, reply'd:
How fully haſt thou ſatisfy'd me, pure
Intelligence of heaven, angel ſerene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The eaſieſt way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the ſweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not moleſt us, unleſs we ourſelves
Seek them with wand'ring thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, ſhe learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From uſe, obſcure and ſubtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wiſdom: what is more, is fume,
Or emptineſs, or fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that moſt concern,
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and ſtill to ſeek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us deſcend
A lower flight, and ſpeak of things at hand

nce haply mention may ariſe
ıg not unſeaſonable to aſk,
e, and thy wonted favour deign'd
ıve heard relating what was done
embrance: now hear me relate
hich perhaps thou haſt not hear'd;
yet not ſpent; till then thou ſeeſt
to detain thee I deviſe,
e to hear while I relate,
it not in hope of thy reply:
ſit with thee, I ſeem in heaven,
thy diſcourſe is to my ear
of palm-tree, pleaſanteſt to thirſt
both, from labour, at the hour
paſt: they ſatiate, and ſoon fill;
aſant; but thy words with grace divine
ng to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.
thus Raphael anſwer'd heavenly meek
lips ungraceful, ſire of men,
ineloquent; for God on thee
his gifts hath alſo pour'd,
outward both, his image fair:
mute, all comelineſs and grace
e, and each word, each motion forms;
nk we in heaven of thee on earth
fellow-ſervant, and inquire
the ways of God with man:
ſee hath honour'd thee, and ſet
equal love. Say therefore on;
lay was abſent, as befel,
voyage uncouth and obſcure,
rſion tow'ard the gates of hell;
full legion, (ſuch command we had),
none thence iſſu'd forth a ſpy,
while God was in his work;

Leſt he incens'd at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durſt without his leave attempt;
But us he ſends upon his high beheſts
For ſtate, as Sov'reign King, and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
But long ere our approaching, heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coaſts of light
Ere Sabbath-ev'ning: ſo we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no leſs than thou with mine.
So ſpake the godlike Power, and thus our ſire:
For man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himſelf beginning knew?
Deſire with thee ſtill longer to converſe
Induce'd me. As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweet, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moiſture fed.
Strait toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion, up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, as lively vigour led:

was, or where, or from what cauſe,
I ſpeak I by it, and forthwith ſpake;
ey'd, and readily could name
I ſaw. Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light,
enlighten'd earth, ſo freſh and gay,
d daies, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
at live and move, fair creatures, tell,
ſaw, how came I thus, how here?
ſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
ſs and in power preeminent;
how may I know him, how adore,
m I have that thus I move and live,
hat I am happier than I know.
s I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
re I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
y light; when anſwer none return'd,
n ſhady bank, profuſe of flowers,
at me down: there gentle ſleep
d me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
d ſenſe, untroubled, though I thought
s paſſing to my former ſtate
and forthwith to diſſolve:
denly ſtood at my head a dream,
ward apparition gently mov'd
to believe I yet had being,
One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,
of men innumerable ordain'd
r; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
rden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
by the hand he took me rais'd,
fields and waters, as in air
iding without ſtep, laſt led me up
mountain; whoſe high top was plain,
wide, inclos'd with goodlieſt trees

Planted, with walks, and bowers, that what I ſaw
Of earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Loaden with faireſt fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Preſence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiſs: he rear'd me, and Whom thou ſought'ſt I
Said mildly, Author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have ſet
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence: for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſs'd, inevitably thou ſhalt die,
From that day mortal; and this happy ſtate
Shalt loſe, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounce'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his clear aſpect
Return'd, and gracious purpoſe thus renew'd.
Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords

ès it, and all things that therein live,
live in ſea, or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl.
ign whereof each bird and beaſt behold
er their kinds; I bring them to receive
m thee their names, and pay thee feälty
th low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
fiſh within their watry reſidence,
t hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
eir element, to draw the thinner air.
thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
proaching two and two, theſe cowring low
th blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
am'd them, as they paſs'd, and underſtood
eir nature, with ſuch knowledge God endu'd
ſudden apprehenſion. But in theſe
und not what methought I wanted ſtill;
d to the heavenly viſion thus preſum'd.
O by what name, for thou above all theſe,
ove mankind, or ought than mankind higher,
paſſeſt far my naming, how may I
ore thee, Author of this univerſe,
d all this good to man? for whoſe well-being
amply, and with hands ſo liberal,
ou haſt provided all things: but with me
e not who partakes. In ſolitude
at happineſs, who can enjoy alone,
all enjoying, what contentment find?
is I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.
What call'ſt thou ſolitude? Is not the earth
:h various living creatures, and the air,
ileniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
come and play before thee? Know'ſt thou not
:ir language and their ways? they alſo know,
d reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe

Find paſtime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I, with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferiour far beneath me ſet?
Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs,
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike. Of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape;
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd.
A nice and ſubtle happineſs I ſee
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, Adam, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſs'd
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me, or like; equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe,
Save with the creatures which I made, and thoſe

eriour, infinite deſcents
vhat other creatures are to thee?
'd; I lowly anſwer'd. To attain
it and depth of thy eternal ways
n thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things!
hyſelf art perfect, and in thee
ience found: not ſo is man,
gree; the cauſe of his deſire
ſation with his like to help,
his defects. No need that thou
propagate, already infinite,
igh all numbers abſolute, though one:
by number is to manifeſt
imperfection, and beget
is like, his image multiply'd,
lefective, which requires
love, and deareſt amity.
hy ſecrecy although alone,
thyſelf accompanied, ſeek'ſt not
nmunication; yet ſo pleas'd,
: thy creature to what height thou wilt
or communion, deify'd:
erſing cannot theſe erect
ne, nor in their ways complacence find.
nbolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
, and acceptance found; which gain'd
'er from the gracious voice Divine.
ir to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd;
thee knowing, not of beaſts alone,
ou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
ş well the ſpi'rit within thee free,
e, not imparted to the brute;
llowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
ſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike;
minded ſtill: I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,

Knew it not good for man to be alone;
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou couldſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd,
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.
He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to th' height
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe
Dazzled and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid; and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious before whom awake I ſtood;
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up, and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpi'rit of love, and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore

id other pleaſures all abjure:
of hope, behold her, not far off,
iw her in my dream, adorn'd
all earth or heaven could beſtow
:r amiable: on ſhe came,
heavenly Maker, though unſeen,
. by his voice, nor uninform'd
ſanctity and marriage-rites:
in all her ſteps, heaven in her eye,
ſture dignity and love.
could not forbear aloud.
n hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
, Creator bounteous and benign,
: things fair, but faireſt this
gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf
: woman is her name, of man
for this cauſe he ſhall forego
l mother, and to' his wife adhere;
hall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.
:d me thus; and though divinely brought,
nce, and virgin modeſty,
, and the conſcience of her worth,
d be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
is, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
deſirable, or, to ſay all,
ſelf, though pure of ſinful thought,
in her ſo, that ſeeing me, ſhe turn'd:
her; ſhe what was honour knew,
obſequious majeſty approv'd
:d reaſon. To the nuptial bower
)luſhing like the morn: all heaven,
y conſtellations, on that hour
· ſelecteſt influence; the earth
of gratulation, and each hill;

Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odours from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the ev'ning-ſtar
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

Thus I have told thee all my ſtate, and brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy; and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire; theſe delicacies
I mean, of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch; here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange, in all enjoyments elſe
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain;
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhow
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
For well I underſtand in the prime end
Of nature her th' inferiour; in the mind
And inward faculties, which moſt excel;
In outward alſo her reſembling leſs
His image who made both, and leſs expreſſing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures: yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,

eſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
knowledge in her preſence falls
; wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
ɔunt'nance'd, and like folly ſhows;
and reaſon on her wait,
ended firſt, not after made
lly; and to conſummate all,
of mind, and nobleneſs, their ſeat
he lovelieſt, and create an awe
, as a guard angelic place'd.
ɔm the angel, with contracted brow.
t nature, ſhe hath done her part;
ɔut thine; and be not diffident
m; ſhe deſerts thee not, if thou
ɔt her, when moſt thou need'ſt her nigh,
ıting overmuch to things
lent, as thou thyſelf perceiv'ſt.
admir'ſt thou, what tranſports thee ſo,
e? fair no doubt, and worthy well
ſhing, thy honouring, and thy love,
ıbjection. Weigh with her thyſelf;
ıe: ofttimes nothing profits more
eſteem, grounded on juſt and right
age'd; of that ſkill the more thou know'ſt,
ſhe will acknowledge thee her head,
alities yield all her ſhows:
dorn for thy delight the more,
that with honour thou mayſt love
, who ſees when thou art ſeen leaſt wiſe.
ſenſe of touch whereby mankind
ıted ſeem ſuch dear delight
l other, think the ſame vouchſaf'd
and each beaſt; which would not be
made common, and divulge'd, if aught
njoy'd were worthy to ſubdue

The ſoul of man, or paſſion in him move.
What high'er in her ſociety thou find'ſt
Attractive, human, rational, love ſtill;
In loving thou doſt well, in paſſion not;
Wherein true love conſiſts not: love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his ſeat
In reas'on, and is judicious; is the ſcale
By which to heavenly love thou mayſt aſcend;
Not ſunk in carnal pleaſure; for which cauſe
Among the beaſts no mate for thee was found.
To whom thus half abaſh'd Adam reply'd.
Neither her outſide form'd ſo fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem),
So much delights me, as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one ſoul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious ſound to th' ear.
Yet theſe ſubject not: I to thee diſcloſe
What inward thence I feel; not therefore foil'd,
Who meet with various objects, from the ſenſe
Variouſly repreſenting; yet ſtill free
Approve the beſt, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'ſt me not; for love thou ſay'ſt
Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide:
Bear with me then, if lawful what I aſk:
Love not the heavenly ſpi'rits, and how their love
Expreſs they, by looks only', or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
To whom the angel, with a ſmile that glow'd
Celeſtial roſy red, love's proper hue,
Anſwer'd. Let it ſuffice thee that thou know'ſt

happy', and without love no happineſs.
hatever pure thou in thy body' enjoy'ſt,
nd pure thou wert created), we enjoy
eminence, and obſtacle find none
membrane, joint, or limb, excluſive bars;
ıſier than air with air, if ſpi'rits embrace,
otal they mix, union of pure with pure
eſiring; nor reſtrain'd conveyance need,
s fleſh to mix with fleſh, or ſoul with ſoul.
ut I can now no more; the parting ſun
eyond the earth's green cape and verdant iſles
eſperian ſets, my ſignal to depart.
e ſtrong, live happy', and love; but firſt of all
im whom to love is to obey, and keep
is great command; take heed leſt paſſion ſway
hy judgement to do aught, which elſe free will
Vould not admit; thine, and of all thy ſons,
he weal or woe in thee is place'd; beware.
in thy perſevering ſhall rejoice,
nd all the bleſs'd: ſtand faſt; to ſtand or fall
ree in thine own arbitrement it lies.
erfect within, no outward aid require;
nd all temptation to tranſgreſs repel.
So ſaying, he aroſe; whom Adam thus
llow'd with benediction. Since to part,
o heavenly gueſt, ethereal meſſenger,
nt from whoſe ſov'reign goodneſs I adore.
ntle to me, and affable, hath been
ıy condeſcenſion, and ſhall be' honour'd ever
ith grateful memory: thou to mankind
good and friendly ſtill, and oft return.
So parted they; the angel up to heaven
om the thick ſhade, and Adam to his bower.

END *of the* EIGHTH BOOK.

ARGUMENT of Book IX.

Satan having compaſſed the earth, with meditated guile returns as a miſt by night into Paradiſe, and enters into the ſerpent ſleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours; which Eve propoſes to divide in ſeveral places, each labouring apart: Adam conſents not, alleging the danger, leſt that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, ſhould attempt her, found alone: Eve, loath to be thought not circumſpect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather deſirous to make trial of her ſtrength; Adam at laſt yields. The ſerpent finds her alone; his ſubtle approach, firſt gazing, then ſpeaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the ſerpent ſpeak, aſks how he attained to human ſpeech and ſuch underſtanding not till now; the ſerpent anſwers, that by taſting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to ſpeech and reaſon, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the ſerpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat; ſhe, pleaſed with the taſte, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at laſt brings him of the fruit, relates what perſuaded her to eat thereof: Adam at firſt amazed, but perceiving her loſt, reſolves through vehemence of love to periſh with her; and extenuating the treſpaſs, eats alſo of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both: they ſeek to cover their nakedneſs; then fall to variance, and recuſation of one another.

To Front BOOK IX.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.

O more of talk where God or angel gueſt
With man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
: indulgent, and with him partake
repaſt, permitting him the while
l diſcourſe unblam'd: I now muſt change
: notes to tragic; foul diſtruſt, and breach
al on the part of man, revolt,
liſobedience; on the part of heaven
alienated, diſtance and diſtaſte,
r and juſt rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
brought into this world a world of woe,
nd her ſhadow Death, and Miſery
ı's harbinger: Sad taſk, yet argument
eſs, but more heroic than the wrath
:rn Achilles on his foe purſu'd
e fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
urnus for Lavinia diſeſpous'd;
:ptune's ire, or Juno's, that ſo long
:x'd the Greek, and Cytherea's ſon;
werable ſtyle I can obtain
r celeſtial patroneſs, who deigns
ightly viſitation unimplor'd,
lictates to me ſlumb'ring, or inſpires
my unpremeditated verſe:

Since firſt this ſubject for heroic ſong
Pleas'd me, long chuſing, and beginning late;
Not ſedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd, chief maſt'ry to diſſect
With long and tedious havock fabled knights
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unſung; or to deſcribe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, imblazon'd ſhields,
Impreſſes quaint, capariſons, and ſteeds;
Baſes and tinſel trappings, gorgeous knights
At jouſt and tournament; then marſhall'd feaſt
Serv'd up in hall, with ſewers, and ſeneſhals;
The ſkill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which juſtly gives heroic name
To perſon, or to poem. Me of theſe
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious, higher argument
Remains, ſufficient of itſelf to raiſe
That name, unleſs an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depreſs'd; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.
The ſun was ſunk, and after him the ſtar
Of Heſperus, whoſe office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, ſhort arbiter
'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemiſphere had veil'd th' horizon round:
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On man's deſtruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himſelf, fearleſs return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compaſſing the earth, cautious of day,

el, regent of the ſun, deſcry'd
nce, and forewarn'd the Cherubim
t their watch; thence full of anguiſh driv'n,
: of ſev'n continu'd nights he rode
kneſs, thrice the equinoctial line
l, four times croſs'd the car of night
e to pole, travérſing each colúre;
ghth return'd, and on the coaſt averſe
rance or Cherubic watch, by ſtealth
ıſuſpected way. There was a place,
though ſin, not time, firſt wrought the change,
igris at the foot of Paradiſe
lf ſhot under ground, till part
ı fountain by the tree of life:
he river ſunk, and with it roſe
volv'd in riſing miſt; then ſought
ı lie hid: ſea he had ſearch'd, and land,
en over Pontus, and the pool
ıp beyond the river Ob;
'd as far antarctic; and in length
n Orontes to the ocean barr'd
ı, thence to the land where flows
nd Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
row ſearch, and with inſpection deep
d ev'ry creature, which of all
ortune might ſerve his wiles, and found
ınt ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field.
· long debate, irreſolute
hts revolv'd, his final ſentence choſe
fitteſt imp of fraud, in whom
and his dark ſuggeſtions hide
rpeſt ſight: for in the wily ſnake,
: ſleights none would ſuſpicious mark,
his wit and native ſubtlety
ıg, which in other beaſts obſerv'd

Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within beyond the ſenſe of brute.
Thus he reſolv'd, but firſt from inward grief
His burſting paſſion into plaints thus pour'd.
O earth, how like to heav'n, if not preferr'd
More juſtly, ſeat worthier of gods, as built
With ſecond thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worſe would build?
Terreſtrial heav'n, dance'd round by other heavens
That ſhine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone, as ſeems,
In thee concent'ring all their precious beams
Of ſacred influence! As God in heav'n
Is centre, yet extends to all; ſo thou
Cent'ring receiv'ſt from all thoſe orbs: in thee,
Not in themſelves, all their known virtue' appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with graduál life
Of growth, ſenſe, reaſon, all ſumm'd up in man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught, ſweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now ſea, and ſhores with foreſt crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of theſe
Find place or refuge; and the more I ſee
Pleaſures about me, ſo much more I feel
Torment within me', as from the hateful ſiege
Of contraries; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heaven much worſe would be my ſtate.
But neither here ſeek I, no nor in heaven
To dwell, unleſs by maſt'ring heaven's Supreme;
Nor hope to be myſelf leſs miſerable
By what I ſeek, but others to make ſuch
As I, though thereby worſe to me redound:
For only in deſtroying I find eaſe

To my relentleſs thoughts; and him deſtroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loſs,
For whom all this was made; all this will ſoon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe:
In woe then; that deſtruction wide may range:
To me ſhall be the glory ſole among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he Almighty ſtyl'd, ſix nights and days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before had been contriving, though perhaps
Not longer than ſince I in one night freed
From ſervitude inglorious well nigh half
Th' angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he, to be avenge'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether ſuch virtue ſpent of old now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at leaſt
Are his created, or, to ſpite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from ſo baſe original,
With heavenly ſpoils, our ſpoils: what he decreed,
He effected; man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and earth his ſeat,
Him Lord pronounce'd, and, O indignity!
Subjected to his ſervice angel-wings,
And flaming miniſters to watch and tend
Their earthly charge. Of theſe the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in miſt
Of midnight-vapour glide obſcure, and pry
In every buſh and brake, where hap may find
The ſerpent ſleeping, in whoſe mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul deſcent! that I who erſt contended
With gods to ſit the high'eſt, am now conſtrain'd

Into a beaſt, and mix'd with beſtial ſlime,
This eſſence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aſpir'd.
But what will not ambition and revenge
Deſcend to? Who aſpires, muſt down as low
As high he ſoar'd, obnoxious, firſt or laſt,
To baſeſt things. Revenge, at firſt though ſweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itſelf recoils:
Let it; I reck not, ſo it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall ſhort, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favourite
Of heaven, this man of clay, ſon of deſpite,
Whom us the more to ſpite his Maker rais'd
From duſt: ſpite then with ſpite is beſt repaid.
So ſaying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black miſt low creeping, he held on
His midnight-ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find
The ſerpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found
In labyrinth of many a round ſelf-roll'd,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid ſhade or diſmal den,
Nor nocent yet, but on the graſſy herb
Fearleſs, unfear'd he ſlept. In at his mouth
The Devil enter'd, and his brutal ſenſe,
In heart or head, poſſeſſing, ſoon inſpir'd
With act intelligential; but his ſleep
Diſturb'd not, waiting cloſe the approach of morn.
Now when as ſacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
Their morning-incenſe, when all things that breathe,
From th' earth's great altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worſhip to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake

ı, prime for ſweeteſt ſcents and airs:
mune how that day they beſt may ply
wing work; for much their work outgrew
ſ diſpatch of two gard'ning ſo wide.
irſt to her huſband thus began.
well may we labour ſtill to dreſs
en, ſtill to tend plant, herb, and flower,
ınt taſk injoin'd; but till more hands
ıe work under our labour grows,
ı by reſtraint; what we by day
rown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
ı or two with wanton growth derides,
o wild. Thou therefore now adviſe,
hat to my mind firſt thoughts preſent:
ide our labours; thou where choice
e, or where moſt needs, whether to wind
lbine round this arbour, or direct
ing ivy where to climb; while I
ſpring of roſes intermix'd
tle, find what to redreſs till noon:
ſo near each other thus all day
we chuſe, what wonder if ſo near
ervene, and ſmiles, or object new
ſcourſe draw on, which intermits
work, brought to little, though begun
ıd th' hour of ſupper comes unearn'd.
om mild anſwer Adam thus return'd.
aſſociate ſole, to me beyond
abóve all living creatures dear,
thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd.
might beſt fulfil the work which here
ı aſſign'd us; nor of me ſhalt paſs
l: for nothing lovlier can be found
ı, than to ſtudy houſehold good,
l works in her huſband to promote.

Yet not ſo ſtrictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debar us when we need
Refreſhment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this ſweet intercourſe
Of looks and ſmiles; for ſmiles from reaſon flow,
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food,
Love not the loweſt end of human life.
For not to irkſome toil, but to delight
He made us, and delight to reaſon join'd.
Theſe paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Aſſiſt us. But if much converſe perhaps
Thee ſatiate, to ſhort abſence I could yield:
For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſociety,
And ſhort retirement urges ſweet return.
But other doubt poſſeſſes me, leſt harm
Befall thee ſever'd from me; for thou know'ſt
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe
Envying our happineſs, and of his own
Deſpairing, ſeeks to work us woe and ſhame
By ſly aſſault; and ſomewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wiſh and beſt advantage, us aſunder;
Hopeleſs to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other ſpeedy aid might lend at need:
Whether his firſt deſign be to withdraw
Our feälity from God, or to diſturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliſs
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worſe, leave not the faithful ſide
That gave thee being, ſtill ſhades thee, and protects.
The wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,
Safeſt and ſeemlieſt by her huſband ſtays,
Who guards her, or with her the worſt endures.

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.
Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earth's lord,
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of ev'ning-flowers.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt,
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduce'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,
Adam, misthought of her to thee so dear?
To whom with healing words Adam reply'd.
Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt itself, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, tho' in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;

Or daring, firſt on me th' aſſault ſhall light.
Nor thou his malice and falſe guile contemn;
Subtle he needs muſt be, who could ſeduce
Angels; nor think ſuperfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Acceſs in every virtue, in thy ſight
More wiſe, more watchful, ſtronger, if need were
Of outward ſtrength; while ſhame, thou looking
Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd,
Would utmoſt vigour raiſe, and raiſ'd unite.
Why ſhouldſt not thou like ſenſe within thee feel
When I am preſent, and thy trial chuſe
With me, beſt witneſs of thy virtue try'd?
So ſpake domeſtic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Leſs attributed to her faith ſincere,
Thus her reply with accent ſweet renew'd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit ſtraitn'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, wherever met;
How are we happy, ſtill in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not ſin: only our foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul eſteem
Of our integrity: his foul eſteem
Sticks no diſhonour on our front, but turns
Foul on himſelf; then wherefore ſhunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honour gain
From his ſurmiſe prov'd falſe; find peace within,
Favour from heaven, our witneſs from th' event.
And what is faith, love, virtue unaſſay'd
Alone, without exteriour help ſuſtain'd?
Let us not then ſuſpect our happy ſtate
Left ſo imperfect by the Maker wiſe,
As not ſecure to ſingle or combin'd.

happineſs, if this be ſo,
vere no Eden thus expos'd.
i thus Adam fervently reply'd.
beſt are all things as the will
ain'd them: his creating hand
perfect or deficient left
he created; much leſs man,
at might his happy ſtate ſecure,
outward force; within himſelf
lies, yet lies within his power:
will he can receive no harm.
t free the will; for what obeys
ree; and reaſon he made right,
well be ware, and ſtill erect,
: fair appearing good ſurpris'd
alſe, and miſinform the will
God expreſsly hath forbid.
ſtruſt, but tender love, injoins
d mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
ſift, yet poſſible to ſwerve;
not impoſſibly may meet
is object by the foe ſuborn'd,
deception unaware,
ſtricteſt watch, as ſhe was warn'd.
iptation then, which to avoid
and moſt likely if from me
ior: trial will come unſought.
i approve thy conſtancy? appove
dience; th' other who can know,
ee attempted? who attest?
hink, trial unſought may find
rer than thus warn'd thou ſeem'ſt,
ſtay, not free, abſents thee more;
tive innocence, rely
i *haſt of virtue, ſummon all,*

For God tow'ards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So ſpake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Perſiſted, yet ſubmiſs, though laſt, reply'd.
'With thy permiſſion then, and thus forewarn'd,
Chiefly by what thy own laſt reaſoning words
Touch'd only, that our trial, when leaſt ſought,
May find us both perhaps far leſs prepar'd,
The willinger I go; nor much expect
A foe ſo proud will firſt the weaker ſeek;
So bent, the more ſhall ſhame him his repulſe.
Thus ſaying, from her huſband's hand her hand
Soft ſhe withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's ſelf
In gait ſurpaſs'd, and goddeſslike deport;
Though not, as ſhe, with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with ſuch gard'ning tools as art yet rude,
Guiltleſs of fire, had form'd, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likeſt ſhe ſeem'd, Pomona when ſhe fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proſerpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye purſu'd
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engage'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r,
And all things in beſt order to invite
Noontide repaſt, or afternoon's repoſe.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapleſs Eve,
Of thy preſum'd return! event perverſe!
Thou never from that hour in Paradiſe
Found'ſt either ſweet repaſt, or ſound repoſe;
Such ambuſh hid among ſweet flowers and ſhades,
Waited with helliſh rancour imminent

ıt thy way, or ſend thee back
f innocence, of faith, of bliſs.
nd ſince firſt break of dawn, the fiend,
ıt in appearance, forth was come,
queſt, where likelieſt he might find
wo of mankind, but in them
included race, his purpos'd prey.
nd field he ſought, where any tuft
r garden-plot more pleaſant lay,
ance, or plantation for delight;
ı or by ſhady rivulet
them both, but wiſh'd his hap might find
te; he wiſh'd, but not with hope
) ſeldom chance'd: when to his wiſh,
ı hope, Eve ſeparate he ſpies,
cloud of fragrance, where ſhe ſtood
, ſo thick the roſes buſhing round
glow'd; oft ſtooping to ſupport
r of ſlender ſtalk, whoſe head though gay
purple', azure, or ſpeck'd with gold,
ping unſuſtain'd: them ſhe upſtays
h myrtle band; mindleſs the while
ıough faireſt unſupported flower,
beſt prop ſo far, and ſtorm ſo nigh.
drew, and many a walk travérs'd
ſt covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
ble and bold, now hid, now ſeen
ick-woven arborets and flowers
l on each bank, the hand of Eve:
delicious than thoſe gardens feign'd
v'd Adonis; or renown'd
hoſt of old Laertes ſon;
ıot myſtic, where the ſapient king
ınce with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe.
he place admir'd, the perſon more.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs, or kine,
Or dairy', each rural ſight, each rural ſound;
If chance, with nymphlike ſtep, fair virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd, for her now pleaſes more,
She moſt, and in her look ſums all delight:
Such pleaſure took the ſerpent to behold
This flowery plat, the ſweet receſs of Eve
Thus early, thus alone; her heavenly form
Angelic, but more ſoft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her ev'ry air
Of geſture, or leaſt action, overaw'd
His malice, and with rapine ſweet bereav'd
His fierceneſs of the fierce intent it brought:
That ſpace the evil one abſtracted ſtood
From his own ev'il, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good, of enmity diſarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But the hot hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid heaven, ſoon ended his delight;
And tortures him now more, the more he ſees
Of pleaſure not for him ordain'd: then ſoon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of miſchief, gratulating, thus excites.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what ſweet
Compulſion thus tranſported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradiſe for Hell, hope here to taſte
Of pleaſure, but all pleaſure to deſtroy,
Save what is in deſtroying; other joy
To me is loſt. Then let me not let paſs

ich now ſmiles. Behold alone.
, opportune to all attempts;
, for I view far round, not nigh,
er intellectual more I ſhun,
ı, of courage haughty, and of limb
, though of terreſtrial mould;
rmidable, exempt from wound;
uch hath hell debas'd, and pain
e, to what I was in heaven.
/inely fair, fit love for gods,
, though terrour be in love
, not approach'd by ſtronger hate,
er, under ſhow of love well feign'd,
ıich to her ruin now I tend.
:he enemy' of mankind, inclos'd
inmate bad, and toward Eve
is way, not with indented wave,
e ground, as ſince, but on his rear,
e of riſing folds, that tower'd
fold, a ſurging maze; his head
t, and carbuncle his eyes;
h'd neck of verdant gold, erect
:ircling ſpires, that on the graſs
ındant: pleaſing was his ſhape
: never ſince of ſerpent kind
ot thoſe that in Illyria change'd
ad Cadmus, or the god
ıs; nor to which transform'd
Jove, or Capitoline was ſeen;
ympias, this with her who bore
eight of Rome. With tract oblique
one who ſought acceſs, but fear'd
ıt, ſide-long he works his way.
hip by ſkilful ſteerſman wrought
; mouth or foreland, where the wind

Veers oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her ſail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in ſight of Eve,
To lure her eye. She buſied heard the ſound
Of ruſtling leaves; but minded not, as us'd
To ſuch diſport before her through the field,
From every beaſt, more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd diſguis'd.
He bolder now, uncall'd before her ſtood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret creſt, and ſleek enamell'd neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.
His gentle dumb expreſſion turn'd at length
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with ſerpent tongue
Organic, or impulſe of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

Wonder not, ſov'reign miſtreſs, if perhaps
Thou canſt, who art ſole wonder; much leſs arm
Thy looks, the heaven of mildneſs, with diſdain,
Diſpleas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Inſatiate; I thus ſingle; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Faireſt reſemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celeſtial beauty' adore,
With raviſhment beheld, there beſt beheld
Where univerſally admir'd; but here
In this incloſure wild, theſe beaſts among,
Beholders rude, and ſhallow to diſcern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who ſees thee'? (and what is one?) who ſhould'ſt be
A goddeſs among gods, ador'd and ſerv'd
By angels numberleſs, thy daily train.

So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd;

:art of Eve his words made way,
. the voice much marvelling; at length,
ız'd, ſhe thus in anſwer ſpake.
ay this mean? language of man pronounce'd
of brute, and human ſenſe expreſs'd?
t leaſt of theſe I thought deny'd
whom God on their creation-day
ute to all articulate ſound:
I demur; for in their looks
'on, and in their actions, oft appears.
ient, ſubtleſt beaſt of all the field
ut not with human voice endu'd;
then this miracle, and ſay,
ſt thou ſpeakable of mute, and how
friendly grown above the reſt
kind that daily are in ſight:
ıch wonder claims attention due?
m the guileful tempter thus reply'd.
f this fair world, reſplendent Eve,
:o me to tell thee all [obey'd.
u command'ſt, and right thou ſhouldſt be'
rſt as other beaſt that graze
en herb, of abject thoughts and low,
r food; nor aught but food diſcern'd
ıd apprehended nothing high:
day roving the field, I chance'd
tree far diſtant to behold,
ith fruit of faireſt colours mix'd,
d gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
m the boughs a ſavoury odour blown,
o appetite, more pleas'd my ſenſe
ll of ſweeteſt fennel, or the teats
· goat dropping with milk at ev'n,
of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
the ſharp deſire I had

Of taſting thoſe fair apples, I reſolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirſt at once,
Pow'rful perſuaders, quicken'd at the ſcent
Of that alluring fruit, urge'd me ſo keen.
About the moſſy trunk I wound me ſoon;
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmoſt reach, or Adam's: round the tree
All other beaſts that ſaw, with like deſire
Longing and envying ſtood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting ſo nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I ſpar'd not; for ſuch pleaſure till that hour
At feed or fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reaſon in my inward powers, and ſpeech
Wanted not long, though to this ſhape retain'd.
Thenceforth to ſpeculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts; and, with capacious mind,
Conſider'd all things viſible in heaven,
Or earth, or middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or ſecond, which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worſhip thee, of right declar'd
Sov'reign of creatures, univerſal dame.
So talk'd the ſpirited ſly ſnake; and Eve,
Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus reply'd.
Serpent, thy overpraiſing leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee firſt prov'd.
But ſay, where grows the tree, from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradiſe, and various, yet unknown

n ſuch abundance lies our choice,
a greater ſtore of fruit untouch'd,
ing incorruptible, till men
to their proviſion, and more hands
iſburden Nature of her birth.
om the wily adder, blithe and glad.
the way is ready, and not long;
row of myrtles, on a flat,
fountain, one ſmall thicket paſt
ng myrrh and balm; if thou accept
ict, I can bring thee thither ſoon.
hen, ſaid Eve. He leading ſwiftly roll'd
s, and made intricate ſeem ſtrait,
ief ſwift. Hope elevates, and joy
; his creſt; as when a wand'ring fire,
of unctuous vapour, which the night
s, and the cold environs round,
hrough agitation to a flame,
ſt, they ſay, ſome evil ſpi'rit attends,
, and blazing with deluſive light,
th' amaz'd night-wand'rer from his way,
and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
allow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far.
'd the dire ſnake, and into fraud
our credulous mother, to the tree
bition, root of all our woe:
hen ſhe ſaw, thus to her guide ſhe ſpake.
t, we might have ſpar'd our coming hither,
to me, though fruit be here to' exceſs;
it of whoſe virtue reſt with thee,
us indeed, if cauſe of ſuch effects.
his tree we may not taſte nor touch;
ommanded, and left that command
ghter of his voice; the reſt, we live
urſelves, our reaſon is our law.

To whom the tempter guilefully reply'd.
Indeed! hath God then ſaid that of the fruit
Of all theſe garden-trees ye ſhall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in earth or air?
To whom thus Eve yet ſinleſs. Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidſt
The garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat
Thereof, nor ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die.
She ſcarce had ſaid, tho' brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but with ſhow of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on; and as to paſſion mov'd,
Fluctuates diſturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of ſome great matter to begin.
As when of old ſome orator renown'd
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flouriſh'd, ſince mute, to ſome great cauſe addreſs'd
Stood in himſelf collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking through his zeal of right:
So ſtanding, moving, or to height up grown,
The tempter all impaſſion'd thus began.
O ſacred, wiſe, and wiſdom-giving plant,
Mother of ſcience, now I feel thy power
Within me clear, not only to diſcern
Things in their cauſes, but to trace the ways
Of higheſt agents, deem'd however wiſe.
Queen of this univerſe, do not believe
Thoſe rigid threats of death; ye ſhall not die:
How ſhould ye? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threat'ner? look on me,
Me who have touch'd and taſted, yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than fate

Meant me, by vent'ring higher than my lot.
Shall that be ſhut to man, which to the beaſt
Is open? or will God incenſe his ire
For ſuch a petty treſpaſs, and not praiſe
Rather your dauntleſs virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounce'd, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how juſt? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, ſince eaſier ſhunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be juſt;
Not juſt, not God; not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itſelf of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worſhippers: he knows, that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes that ſeem ſo clear,
Yet are but dim, ſhall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye ſhall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
That ye ſhall be as gods, ſince I as man,
Internal man, is but proportion meet;
I of brute, human; ye of human, gods.
So ye ſhall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wiſh'd,
Tho' threaten'd, which no worſe than this can bring.
And what are gods that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The gods are firſt, and that advantage uſe
On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I queſtion it; for this fair earth I ſee,
Warm'd by the ſun, producing every kind,
Them nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That *whoſo eats thereof*, forthwith attains

Wiſdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that man ſhould thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart againſt his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In heavenly breaſts? theſe, theſe, and many more
Cauſes, import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddeſs humane, reach then, and freely taſte.
He ended; and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too eaſy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit ſhe gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the ſound
Yet rung of his perſuaſive words, impregn'd
With reaſon, to her ſeeming, and with truth;
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the ſmell
So ſavoury of that fruit, which with deſire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taſte,
Solicited her longing eye: yet firſt
Pauſing a while, thus to herſelf ſhe mus'd.
Great are thy virtues, doubtleſs, beſt of fruits,
Tho' kept from man, and worthy to be' admir'd;
Whoſe taſte, too long forborn, at firſt aſſay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for ſpeech to ſpeak thy praiſe:
Thy praiſe he alſo who forbids thy uſe,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taſte; but this forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, ſure is not had; or had,
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wiſe?

rohibitions bind not. But if death
is with after-bands, what profits then
ward freedom? In the day we eat
; fair fruit, our doom is, we ſhall die.
ies the ſerpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
ows, and ſpeaks, and reaſons, and diſcerns,
nal till then. For us alone
eath invented? or to us deny'd
ıtellectual food, for beaſts reſerv'd?
aſts it ſeems: yet that one beaſt which firſt
aſted, envies not, but brings with joy
od befall'n him, author unſuſpect,
ly to man, far from deceit or guile.
fear I then, rather what know to fear
this ignorance of good and evil
d or death, of law or penalty?
rows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
the eye, inviting to the taſte,
ue to make wiſe: what hinders then
ch, and feed at once both body and mind?
ıying, her raſh hand in evil hour
eaching to the fruit, ſhe pluck'd, ſhe eat:
elt the wound; and Nature from her ſeat,
; through all her works, gave ſigns of woe,
ll was loſt. Back to the thicket ſlunk
ilty ſerpent: and well might; for Eve
now wholly on her taſte, nought elſe
ed, ſuch delight till then, as ſeem'd,
ſhe never taſted, whether true
:y'd ſo, through expectation high
wledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.
y ſhe ingorge'd without reſtraint,
ew not eating death. Satiate at length,
ighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
herſelf ſhe pleaſingly began.

O ſov'reign, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradiſe, of operation bleſs'd
To ſapience, hitherto obſcur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without ſong, each morning, and due praiſe,
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden eaſe
Of thy full branches, offer'd free to all;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give;
For had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Beſt guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'ſt wiſdom's way,
And giv'ſt acceſs, though ſecret ſhe retire.
And I perhaps am ſecret; heaven is high,
High, and remote to ſee from thence diſtinct
Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great forbidder, ſafe with all his ſpies
About him. But to Adam in what ſort
Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happineſs with me; or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without copartner? ſo to add what wants
In female ſex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undeſirable, ſometime
Superiour; for inferiour who is free?
This may be well. But what if God have ſeen,
And death enſue? then I ſhall be no more,
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;

) think. Confirm'd then I reſolve,
ll ſhare with me in bliſs or woe:
love him, that with him all deaths
dure, without him live no life.
ıg, from the tree her ſtep ſhe turn'd;
ɔw reverence done, as to the power
lt within, whoſe preſence had infus'd
ılant ſciential ſap, deriv'd
ar, drink of gods. Adam the while,
leſirous her return, had wove
ſt flowers a garland to adorn
ɜ, and her rural labours crown,
s oft are wont their harveſt-queen.
he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
her return, ſo long delay'd:
s heart, divine of ſomething ill,
ıim; he the falt'ring meaſure felt;
ı to meet her went, the way ſhe took
n when firſt they parted. By the tree
edge he muſt paſs; there he her met,
ɔm the tree returning; in her hand
of faireſt fruit, that downy ſmil'd,
.er'd, and ambroſial ſmell diffus'd.
ıe haſted; in her face excuſe
logue, and apology too prompt,
ith bland words at will ſhe thus addreſs'd.
ou not wonder'd, Adam, at my ſtay?
ıve miſs'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
:nce, agony of love till now
nor ſhall be twice; for never more
ɔ try, what raſh untry'd I ſought,
of abſence from thy ſight. But ſtrange
ı the cauſe, and wonderful to hear.
is not, as we are told, a tree
· *taſted*, nor to' evil unknown

Op'ning the way; but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taſte;
And hath been taſted ſuch: the ſerpent wiſe,
Or not reſtrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endu'd with human voice and human ſenſe,
Reaſoning to admiration, and with me
Perſuaſively hath ſo prevail'd, that I
Have alſo taſted, and have alſo found
Th' effects to correſpond; op'ner mine eyes,
Dim erſt, dilated ſpirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I ſought, without thee can deſpiſe.
For bliſs, as thou haſt part, to me is bliſs;
Tedious, unſhar'd with thee, and odious ſoon.
Thou therefore alſo taſte, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Leſt thou not taſting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.
Thus Eve with count'nance blithe her ſtory told;
But in her cheek diſtemper flushing glow'd.
On th' other ſide, Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amaz'd,
Aſtonied ſtood, and blank, while horrour chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his ſlack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood, and pale; till thus at length
Firſt to himſelf he inward ſilence broke.
'O faireſt of creation, laſt and beſt
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to ſight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!

ou loſt, how on a ſudden loſt,
leflower'd, and now to death devote?
w haſt thou yielded to tranſgreſs
orbiddance, how to violate
fruit forbidd'n? Some curſed fraud
ıath beguil'd thee, yet unknown;
ith thee hath ruin'd: for with thee
r reſolution is to die.
live without thee, how forego
converſe and love, ſo dearly join'd,
ain in theſe wild woods forlorn?
)d create another Eve, and I
ib afford, yet loſs of thee
ver from my heart; no, no, I feel
of nature draw me: fleſh of fleſh,
ıy bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
:r ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.
ng ſaid, as one from ſad diſmay
ted, and, after thoughts diſturb'd,
g to what ſeem'd remedileſs,
alm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
ed thou haſt preſum'd, advent'rous Eve,
great provok'd, who thus haſt dar'd,
en only coveting to eye
ed fruit, ſacred to abſtinence,
re to taſte it, under ban to touch.
who can recal, or done undo?
Omnipotent, nor Fate: yet ſo
hou ſhalt not die, perhaps the fact
heinous now, foretaſted fruit,
firſt by the ſerpent, by him firſt
nmon and unhallow'd ere our taſte:
n him found deadly; he yet lives,
thou ſaidſt, and gains to live, as man,
egree of life: Inducement ſtrong

To us, as likely taſting to attain
Proportional aſcent, which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels, demigods.
Nor can I think, that God, Creator wiſe,
Though threatning, will in earneſt ſo deſtroy
Us his prime creatures, dignify'd ſo high,
Set over all his works; which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us muſt fail,
Dependent made: ſo God ſhall uncreate,
Be fruſtrate, do, undo, and labour loſe;
Not well conceiv'd of God, who though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loath
Us to aboliſh, leſt the adverſary
Triumph, and ſay; Fickle their ſtate whom God
Moſt favours; who can pleaſe him long? Me firſt
He ruin'd, now mankind; whom will he next?
Matter of ſcorn, not be given the foe.
However, I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Conſort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our ſtate cannot be ſever'd, we are one,
One fleſh; to loſe thee were to loſe myſelf.
So Adam; and thus Eve to him reply'd.
O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illuſtrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate, but ſhort
Of thy perfection, how ſhall I attain,
Adam? from whoſe dear ſide I boaſt me ſprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee ſpeak,
One heart, one ſoul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee reſolv'd,
Rather than death, or aught than death more dread

us, link'd in love ſo dear,
ith me one guilt, one crime,
aſting this fair fruit;
(for of good ſtill good proceeds,
occaſion) hath preſented
ial of thy love, which elſe
never had been known.
ight death menace'd would enſue
ipt, I would ſuſtain alone
d not perſuade thee; rather die
a oblige thee with a fact
hy peace; chiefly aſſur'd
late of thy ſo true,
e unequall'd: but I feel
th' event, not death, but life
pen'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
; that what of ſweet before
my ſenſe, flat ſeems to this, and harſh.
nce, Adam, freely taſte,
ath deliver to the winds.
ſhe embrace'd him, and for joy
t; much won, that he his love
ed, as of choice to' incur
ſure for her ſake, or death.
(for ſuch compliance bad
nſe beſt merits) from the bough
of that fair enticing fruit
and: He ſcrupled not to eat,
tter knowledge; not deceiv'd,
ercome with female charm.
d from her intrails, as again
l nature gave a ſecond groan;
d muttering thunder, ſome ſad drops
leting of the mortal ſin
le Adam took no thought,

Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate
Her former treſpaſs fear'd, the more to ſooth
Him with her lov'd ſociety; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They ſwim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to ſcorn the earth. But that falſe fruit
Far other operation firſt diſplay'd,
Carnal deſire inflaming; he on Eve
Began to caſt laſcivious eyes, ſhe him
As wantonly repaid; in luſt they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
Eve, now I ſee thou art exact of taſte,
And elegant, of ſapience no ſmall part,
Since to each meaning ſavour we apply,
And palate call judicious: I the praiſe
Yield thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
Much pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True reliſh, taſting; if ſuch pleaſure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wiſh'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, ſo well refreſh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after ſuch delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty ſince the day
I ſaw thee firſt, and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo inflame my ſenſe
With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent; well underſtood
Of Eve, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeiz'd, and to a ſhady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,
He led her nothing loath; flowers were the couch,

violets, and aſphodel,
h, earth's freſheſt, ſofteſt lap.
heir fill of love, and love's diſport
, of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
their ſin; till dewy ſleep
:m, wearied with their amorous play.
e force of that fallacious fruit,
hilarating vapour bland
pi'rits had play'd, and inmoſt powers
as now exhal'd; and groſſer ſleep
ndly fumes, with conſcious dreams
now had left them; up they roſe
:ſt, and each the other viewing,
heir eyes how open'd, and their minds
d; innocence, that as a veil
d them from knowing ill, was gone,
ce, and native righteouſneſs,
from about them, naked left
ime; he cover'd, but his robe
ore. So roſe the Danite ſtrong,
mſon, from the harlot-lap
Dalilah, and wak'd
ſtrength; they deſtitute and bare
irtue: ſilent, and in face
long they ſat, as ſtrucken mute;
hough not leſs than Eve abaſh'd,
ve utterance to theſe words conſtrain'd.
evil hour thou didſt give ear
worm, of whomſoever taught
it man's voice; true in our fall,
romis'd riſing; ſince our eyes
id indeed, and find we know
id ev'il, good loſt, and evil got,
knowledge, if this be to know,
us naked thus, of honour void,

Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now ſoil'd and ſtain'd,
And in our faces evident the ſigns
Of foul concupiſcence; whence evil ſtore;
Ev'n ſhame, the laſt of evils; of the firſt
Be ſure then. How ſhall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erſt with joy
And rapture ſo' oft beheld? thoſe heavenly ſhapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Inſufferably bright. O might I here
In ſolitude live ſavage, in ſome glade
Obſcur'd, where higheſt woods impenetrable
To ſtar or ſun-light, ſpread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening! Cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never ſee them more!
But let us now, as in bad plight, deviſe
What beſt may for the preſent ſerve to hide
The parts of each from other, that ſeem moſt
To ſhame obnoxious, and unſeemlieſt ſeen;
Some tree, whoſe broad ſmooth leaves together ſow'd,
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Thoſe middle parts, that this new comer, ſhame,
There ſit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counſell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickeſt wood: there ſoon they choſe
The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd;
But ſuch as at this day to Indians known
In Malabar or Decan, ſpreads her arms
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd ſhade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between;
There oft the Indian herdſman ſhunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds

cut through thickeſt ſhade: thoſe leaves
'd, broad as Amazonian targe;
iat ſkill they had, together ſow'd,
r waiſt; vain covering, if to hide
ınd dreaded ſhame! O how unlike
naked glory! Such of late
und th' American, ſo girt
'd cincture, naked elſe and wild
rees, on iſles and woody ſhores.
l, and, as they thought, their ſhame in part
: not at reſt or eaſe of mind,
:m down to weep: nor only tears
:ir eyes, but high winds worſe within
:, high paſſions, anger, hate,
picion, diſcord, and ſhook ſore
l ſtate of mind; calm region once,
)eace, now toſt and turbulent:
nding rul'd not, and the will
:r lore, both in ſubjection now
)petite, who from beneath
/er ſov'reign reaſon claim'd
ay: from thus diſtemper'd breaſt,
ıge'd in look and alter'd ſtyle,
nitted thus to Eve renew'd,
ıu hadſt hearken'd to my words, and ſtay'd
I beſought thee, when that ſtrange
ıd'ring this unhappy morn,
:hence poſſeſs'd thee: we had then
l happy; not, as now, deſpoil'd
)od, ſham'd, naked, miſerable.
ıceforth ſeek needleſs cauſe to approve
:y owe; when earneſtly they ſeek
conclude, they then begin to fail.
ſoon mov'd with touch of blame thus Eve.
have paſs'd thy lips, Adam ſevere!

Imput'ſt thou that to my default, or will
Of wandring, as thou call'ſt it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyſelf perhaps? Hadſt thou been there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldſt not have diſcern'd
Fraud in the ſerpent, ſpeaking as he ſpake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he ſhould mean me ill, or ſeek to harm.
Was I to have never parted from thy ſide?
As good have grown there ſtill a lifeleſs rib.
Being as I am, why didſt not thou, the head,
Command me abſolutely not to go,
Going into ſuch danger as thou ſaidſt?
Too facile then thou didſt not much gainſay,
Nay didſt permit, approve, and fair diſmiſs.
Hadſt thou been firm and fix'd in thy diſſent,
Neither had I tranſgreſs'd, nor thou with me.
To whom, then firſt incens'd, Adam reply'd.
Is this the love, is this the recompenſe
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expreſs'd
Immutable, when thou wert loſt, not I;
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliſs,
Yet willingly choſe rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cauſe
Of thy tranſgreſſing? not enough ſevere,
It ſeems, in thy reſtraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admoniſh'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on, ſecure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps
I alſo err'd in overmuch admiring
What ſeem'd in thee ſo perfect, that I thought

vil durſt attempt thee; but I rue
errour now, which is become my crime,
thou th' accuſer. Thus it ſhall befall
who to worth in women overtruſting,
her will rule: reſtraint ſhe will not brook;
left to herſelf, if evil thence enſue,
firſt his weak indulgence will accuſe.
hus they in mutual accuſation ſpent
fruitleſs hours, but neither ſelf condemning;
of their vain conteſt appear'd no end.

End *of the* Ninth Book.

ARGUMENT of Book X.

Man's tranſgreſſion known, the guardian angels forſake Paradiſe, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance; and are approved, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He ſends his Son to judge the tranſgreſſors; who deſcends, and gives ſentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reaſcends. Sin and Death, ſitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous ſympathy feeling the ſucceſs of Satan in this new world, and the ſin by man there committed, reſolve to ſit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their ſire up to the place of man: to make the way eaſier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad high-way or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan firſt made; then preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his ſucceſs, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full aſſembly relates with boaſting his ſucceſs againſt man; inſtead of applauſe, is entertained with a general hiſs by all his audience, transformed with himſelf alſo ſuddenly into ſerpents, according to his doom given in Paradiſe; then deluded with a ſhow of the forbidden tree ſpringing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew duſt and bitter aſhes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the preſent commands his angels to make ſeveral alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails; rejects the condolement of Eve; ſhe perſiſts, and at length appeaſes him: then, to evade the curſe likely to fall on their offspring, propoſes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promiſe made them, that her ſeed ſhould be revenged on the ſerpent, and exhorts her with him to ſeek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and ſupplication.

RADISE LOST.

BOOK X.

WHILE the heinous and diſpiteful act
Satan done in Paradiſe, and how
ſerpent had perverted Eve,
nd ſhe, to taſte the fatal fruit,
'n in heaven; for what can 'ſcape the eye
ll-ſeeing, or deceive his heart
t? who in all things wiſe and juſt,
ıot Satan to attempt the mind
vith ſtrength entire, and free-will arm'd,
to have diſcover'd and repuls'd
wiles of foe or ſeeming friend.
ey knew, and ought to' have ſtill remember'd
injunction not to taſte that fruit,
tempted; which they not obeying,
what could they leſs?) the penalty,
fold in ſin, deſerv'd to fall.
heaven from Paradiſe in haſte
ic guards aſcended, mute and ſad
for of his ſtate by this they knew,
ıd'ring how the ſubtle fiend had ſtol'n
unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
h arriv'd at heaven-gate, diſpleas'd
vho heard; dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
celeſtial viſages, yet mix'd

With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befel: they tow'ards the throne ſupreme
Accountable made haſte, to make appear
With righteous plea their utmoſt vigilance;
And eaſily approv'd: when the Moſt High
Eternal Father, from his ſecret cloud,
Amidſt in thunder utter'd thus his voice.
Aſſembled angels, and ye powers return'd
From unſucceſsful charge, be not diſmay'd,
Nor troubled at theſe tidings from the earth,
Which your ſincereſt care could not prevent,
Foretold ſo lately what would come to paſs,
When firſt this temper croſs'd the gulf from hell.
I told ye then he ſhould prevail and ſpeed
On his bad errand; man ſhould be ſeduce'd
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Againſt his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to neceſſitate his fall,
Or touch with lighteſt moment of impulſe
His free will, to her own inclining left
In even ſcale. But fall'n he is: and now
What reſts, but that the mortal ſentence paſs
On his tranſgreſſion, death denounce'd that day?
Which he preſumes already vain and void,
Becauſe not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By ſome immediate ſtroke; but ſoon ſhall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Juſtice ſhall not return as bounty ſcorn'd.
But whom ſend I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son? to thee I have transferr'd
All judgement, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell.
Eaſy it may be ſeen that I intend
Mercy collegue with juſtice, ſending thee,

n's friend, his Mediator, his deſign'd
h ranſom and Redeemer voluntary,
l-deſtin'd man himſelf to judge man fall'n.
lo ſpake the Father, and unfolding bright
v'ard the right hand his glory, on the Son
z'd forth unclouded Deity: he full
plendent all his Father manifeſt
ɔreſs'd, and thus divinely anſwer'd mild.
Father eternal, thine is to decree;
ne both in heaven and earth to do thy will
preme, that thou in me thy Son belov'd
ıyſt ever reſt well pleas'd. I go to judge
earth theſe thy tranſgreſſors; but thou know'ſt,
hoever judge'd, the worſt on me muſt light,
hen time ſhall be; for ſo I undertook
fore thee'; and not repenting, this obtain
right, that I may mitigate their doom,
me deriv'd: yet I ſhall temper ſo
lice with mercy', as may illuſtrate moſt
em fully ſatisfy'd, and thee appeaſe.
:endance none ſhall need, nor train, where none
: to behold the judgement, but the judge'd,
oſe two; the third beſt-abſent is condemn'd,
nvict by flight, and rebel to all law:
nviction to the ſerpent none belongs.
Thus ſaying, from his radiant ſeat he roſe
high collateral glory': him thrones and powers,
ncedoms, and dominations miniſtrant
companied to heaven-gate, from whence
en and all the coaſt in proſpect lay.
ɔwn he deſcended ſtrait; the ſpeed of Gods
me counts not, tho' with ſwifteſt minutes wing'd.
ɔw was the ſun in weſtern cadence low
om noon, and gentle airs due at their hour
ɔ fan the earth now wak'd, and uſher in

The ev'ning cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came, the mild Judge and Intercessour both,
To sentence man. The voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.

Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty' ere while appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, tho' first
To' offend: discount'nance'd both, and discompos'd:
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy', and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam faltring long, thus answer'd brief.
I heard thee in the gard'n, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious judge without revile reply'd.
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoice'd; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou' art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus Adam sore beset reply'd.
O heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,

nceal, and not expoſe to blame
iplaint: but ſtrict neceſſity
e, and calamitous conſtraint,
head both ſin and puniſhment,
iſupportable, be all
tho' ſhould I hold my peace, yet thou
iſily detect what I conceal.
in, whom thou mad'ſt to be my help,
me as thy perfect gift, ſo good,
cceptable, ſo divine,
her hand I could ſuſpect no ill;
ſhe did, whatever in itſelf,
ſeem'd to juſtify the deed;
ne of the tree, and I did eat.
n the Sov'reign Preſence thus reply'd.
y God, that her thou didſt obey
voice? or was ſhe made thy guide,
or but equal, that to her
reſign thy manhood, and the place
od ſet thee' above her, made of thee,
ee, whoſe perfection far excell'd
real dignity? Adorn'd
deed, and lovely to attract
not thy ſubjection; and her gifts
as under government well ſeem'd,
o bear rule; which was thy part
, hadſt thou known thyſelf aright.
g ſaid, he thus to Eve in few.
in, what is this which thou haſt done?
n ſaid Eve, with ſhame nigh overwhelm'd,
ſoon, yet not before her Judge
uacious, thus abaſh'd reply'd.
t me beguil'd, and I did eat.
when the Lord God heard, without delay
ent he proceeded on th' accus'd

Serpent though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him inſtrument
Of miſchief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; juſtly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not man, (ſince he no further knew),
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at laſt
To Satan firſt in ſin his doom apply'd,
Though in myſterious terms, judge'd as then beſt:
And on the ſerpent thus his curſe let fall:
Becauſe thou haſt done this, thou art accurs'd
Above all cattle, each beaſt of the field;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou ſhalt go,
And duſt ſhalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her ſeed;
Her ſeed ſhall bruiſe thy head, thou bruiſe his heel.
So ſpake this oracle, then verify'd
When Jeſus ſon of Mary, ſecond Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heaven,
Prince of the air; then riſing from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open ſhow, and with aſcenſion bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itſelf of Satan long uſurp'd;
Whom he ſhall tread at laſt under our feet;
Ev'n he who now foretold his fatal bruiſe,
And to the woman thus his ſentence turn'd.
Thy ſorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou ſhalt bring
In ſorrow forth; and to thy huſband's will
Thine ſhall ſubmit; he over thee ſhall rule.
On Adam laſt thus judgement he pronounce'd.
Becauſe thou haſt hearken'd to th' voice of thy w
And eaten of the tree, concerning which

ee, ſay'ing, Thou ſhalt not eat thereof:
e ground for thy ſake; thou in ſorrow
ereof all the days of thy life;
' and thiſtles it ſhall bring thee forth
d thou ſhalt eat th' herb of the field.
t of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread,
turn unto the ground; for thou
ground waſt taken, know thy birth,
ou art, and ſhalt to duſt return.
'd he man, both Judge and Saviour ſent,
ant ſtroke of death denounce'd that day
ır off; then pitying how they ſtood
naked to the air, that now
change, diſdain'd not to begin
h the form of ſervant to aſſume:
e waſh'd his ſervants feet, ſo now,
f his family, he clad
dneſs with ſkins of beaſts, or ſlain,
nake with youthful coat repaid;
ht not much to clothe his enemies:
ir outward only with the ſkins
but inward nakedneſs, much more
ıs, with his robe of righteouſneſs,
over'd from his Father's ſight.
th ſwift aſcent he up return'd,
ſsful boſom reaſſum'd
of old; to him appeas'd,
l-knowing, what had paſs'd with man
, mixing interceſſion ſweet.
, ere thus was ſinn'd and judge'd on earth,
gates of hell ſat Sin and Death;
view within the gates, that now
wide, belching outrageous flame
haos, ſince the fiend paſs'd through,
g, who thus now to Death began.

O ſon, why ſit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier ſeat provides
For us his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that ſucceſs attends him; if miſhap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his avengers; ſince no place like this
Can fit his puniſhment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new ſtrength within me riſe,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large
Beyond this deep; whatever draws me on,
Or ſympathy, or ſome connat'ral force,
Powerful at greateſt diſtance to unite,
With ſecret amity, things of like kind,
By ſecreteſt conveyance. Thou, my ſhade
Inſeparable, muſt with me along:
For Death from Sin no power can ſeparate.
But leſt the difficulty of paſſing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impaſſable, impervious, let us try
Advent'rous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world
Where Satan now prevails; a monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal hoſt,
Eaſing their paſſage hence, for intercourſe,
Or tranſmigration, as their lot ſhall lead.
Nor can I miſs the way, ſo ſtrongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and inſtinct.

Whom thus the meagre ſhadow anſwer'd ſoon.
Go whither fate and inclination ſtrong
Leads thee; I ſhall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; ſuch a ſcent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taſte
The ſavour of death from all things there that live:

to the work thou enterpriſeſt
g, but afford thee equal aid.
g, with delight he ſhuff'd the ſmell
change on earth. As when a flock
us fowl, tho' many a league remote,
e day of battle, to a field,
nies lie incamp'd, come flying, lur'd
: of living carcaſes deſign'd
the following day, in bloody fight:
the grim feature, and upturn'd
wide into the murky air,
of his quarry from ſo far,
i from out hell-gates, into the waſte
chy of Chaos, damp and dark,
ſe; and with power (their power was great)
upon the waters, what they met
imy, as in raging ſea
id down, together crouded drove,
i ſide ſhoaling tow'ards the mouth of hell:
wo polar winds, blowing adverſe
Cronian ſea, together drive
: of ice, that ſtop th' imagin'd way
etſora eaſtward, to the rich
coaſt. The aggregated ſoil
h his mace petrifie, cold and dry,
trident ſmote, and fix'd his firm
floating once; the reſt his look
th Gorgonian rigour not to move;
Aſphaltic ſlime, broad as the gate,
he roots of hell the gather'd beach
n'd, and the mole immenſe wrought on,
foaming deep high arch'd; a bridge
prodigious, joining to the wall
ole of this new fenceleſs world
death; from hence a paſſage broad,

Smooth, eaſy, inoffenſive, down to hell.
So, if great things to ſmall may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Suſa his Memnonian palace high
Came to the ſea, and over Helleſpont
Bridging his way, Europe with Aſia join'd,
And ſcourge'd with many a ſtroke th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wond'rous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,
Over the vex'd abyſs, following the track
Of Satan, to the ſelf-ſame place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed ſafe
From out of Chaos, to the outſide bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant,
And chains, they made all faſt; too faſt they made,
And durable; and now in little ſpace
The confines met of empyréan heaven,
And of this world, and on the left hand hell
With long reach interpos'd; three ſeveral ways
In ſight, to each of theſe three places led.
And now their way to earth they had deſcry'd,
To Paradiſe firſt tending; when behold
Satan, in likeneſs of an angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion ſteering
His zenith, while the Sun in Aries roſe:
Diſguis'd he came; but thoſe his children dear
Their parent ſoon diſcern'd, though in diſguiſe.
He, after Eve ſeduce'd, unminded ſlunk
Into the wood faſt by, and changing ſhape
To' obſerve the ſequel, ſaw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, ſeconded
Upon her huſband, ſaw their ſhame that ſought
Vain covertures; but when he ſaw deſcend
The Son of God to judge them, terrify'd
He fled, not hoping to eſcape, but ſhun

preſent, fearing guilty what his wrath
it ſuddenly inflict; that paſs'd, return'd
ight, and liſt'ning where the hapleſs pair
n their ſad diſcourſe, and various plaint,
ice gather'd his own doom; which underſtood
nſtant, but of future time, with joy
tidings fraught, to hell he now return'd;
at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
his new wond'rous pontifice, unhop'd
who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
t joy was at their meeting, and at ſight
hat ſtupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
; he admiring ſtood, till Sin, his fair
anting daughter, thus the ſilence broke.
parent, theſe are thy magnific deeds,
tophies, which thou view'ſt as not thine own;
a art their author and prime architect:
no ſooner in my heart divin'd,
heart, which by a ſecret harmony
moves with thine, join'd in connection ſweet,
thou on earth hadſt proſper'd, which thy looks
alſo evidence, but ſtrait I felt
diſtant from thee worlds between, yet felt
I muſt after thee with this thy ſon;
fatal conſequence unites us three.
could no longer hold us in her bounds,
this unvoyageable gulf obſcure
in from following thy illuſtrious track:
a haſt achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
in hell-gates till now; thou us impower'd
ortify thus far, and overlay
a this portentous bridge the dark abyſs.
e now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
t thy hands builded not, thy wiſdom gain'd
odds what war hath loſt, and fully' avenge'd

Our foil in heaven; here thou ſhalt monarch reign,
There didſt not; there let him ſtill victor ſway,
As battle hath adjudge'd, from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world,
Or try thee now more dange'rous to his throne.
Whom thus the prince of darkneſs anſwer'd glad.
Fair daughter, and thou ſon and grandchild both,
High proof ye now have given to be the race
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagoniſt of heaven's Almighty King),
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' infernal empire, that ſo near heaven's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of eaſy thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Deſcend through darkneſs, on your road with eaſe,
To my aſſociate powers, them to acquaint
With theſe ſucceſſes, and with them rejoice;
You two this way, among theſe numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradiſe deſcend;
There dwell, and reign in bliſs; thence on the earth
Dominion exerciſe, and in the air
Chiefly on man, ſole lord of all declar'd;
Him firſt make ſure your thrall, and laſtly kill.
My ſubſtitutes I ſend ye, and create
Plenipotent on earth, of matchleſs might
Iſſuing from me: on your joint vigour now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Thro' Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, th' affairs of hell
No detriment need fear; go, and be ſtrong.

So saying, he dismiss'd them; they with speed
Their course thro' thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan,
And planets, planet struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. Th' other way Satan went down
The causey to hell-gate; on either side
Disparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: thro' the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to th' inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd,
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd.
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
Retires; or Bactrian Sophi from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis, and now expecting
Each hour their great advent'rer from the search
Of foreign worlds. He through the midst unmark'd,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible

Aſcended his high throne, which under ſtate
Of richeſt texture ſpread, at th' upper end
Was place'd in regal luſtre. Down a while
He ſat, and round about him ſaw unſeen:
At laſt, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And ſhape ſtar-bright appear'd, or brighter, clad
With what permiſſive glory ſince his fall
Was left him, or falſe glitter. All amaz'd
At that ſo ſudden blaze the Stygian throng
Bent their aſpect; and whom they wiſh'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was th' acclaim:
Forth ruſh'd in haſte the great conſulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with theſe words attention won.

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
For in poſſeſſion ſuch, not only' of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now, return'd
Succeſsful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the houſe of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now poſſeſs,
As lords, a ſpacious world, to' our native heaven
Little inferiour, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done, what ſuffer'd, with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vaſt, unbounded deep
Of horrible confuſion, over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth paſſage, forc'd to ride
Th' untractable abyſs, plunge'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,
That, jealous of their ſecrets, fiercely oppos'd
My journey ſtrange, with clamorous uproar

; Fate ſupreme; thence how I found
created world, which fame in heaven
l foretold, a fabric wonderful
ite perfection, therein man
ı a Paradiſe, by our exile
›py: Him by fraud I have ſeduce'd
Creator, and, the more to' increaſe
ıder, with an apple; he thereat
, worth your laughter, hath given up
beloved man and all his world,
nd Death a prey, and ſo to us,
our hazard, labour, or alarm,
in, and to dwell, and over man
as over all he ſhould have rul'd.
me alſo he hath judge'd, or rather
but the brute ſerpent, in whoſe ſhape
ceiv'd: that which to me belongs,
, which he will put between
nankind; I am to bruiſe his heel;
when is not ſet, ſhall bruiſe my head:
who would not purchaſe with a bruiſe,
more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
:rformance: what remains ye gods,
ınd enter now into full bliſs?
ing ſaid, a while he ſtood, expecting
iverſal ſhout and high applauſe
s ear; when, contrary, he hears
les, from innumerable tongues,
univerſal hiſs, the ſound
: ſcorn: he wonder'd, but not long
re, wond'ring at himſelf now more;
: drawn he felt to ſharp and ſpare,
clung to his ribs, his legs intwining
er, till ſupplanted down he fell

A monſtrous ſerpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant; but in vain, a greater power
Now rul'd him, puniſh'd in the ſhape he ſinn'd,
According to his doom: he would have ſpoke,
But hiſs for hiſs return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to ſerpents all, as acceſſories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hiſſing through the hall, thick ſwarming now
With complicated monſters head and tail;
Scorpion and Aſp, and Amphiſbæna dire,
Ceraſtes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
And Dipſas, (not ſo thick ſwarm'd once the ſoil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the iſle
Ophiuſa): but ſtill greateſt he the midſt,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the ſun
Ingender'd in the Pythian vale on ſlime,
Huge Python, and his power no leſs he ſeem'd
Above the reſt ſtill to retain: they all
Him follow'd iſſuing forth to th' open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout
Heaven-fallen, in ſtation ſtood or juſt array,
Sublime with expectation when to ſee
In triumph iſſuing forth their glorious chief:
They ſaw, but other ſight inſtead, a croud
Of ugly ſerpents; horrour on them fell,
And horrid ſympathy; for what they ſaw,
They felt themſelves now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both ſpear and ſhield, down they as faſt,
And the dire hiſs renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd by contagion; like in puniſhment,
As in their crime. Thus was th' applauſe they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiſs, triumph to ſhame
Caſt on themſelves from their own mouths. There ſtood

ırd by, ſprung up with this their change,
ho reigns above, to aggravate
ıance, laden with fair fruit, like that
w in Paradiſe, the bait of Eve
e tempter: on that proſpect ſtrange
eſt eyes they fix'd, imagining
:bidden tree a multitude
to work them further woe or ſhame;
d with ſcalding thirſt and hunger fierce,
delude them ſent, could not abſtain;
y roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
ſat thicker than the ſnaky locks
d Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
ge fair to fight, like that which grew
bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd;
deluſive, not the touch, but taſte
they fondly thinking to allay
:tite with guſt, inſtead of fruit
:ter aſhes, which th' offended taſte
:ering noiſe rejected: oft they' aſſay'd,
d thirſt conſtraining, drudge'd as oft,
fulleſt diſreliſh writh'd their jaws
and cinders fill'd: ſo oft they fell
ıme illuſion; not as man, [plagu'd
y triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they
with famine, long and ceaſeleſs hiſs,
loſt ſhape, permitted, they reſum'd;
)in'd, ſome ſay, to undergo
al humbling certain number'd days,
ıeir pride, and joy for man ſeduce'd.
ſome tradition they diſpers'd
e Heathen of their purchaſe got,
l how the ſerpent, whom they call'd
th Euronyme, the wide-

Incroaching Eve perhaps, had firſt the rule
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driv'n
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Meanwhile in Paradiſe the helliſh pair
Too ſoon arriv'd, Sin there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death
Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horſe: to whom Sin thus began.
Second of Satan ſprung, all-conqu'ring Death,
What think'ſt thou of our empire now, tho' earn'd
With travel difficult, not better far
Than ſtill at hell's dark threſhold to' have ſat watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyſelf half ſtarv'd?
Whom thus the Sin-born monſter anſwer'd ſoon.
To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradiſe, or Heaven,
There beſt, where moſt with ravin I may meet;
Which here, tho' plenteous, all too little ſeems
To ſtuff this maw, this vaſt unhide-bound corpſe.
To whom th' inceſtuous mother thus reply'd.
Thou therefore on theſe herbs, and fruits, and flowers
Feed firſt, on each beaſt next, and fiſh, and fowl,
No homely morſels; and whatever thing
The ſcythe of Time mows down, devour unſpar'd;
Till I in man reſiding, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,
And ſeaſon him thy laſt and ſweeteſt prey.
This ſaid, they both betook them ſeveral ways,
Both to deſtroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for deſtruction to mature
Sooner or latter: which th' Almighty ſeeing,
From his tranſcendent ſeat the ſaints among,
To thoſe bright orders utter'd thus his voice.

what heat theſe dogs of hell advance
id havock yonder world, which I
good created, and had ſtill
it ſtate, had not the folly of man
: waſteful furies; who impute
; ſo doth the prince of hell,
herents, that with ſo much eaſe
m to enter and poſſeſs
heavenly, and conniving ſeem
my ſcornful enemies,
, as if tranſported with ſome fit
I to them had quitted all,
yielded up to their miſrule;
not that I call'd and drew them thither,
unds, to lick up the draff and filth
n's polluting ſin with taint hath ſhed
as pure, till cramm'd and gorge'd, nigh burſt
d and glutted offal, at one ſling
orious arm, well-pleaſing Son,
nd Death, and yawning Grave at laſt
as hurl'd, obſtruct the mouth of hell
nd ſeal up his ravenous jaws.
en and earth renew'd ſhall be made pure
that ſhall receive no ſtain:
ie curſe pronounce'd on both precedes.
d, and the heavenly audience loud
:luiah, as the ſound of ſeas,
nultitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
are thy decrees on all thy works;
xtenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
ſtorer of mankind, by whom
n and earth ſhall to the ages riſe,
rom heaven deſcend. Such was their ſong,
Creator calling forth by name

His mighty angels, gave them ſeveral charge,
As ſorted beſt with preſent things. The ſun
Had firſt his precept ſo to move, ſo ſhine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable; and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the ſouth to bring
Solſtitial ſummer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they preſcrib'd; to th' other five
Their planetary motions and aſpects,
In ſextile, ſquare, and trine, and oppoſite
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In ſynod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to ſhower;
Which of them riſing with the ſun, or falling,
Should prove tempeſtuous: to the winds they ſet
Their corners, when with bluſter to confound
Sea, air, and ſhore, the thunder when to roll
With terrour through the dark aëreal hall.
Some ſay he bid his angels turn aſcanſe
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
From the ſun's axle; they with labour puſh'd
Oblique the centric globe: ſome ſay the ſun
Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
Like diſtant breadth to Taurus with the ſeven
Atlantic Siſters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn, to bring in change
Of ſeaſons to each clime; elſe had the ſpring
Perpetual ſmil'd on earth with vernant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to thoſe
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted ſhone, while the low ſun
To recompenſe his diſtance, in their ſight

ed ſtill th' horizon, and not known
weſt, which had forbid the ſnow
Eſtotiland, and ſouth as far
agellan. At that taſted fruit
as from Thyéſtean banquet, turn'd
intended; elſe how had the world
though ſinleſs, more than now,
inching cold and ſcorching heat?
ages in the heavens, tho' ſlow, produce'd
ge on ſea and land, ſideral blaſt,
nd miſt, and exhalation hot,
id peſtilent: now from the north
bega, and the Samoed ſhore,
heir brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice
, and hail, and ſtormy guſt and flaw,
id Cæcias, and Argeſtes loud,
cias, rend the woods, and ſeas upturn;
erſe blaſt upturns them from the ſouth
l Afer black with thundrous clouds
raleon; thwart of theſe as fierce
i the Levant and the Ponent winds,
l Zephyr, with their lateral noiſe,
nd Libecchio. Thus began
rom lifeleſs things: but Diſcord firſt,
of Sin, among th' irrational
roduce'd through fierce antipathy:
with beaſt 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
vith fiſh; to graze the herb all leaving,
each other; nor ſtood much in awe
but fled him, or with count'nance grim
him paſſing. Theſe were from without
ing miſeries, which Adam ſaw
in part, though hid in gloomieſt ſhade,
v' abandon'd; but worſe felt within,

And in a troubled ſea of paſſion toſt,
Thus to diſburden ſought with ſad complaint.
O miſerable of happy'! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me ſo late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of bleſſed? hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happineſs! yet well, if here would end
The miſery; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings: but this will not ſerve;
All that I eat or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, *Increaſe and multiply*,
Now death to hear! for what can I increaſe
Or multiply, but curſes on my head?
Who of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head? Ill fare our anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank Adam; but his thanks
Shall be the execration: ſo beſides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradiſe, dear bought with laſting woes!
Did I requeſt thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? did I ſolicit thee
From darkneſs to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my be'ing, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſireous to reſign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold

I ſought not. To the loſs of that,
penalty, why haſt thou added
of endleſs woes? inexplicable
e ſeems; yet, to ſay truth, too late,
teſt; then ſhould have been refus'd
ns whatever, when they were propos'd:
t accept them; wilt thou' enjoy the good,
l the conditions? And though God
: without thy leave, what if thy ſon
)bedient, and repror'd, retort,
: didſt thou beget me'? I ſought it not:
hou admit for his contempt of thee
ıd excuſe? yet him not thy election,
al neceſſity, begot.
: thee' of choice his own, and of his own
him; thy reward was of his grace;
ſhment then juſtly' is at his will.
for I ſubmit; his doom is fair,
I am, and ſhall to duſt return.
ıe hour whenever! why delays
to execute what his decree
his day? why do I overlive?
I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
eſs pain? how gladly would I meet
my ſentence, and be earth
? how glad would lay me down
mother's lap? there I ſhould reſt
ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
under in my ears, no fear of worſe
ıd to my offspring would torment me
el expectation. Yet one doubt
ıe ſtill, leſt all I cannot die;
pure breath of life, the ſpi'rit of man,
od inſpir'd, cannot together periſh
corporeal clod; then in the grave,

Or in ſome other diſmal place, who knows
But I ſhall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that ſinn'd; what dies but what had life
And ſin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then ſhall die: let this appeaſe
The doubt, ſince human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath alſo? be it, man is not ſo,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exerciſe
Wrath without end on man whom death muſt end?
Can he make deathleſs death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himſelf
Impoſſible is held, as argument
Of weakneſs, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's ſake, finite to infinite
In puniſh'd man, to ſatisfy his rigour
Satisfy'd never? that were to extend
His ſentence beyond duſt, and nature's law,
By which all cauſes elſe according ſtill
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own ſphere. But ſay
That death be not one ſtroke, as I ſuppos'd,
Bereaving ſenſe, but endleſs miſery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and ſo laſt
To perpetuity: Ay me, that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceleſs head; both death and I
Am found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part ſingle, in me all
Poſterity ſtands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I muſt leave ye, ſons; O were I able
To waſte it all myſelf, and leave ye none!

rited, how would ye bleſs
/our curſe! Ah, why ſhould all mankind
ıan's fault thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
:? But from me what can proceed,
:rupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
only, but to will the ſame
? how can they then acquitted ſtand
f God? Him after all diſputes
abſolve: all my evaſions vain,
nings, though thro' mazes, lead me ſtill
r own conviction: firſt and laſt
ıe only, as the ſource and ſpring
ruption, all the blame lights due;
the wrath. Fond wiſh! couldſt thou ſupport
len heavier than the earth to bear,
the world much heavier, though divided
: bad woman? Thus what thou deſir'ſt,
: thou fear'ſt, alike deſtroys all hope
:, and concludes thee miſerable
ll paſt example and future,
only like both crime and doom.
:nce, into what abyſs of fears
ours haſt thou driv'n me; out of which
way, from deep to deeper plung'd!
Adam to himſelf lamented loud
the ſtill night; not now, as ere man fell,
ne, and cool, and mild, but with black air
nied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
his evil conſcience repreſented
s with double terrour: on the ground
ı'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
s creation, death as oft accus'd
execution, ſince denounce'd
of his offence. Why comes not death,

Said he, with one thrice acceptable ſtroke
To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
Juſtice Divine not haſten to be juſt?
But Death comes not at call, Juſtice Divine
Mends not her ſloweſt pace for pray'rs or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers,
With other echo late I taught your ſhades
To anſwer, and reſound far other ſong.
Whom thus afflicted when ſad Eve beheld,
Deſolate where ſhe ſat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce paſſion ſhe aſſay'd:
But her with ſtern regard he thus repell'd.
Out of my ſight, thou Serpent; that name beſt
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyſelf as falſe
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy ſhape,
Like his, and colour ſerpentine, may ſhow
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; leſt that too heavenly form, pretended
To helliſh falſehood, ſnare them. But for thee
I had perſiſted happy', had not thy pride
And wand'ring vanity, when leaſt was ſafe,
Rejected my forewarning, and diſdain'd
Not to be truſted; longing to be ſeen,
Though by the dev'il himſelf, him overweening
To overreach; but with the ſerpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguil'd; by him thou, I by thee,
To truſt thee from my ſide, imagin'd wiſe,
Conſtant, mature, proof againſt all aſſaults;
And underſtood not all was but a ſhow,
Rather than ſolid virtue'; all but a rib,
Crook'd by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part ſiniſter, from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as ſupernumerary
To my juſt number found. O why did God,

Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt heaven
With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature; and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find ſome other way to generate
Mankind? This miſchief had not then befall'n,
And more that ſhall befall; innumerable
Diſturbances on earth through female ſnares,
And ſtrait conjunction with this ſex: for either
He never ſhall find out fit mate, but ſuch
As ſome misfortune brings him, or miſtake;
Or whom he wiſhes moſt ſhall ſeldom gain
Through her perverſeneſs; but ſhall ſee her gain'd
By a far worſe; or if ſhe love, withheld
By parents; or his happieſt choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adverſary, his hate or ſhame:
Which infinite calamity ſhall cauſe
To human life, and houſehold-peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them, beſought
His peace; and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus, Adam, witneſs Heaven
What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy ſuppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel, in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength and ſtay: forlorn of thee,
Whether ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?

While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Againſt a foe by doom expreſs aſſign'd us,
That cruel ſerpent. On me exerciſe not
Thy hatred for this miſery befallen,
On me already loſt, me than thyſelf
More miſerable: both have ſinn'd, but thou
Againſt God only, I 'gainſt God and thee;
And to the place of judgement will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The ſentence from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, ſole cauſe to thee of all this woe,
Me, only me, juſt object of his ire!

She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledge'd and deplor'd, in Adam wrought
Commiſeration: ſoon his heart relented
Tow'ards her, his life ſo late and ſole delight,
Now at his feet ſubmiſſive in diſtreſs,
Creature ſo fair his reconcilement ſeeking,
His counſel, whom ſhe had diſpleas'd, his aid;
As one diſarm'd, his anger all he loſt,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her ſoon.
Unwary', and too deſirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'ſt not, who deſir'ſt
The puniſhment all on thyſelf; alas,
Bear thine own firſt, ill able to ſuſtain
His full wrath, whoſe thou feel'ſt as yet leaſt part,
And my diſpleaſure bear'ſt ſo ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would ſpeed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be viſited,
Thy frailty and infirmer ſex forgiven,

nitted, and by me expos'd.
: us no more contend, nor blame
blam'd enough elſewhere; but ſtrive
love, how we may lighten
s burthen, in our ſhare of woe;
ay's death denounce'd, if aught I ſee,
no ſudden, but a ſlow-pace'd evil,
s dying, to augment our pain,
ſeed (O hapleſs ſeed!) deriv'd.
thus Eve, recov'ring heart, reply'd,
ad experiment I know
veight my words with thee can find,
roneous, thence by juſt event
fortunate: nevertheleſs,
thee, vile as I am, to place
ptance, hopeful to regain
he ſole contentment of my heart,
ring, from thee I will not hide
hts in my unquiet breaſt are riſen,
ſome relief of our extremes,
ugh ſharp and ſad, yet tolerable,
ils, and of eaſier choice.
ir deſcent perplex us moſt,
be born to certain woe, devour'd
laſt; and miſerable it is
ers cauſe of miſery,
gott'en, and of our loins to bring
ſed world a woeful race,
retched life muſt be at laſt
oul a monſter; in thy power
e conception, to prevent
leſs'd, to being yet unbegot.
u art, childleſs remain: ſo Death
iv'd his glut, and with us two
ſatisfy his ravenous maw.

But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Converſing, looking, loving, to abſtain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces ſweet,
And with deſire to languiſh without hope,
Before the preſent object languiſhing
With like deſire, which would be miſery
And torment leſs than none of what we dread;
Then both ourſelves and ſeed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make ſhort,
Let us ſeek Death; or he not found, ſupply
With our own hands his office on ourſelves!
Why ſtand we longer ſhivering under fears,
That ſhow no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the ſhorteſt chuſing,
Deſtruction with deſtruction to deſtroy?
She ended here, or vehement deſpair
Broke off the reſt; ſo much of death her thoughts
Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with ſuch counſel nothing ſway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Lab'ring had rais'd, and thus to Eve reply'd.
Eve, thy contempt of life and pleaſure ſeems
To argue in thee ſomething more ſublime
And excellent than what thy mind contemns;
But ſelf-deſtruction therefore ſought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguiſh and regret
For loſs of life and pleaſure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmoſt end
Of miſery, ſo thinking to evade
The penalty pronounce'd, doubt not but God
Hath wiſelier arm'd his vengeful ire than ſo
To be foreſtall'd; much more I fear leſt death
So ſnatch'd will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather ſuch acts

acy will provoke the Higheſt
eath in us live: then let us ſeek
reſolution, which methinks
ew, calling to mind with heed
ſentence, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe
's head; pieteous amends, unleſs
whom I conjecture, our grand foe
in the ſerpent hath contriv'd
this deceit: to cruſh his head,
evenge indeed; which will be loſt
rought on ourſelves, or childleſs days
s thou propoſeſt; ſo our foe
his puniſhment ordain'd, and we
l double ours upon our heads.
mention'd then of violence
ſelves, and wilful barrenneſs,
is off from hope, and ſavours only
id pride, impatience and deſpite,
againſt God, and his juſt yoke
r necks. Remember with what mild
us temper he both heard and judg'd,
rath or reviling: we expected
diſſolution, which we thought
by death that day; when lo to thee
in child-bearing were foretold,
th forth, ſoon recompens'd with joy,
y womb: on me the curſe aſlope
the ground; with labour I muſt earn
what harm? Idleneſs had been worſe;
will ſuſtain me: and leſt cold
uld injure us, his timely care
ought provided, and his hands
unworthy, pitying while he judge'd:
more, if we pray him, will his ear
d his heart to pity' incline,

And teach us further by what means to ſhun
Th' inclement ſeaſons, rain, ice, hail, and ſnow?
Which now the ſky with various face begins
To ſhow us in this mountain, while the winds
Blow moiſt and keen, ſhattering the graceful locks
Of theſe fair ſpreading trees; which bids us ſeek
Some better ſhroud, ſome better warmth to cheriſh
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal ſtar
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter ſere foment,
Or by colliſion of two bodies grind
The air attrite to fire, as late the clouds
Juſtling or puſh'd with winds, rude in their ſhock
Tine the ſlant lightning, whoſe thwart flame driv'n
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And ſends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might ſupply the ſun: ſuch fire to uſe,
And what may elſe be remedy or cure
To evils which our own miſdeeds have wrought,
He will inſtruct us praying, and of grace
Beſeeching him, ſo as we need not fear
To paſs commodiouſly this life, ſuſtain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In duſt, our final reſt and native home.
What better can we do, than to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, proſtrate fall
Before him reverent, and there confeſs
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
Watering the ground, and with our ſighs the air
Frequenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
Of ſorr'ow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his diſpleaſure; in whoſe look ſerene,
When angry moſt he ſeem'd, and moſt ſevere,
What elſe but favour, grace, and mercy ſhone?

ſpake our father penitent; nor Eve
leſs remorſe: they forthwith to the place
iring where he judge'd them, proſtrate fell
re him reverent, and both confeſs'd
ibly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
ering the ground, and with their ſighs the air
uenting, ſent from hearts contrite, in ſign
orr'ow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

END *of the* TENTH BOOK.

ARGUMENT of Book XI.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach, goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the angel leads him up to a high hill, and sets before him in vision what shall happen till the flood.

To Front BOOK XI.

Matth. Pfeian Sculpt.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XI.

THUS they in lowlieſt plight repentant ſtood
Praying; for from the mercy-ſeat above
evenient Grace deſcending had remov'd
he ſtony from their hearts, and made new fleſh
regenerate grow inſtead, that ſighs now breath'd
nutterable, which the ſpi'rit of prayer
ſpir'd, and wing'd for heaven with ſpeedier flight
han loudeſt oratory: yet their port
ot of mean ſuitors, nor important leſs
em'd their petition, than when th' ancient pair
fables old, leſs ancient yet than theſe,
ucalion and chaſte Pyrrha, to reſtore
he race of mankind drown'd, before the ſhrine
f Themis ſtood devout. To heaven their prayers
ew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
lown vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
imenſionleſs thro' heavenly doors; then clad
ith incenſe, where the golden altar fum'd,
y their great Interceſſour, came in ſight
efore the Father's throne: them the glad Son
aſenting, thus to intercede began.

See, Father, what firſt fruits on earth are ſprung

From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy Priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produce'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs tho' mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me,
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect; and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'ard mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, tho' sad, till death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts

n endow'd, with happineſs
rtality: that fondly loſt,
ſerv'd but to eternize woe;
ided Death; ſo Death becomes
medy, and after life
arp tribulation, and refin'd
d faithful works, to ſecond life,
he renovation of the juſt,
n up with heaven and earth renew'd.
call to ſynod all the bleſs'd
en's wide bounds; from them I will not hide
ents, how with mankind I proceed,
th peccant angels late they ſaw,
ir ſtate, tho' firm, ſtood more confirm'd.
d, and the Son gave ſignal high
ght miniſter that watch'd; he blew
t, heard in Oreb ſince perhaps
l deſcended, and perhaps once more
t general doom. Th' angelic blaſt
e regions: from their bliſsful bowers
tine ſhade, fountain or ſpring,
ers of life, where'er they ſat
ips of joy, the ſons of light
ſorting to the ſummons high,
heir ſeats; till from his throne ſupreme
hty thus pronounce'd his ſovereign will.
like one of us man is become
oth good and evil, ſince his taſte
fended fruit: but let him boaſt
dge of good loſt, and evil got;
ad it ſuffice'd him to have known
ſelf, and evil not at all.
now, repents, and prays contrite;
s in him: longer than they move,
know, how variable and vain

Self-left. Left therefore his now bolder hand
Reach alſo of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at leaſt to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And ſend him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter ſoil.
Michael, this my beheſt have thou in charge;
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriours, leſt the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant poſſeſſion, ſome new trouble raiſe:
Haſte thee, and from the Paradiſe of God
Without remorſe drive out the ſinful pair,
From hallow'd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to their progeny from thence
Perpetual baniſhment. Yet leſt they faint
At the ſad ſentence rigorouſly urge'd,
For I behold them ſoften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their exceſs, all terrour hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Diſmiſs them not diſconſolate; reveal
To Adam what ſhall come in future days,
As I ſhall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the woman's ſeed renew'd;
So ſend them forth, tho' ſorrowing, yet in peace:
And on the eaſt ſide of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden eaſieſt climbs,
Cherubic watch, and of a ſword the flame
Wide waving, all approach far off to fright,
And guard all paſſage to the Tree of Life:
Leſt Paradiſe a receptacle prove
To ſpirits foul, and all my trees their prey,
With whoſe ſtoll'n fruit man once more to delude.
He ceas'd; and th' archangelic power prepar'd
For ſwift deſcent; with him the cohort bright

ful Cherubim; four faces each
a double Janus, all their ſhape
with eyes, more numerous than thoſe
, and more wakeful than to drowſe,
with Arcadian pipe, the paſt'ral reed
es, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
te the world with ſacred light,
a wak'd, and with freſh dews imbalm'd
h; when Adam, and firſt matron Eve,
d now their oriſons, and found
added from above, new hope to ſpring
ſpair, joy, but with fear yet link'd;
ius to Eve his welcome words renew'd,
aſily may faith admit, that all
l which we enjoy, from heaven deſcends;
from us aught ſhould aſcend to heaven,
lent as to concern the mind
high-bleſs'd, or to incline his will,
belief may ſeem; yet this will prayer,
ort ſigh of human breath, upborne
he ſeat of God. For ſince I ſought
r th' offended Deity to' appeaſe,
and before him humbled all my heart,
ht I ſaw him placable and mild,
his ear; perſuaſion in me grew
vas heard with favour; peace return'd
my breaſt, and to my memory
iſe, that thy ſeed ſhall bruiſe our foe;
hen not minded in diſmay, yet now
ne that the bitterneſs of death
ind we ſhall live. Whence hail to thee,
tly call'd, mother of all mankind,
of all things living, ſince by thee
o live, and all things live for man.
hom thus Eve with ſad demeanour meek.

Ill worthy I ſuch title ſhould belong
To me tranſgreſſor, who for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy ſnare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, diſtruſt, and all diſpraiſe:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who firſt brought death on all, am grace'd
The ſource of life; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to' entitle me vouchſaf'ſt,
Far other name deſerving, but the field
To labour calls us now with ſweat impos'd,
Though after ſleepleſs night; for ſee the morn,
All unconcern'd with our unreſt, begins
Her roſy progreſs ſmiling: let us forth;
I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,
Where'er our day's work lies, tho' now injoin'd
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilſome in theſe pleaſant walks?
Here let us live, tho' in fall'n ſtate, content.

So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much-humbled Eve; but fate
Subſcrib'd not: Nature firſt gave ſigns, impreſs'd
On bird, beaſt, air, air ſuddenly eclips'd
After ſhort bluſh of morn; nigh in her ſight,
The bird of Jove, ſtoop'd from his airy tour,
Two birds of gayeſt plume before him drove:
Down from a hill the beaſt that reigns in woods,
Firſt hunter then, purſu'd a gentle brace,
Goodlieſt of all the foreſt, hart and hind;
Direct to th' eaſtern gate was bent their flight.
Adam obſerv'd, and with his eye the chace
Purſuing, not unmov'd to Eve thus ſpake.

O Eve, ſome further change awaits us nigh,
Which heaven by theſe mute ſigns in nature ſhows,
Forerunners of his purpoſe, or to warn
Us haply too ſecure of our diſcharge
From penalty, becauſe from death releas'd

Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more than this, that we are duſt,
And thither muſt return, and be no more?
Why elſe this double object in our ſight,
Of flight purſu'd in th' air, and o'er the ground,
One way the ſelf-ſame hour? why in the eaſt
Darkneſs e'er day's mid courſe, and morning-light
More orient in yon weſtern cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And flow deſcends, with ſomething heavenly fraught?
He err'd not; for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a ſky of jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he ſaw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dotham, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Againſt the Syrian king, who to ſurpriſe
One man, aſſaſſin-like, had levy'd war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely Hierarch
In their bright ſtand there left his powers to ſeize
Poſſeſſion of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam ſhelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam, who to Eve,
While the great viſitant approach'd, thus ſpake.
Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will ſoon determine, or impoſe
New laws to be obſerv'd; for I deſcry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heavenly hoſt, and by his gait
None of the meaneſt, ſome great potentate
Or of the Thrones above, ſuch majeſty

Inveſts him coming; yet not terrible,
That I ſhould fear; nor ſociably mild,
As Raphaël, that I ſhould much confide;
But ſolemn and ſublime, whom not to' offend,
With reverence I muſt meet, and thou retire.
He ended; and th' archangel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his ſhape celeſtial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipp'd the woof;
His ſtarry helm unbuckled ſhow'd him prime
In manhood, where youth ended; by his ſide,
As in a gliſt'ring zodiac, hung the ſword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the ſpear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his ſtate
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declare'd.
Adam, Heaven's high beheſt no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death,
Then due by ſentence when thou didſt tranſgreſs,
Defeated of his ſeizure many days
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou mayſt repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayſt cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim;
But longer in this Paradiſe to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And ſend thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou waſt taken, fitter ſoil.
He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-ſtruck with chilling gripe of ſorrow ſtood,
That all his ſenſes bound: Eve, who unſeen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Diſcover'd ſoon the place of her retire.

O unexpected ſtroke, worſe than of death!
uſt I thus leave thee, Paradiſe! thus leave
ee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
: haunt of gods! where I had hope to ſpend,
iet though ſad, the reſpite of that day
hat muſt be mortal to us both? O flowers,
hat never will in other climate grow,
y early viſitation, and my laſt
ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
om the firſt op'ning bud, and gave ye names,
ho now ſhall rear ye to the ſun, or rank
ur tribes, and water from th' ambroſial fount?
ee laſtly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
ith what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet, from thee
ow ſhall I part, and whither wander down
o a lower world, to this obſcure
d wild? how ſhall we breathe in other air
ſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
ment not, Eve, but patiently reſign
hat juſtly thou haſt loſt; nor ſet thy heart,
us over-fond, on that which is not thine:
y going is not lonely; with thee goes
y huſband; him to follow thou art bound;
here he abides, think there thy native ſoil.
Adam by this from the cold ſudden damp
covering, and his ſcatter'd ſpi'rits return'd,
) Michael thus his humble words addreſs'd.
Celeſtial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
them the high'eſt, for ſuch of ſhape may ſeem
ince above princes, gently haſt thou told
y meſſage, which might elſe in telling wound,
d in performing end us; what beſides
ſorrow, and dejection, and deſpair,
r *frailty can ſuſtain*, thy tidings bring,

Departure from this happy place, our ſweet
Receſs, and only conſolation left
Familiar to our eyes; all places elſe
Inhoſpitable' appear and deſolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer
Inceſſant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not ceaſe
To weary him with my aſſiduous cries:
But prayer againſt his abſolute decree
No more avails than breath againſt the wind,
Blown ſtifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I ſubmit.
This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worſhip place by place where he vouchſaf'd
Preſence divine, and to my ſons relate,
On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood viſible, among theſe pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet ſmelling gums, and fruits, and flowers:
In yonder nether world where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or footſtep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt ſkirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore.
To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
Adam, thou know'ſt heaven his, and all the earth,
Not this rock only'; his omnipreſence fills
Land, ſea, and air, and every kind that lives,

d by his virtual power and warm'd:
irth he gave thee to poſſeſs and rule,
cable gift; ſurmiſe not then
nce to theſe narrow bounds confin'd
diſe or Eden: this had been,
, thy capital ſeat, from whence had ſpread
rations, and had hither come
l ends of the earth, to celebrate
erence thee their great progenitor.
preeminence thou' haſt loſt, brought down
ll on even ground now with thy ſons:
bt not but in valley and in plain
is here, and will be found alike
and of his preſence many a ſign
lowing thee, ſtill compaſſing thee round
oodneſs and paternal love, his face
, and of his ſteps the track divine.
that thou mayſt believe, and be confirm'd
u from hence depart, know I am ſent
v thee what ſhall come in future days
: and to thy offspring; good with bad
to hear, ſupernal grace contending
nfulneſs of men; thereby to learn
atience, and to temper joy with fear
ous ſorrow, equally inur'd
leration either ſtate to bear,
ous or adverſe: ſo ſhalt thou lead
hy life, and beſt prepar'd endure
ortal paſſage when it comes. Aſcend
ill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
eep below, while thou to foreſight wake'ſt;
e thou ſlept'ſt, while ſhe to life was form'd.
whom thus Adam gratefully reply'd.
ſ, I follow thee, ſafe guide, the path
lead'ſt me', and to the hand of heaven ſubmit,

However chaſt'ning, to the evil turn
My obvious breaſt, arming to overcome
By ſuffering, and earn reſt from labour won,
If ſo I may attain. So both aſcend
In the viſions of God. It was a hill
Of Paradiſe the higheſt, from whoſe top
The hemiſphere of earth in cleareſt ken
Stretch'd out to th' ampleſt reach of proſpect lay.
Not high'er that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cauſe the tempter ſet
Our ſecond Adam in the wilderneſs,
To ſhow him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever ſtood
City of old or modern fame, the ſeat
Of mightieſt empire, from the deſtin'd walls
Of Cambula, ſeat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings, and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Cherſoneſe, or where
The Perſian in Ecbatan ſat, or ſince
In Iſpahan, or where the Ruſſian Czar
In Moſco, or the Sultan in Bizance,
Turcheſtan-born; nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of Negus to his utmoſt port
Ercoco, and the leſs maritime kings,
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola fartheſt ſouth;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almanzor, Fez and Suez,
Morocco and Algiers, and Trebiſond;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to ſway
The world: in ſpi'rit perhaps he alſo ſaw
Rich Mexico the ſeat of Montezume,

nd Cuſco in Peru, the richer ſeat
f Atabalipa, and yet unſpoil'd
uiana, whoſe great city Geryon's ſons
all El Dorador. But to nobler ſights
lichael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Vhich that falſe fruit that promis'd clearer ſight
lad bred; then purge'd with euphraſy and rue
he viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee;
nd from the well of life three drops inſtill'd.
o deep the power of theſe ingredients pierce'd,
ven to the inmoſt ſeat of mental ſight,
hat Adam, now inforce'd to cloſe his eyes,
unk down, and all his ſpi'rits became intranc'd;
ut him the gentle angel by the hand
oon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.
Adam, now ope thine eyes, and firſt behold
h' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
ı ſome to ſpring from thee, who never touch'd
h' excepted tree, nor with the ſnake conſpir'd,
or ſinn'd thy ſin, yet from that ſin derive
orruption to bring forth more violent deeds.
His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
rt arable and tilth, whereon were ſheaves
ew reap'd; the other part ſheep-walks and folds;
th' midſt an altar as a land-mark ſtood,
uſtic, of graſſy ſord; thither anon
ſweaty reaper from his tillage brought
rſt fruits, the green ear, and the yellow ſheaf,
nculld, as came to hand; a ſhepherd next,
ore meek, came with the firſtlings of his flock
hoiceſt and beſt; then ſacrificing, laid
he inwards and their fat, with incenſe ſtrow'd,
n the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
is offering ſoon propitious fire from heaven
onſum'd with nimble glance, and grateful ſteam;

The other's not, for his was not ſincere:
Whereat he inly rage'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a ſtone
That beat out life; he fell, and deadly pale
Groan'd out his ſoul with guſhing blood effus'd.
Much at the ſight was Adam in his heart
Diſmay'd, and thus in haſte to th' angel cry'd.
O teacher, ſome great miſchief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had ſacrifice'd;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?
T' whom Michael thus, he alſo mov'd, reply'd.
Theſe two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; th' unjuſt the juſt hath ſlain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be avenge'd; and th' other's faith approv'd
Loſe no reward, though here thou ſee him die,
Rolling in duſt and gore. To which our ſire,
Alas, both for the deed and for the cauſe!
But have I now ſeen Death? Is this the way
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus Michaël. Death thou haſt ſeen
In his firſt ſhape on man; but many ſhapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all diſmal; yet to ſenſe
More terrible at th' entrance than within.
Some, as thou ſaw'ſt, by violent ſtroke ſhall die,
By fire, flood, famine; by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth ſhall bring
Diſeaſes dire, of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear; that thou mayſt know
What miſery th' inabſtinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. Immediately a place

eyes appear'd, ſad, noiſome, dark,
uſe it ſeem'd, wherein were laid
f all diſeas'd, all maladies
ſpaſm, or racking torture, qualms
ck agony, all fev'rous kinds,
s, epilepſies, fierce catarrhs,
one and ulcer, colic pangs,
phrenzy, moaping melancholy,
ſtruck madneſs, pining atrophy,
, and wide-waſting peſtilence,
and aſthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
he toſſing, deep the groans; Deſpair
ie ſick, buſieſt from couch to couch;
them triumphant Death his dart
it delay'd to ſtrike, tho' oft invok'd
s, as their chief good, and final hope.
eform what heart of rock could long
behold? Adam could not, but wept,
ot of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
f man, and gave him up to tears
till firmer thoughts reſtrain'd exceſs;
e recovering words his plaint renew'd.
rable mankind, to what fall
, to what wretched ſtate reſerv'd!
d here unborn. Why is life given
is wreſted from us? rather why
on us thus? who, if we knew
receive, would either not accept
'd, or ſoon beg to lay it down,
e ſo diſmiſs'd in peace. Can thus
e of God in man, created once
y and erect, though faulty ſince,
inſightly ſufferings be debas'd
human pains? Why ſhould not man,
y ſtill divine ſimilitude

In part, from ſuch deformities be free,
And for his Maker's image-ſake exempt?
Their Maker's image, anſwer'd Michael, then
Forſook them, when themſelves they vilify'd
To ſerve ungovern'd Appetite, and took
His image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh vice,
Inductive mainly to the ſin of Eve.
Therefore ſo abject is their puniſhment,
Diſfiguring not God's likeneſs, but their own,
Or if his likeneſs, by themſelves deface'd,
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathſome ſickneſs; worthily, ſince they
God's image did not reverence in themſelves.
I yield it juſt, ſaid Adam, and ſubmit.
But is there yet no other way, beſides
Theſe painful paſſages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural duſt?
There is, ſaid Michael, if thou well obſerve
The rule of not too much, by temp'rance taught,
In what thou eat'ſt and drink'ſt, ſeeking from thence
Due nouriſhment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'ſt thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with eaſe
Gather'd, not harſhly pluck'd, for death mature:
This is old age; but then thou muſt outlive
Thy youth, thy ſtrength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy ſenſes then
Obtuſe, all taſte of pleaſure muſt forego,
To what thou haſt; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy ſpirits down, and laſt conſume
The balm of life. To whom our anceſtor.
Henceforth I fly not Death, nor would prolong

; bent rather how I may be quit
l eaſieſt of this cumbrous charge;
nuſt keep till my appointed day
ing up, and patiently attend
ıtion. Michaël reply'd.
e thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'ſt,
; how long or ſhort, permit to Heav'n:
prepare thee for another ſight.
:'d, and ſaw a ſpacious plain, whereon
ts of various hue: by ſome were herds
grazing; others, whence the ſound
nents that made melodious chime
d, of harp and organ; and who mov'd
)s and chords, was ſeen; his volant touch
ırough all proportions, low and high,
l purſu'd tranſverſe the reſonant fugue.
part ſtood one who at the forge
two maſſy clods of ir'on and braſs
ed, (whether found where caſual fire
ed woods on mountain or in vale,
the veins of earth, thence gliding hot
cave's mouth, or whether waſh'd by ſtream
lerground), the liquid ore he drain'd
ioulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
)wn tools; then, what might elſe be wrought
;raven in metal. After theſe,
ıe hither ſide, a different ſort
high neighb'ring hills, which was their ſeat,
the plain deſcended: by their guiſe
they ſeem'd, and all their ſtudy bent
ip God aright, and know his works
nor thoſe things laſt which might preſerve
and peace to men: they on the plain
l not walk'd, when from the tents behold
f *fair women*, richly gay

In gems and wanton dreſs; to th' harp they ſung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.
The men, though grave, ey'd them, and let their eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous net
Faſt caught, they like'd, and each his liking choſe:
And now of love they treat, till th' ev'ning-ſtar,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then firſt to marriage-rites invok'd:
With feaſt and muſic all the tents reſound.
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love and youth not loſt, ſongs, garlands, flowers,
And charming ſymphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam, ſoon inclin'd t' admit delight,
The bent of nature; which he thus expreſs'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime angel bleſs'd,
Much better ſeems this viſion, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than thoſe two paſt:
Thoſe were of hate and death, or pain much worſe;
Here nature ſeems fulfill'd in all her ends.

To whom thus Michael. Judge not what is beſt
By pleaſure, though to nature ſeeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end,
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Thoſe tents thou ſaw'ſt ſo pleaſant, were the tents
Of wickedneſs, wherein ſhall dwell his race
Who ſlew his brother; ſtudious they appear
Of arts that poliſh life, inventors rare,
Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spi'rit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledge'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring ſhall beget:
For that fair female troop thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd
Of goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein conſiſts
Woman's domeſtic honour and chief praiſe;

ly and completed to the taſte
il appetence, to ſing, to dance,
, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
, that ſober race of men, whoſe lives
s titled them the ſons of God,
ld up all their virtue, all their fame
to the trains and to the ſmiles
fair Atheiſts, and now ſwim in joy,
to ſwim at large; and laugh, for which
ld erelong a world of tears muſt weep.
iom thus Adam, of ſhort joy bereft.
and ſhame, that they who to live well
ſo fair, ſhould turn aſide to tread
direct, or in the midway faint!
I ſee the tenour of man's woe
i the ſame, from women to begin.
man's effeminate ſlackneſs it begins,
angel, who ſhould better hold his place
)m, and ſuperiour gifts receiv'd.
prepare thee for another ſcene.
)k'd, and ſaw wide territory ſpread
im, towns, and rural works between,
men with lofty gates and towers,
ſe in arms, fierce faces threat'ning war,
f mighty bone, and bold empriſe:
ld their arms, part curb the foaming ſteed,
in array of battle range'd
ſe and foot, nor idly muſt'ring ſtood;
a band ſelect from forage drives
f beeves, fair oxen and fair kine
at meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,
d their bleating lambs, over the plain,
oty; ſcarce with life the ſhepherds fly,
in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
el tournament the ſquadrons join;

Where cattle paſtur'd late, now ſcatter'd lies
With carcaſes and arms th' inſanguin'd field
Deſerted: others to a city ſtrong
Lay ſiege, incamp'd; by batt'ry, ſcale, and mine,
Aſſaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and jav'lin, ſtones and ſulph'rous fire;
On each hand ſlaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the ſcepter'd heralds call
To council in the city-gates: anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriours mix'd,
Aſſemble, and harangues are heard, but ſoon
In factious oppoſition; till at laſt
Of middle age one riſing, eminent
In wiſe deport, ſpake much of right and wrong,
Of juſtice, of religion, truth and peace,
And judgement from above: him old and young,
Exploded, and had ſeiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a cloud deſcending ſnatch'd him thence
Unſeen amid the throng: ſo violence
Proceeded, and oppreſſion, and ſword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full ſad; O what are theſe,
Death's miniſters, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thouſandfold the ſin of him who ſlew
His brother: for of whom ſuch maſſacre
Make they but of their brethren, men of men?
But who was that juſt man, whom had not Heaven
Reſcu'd, had in his righteouſneſs been loſt?
To whom thus Michael. Theſe are the product
Of thoſe ill-mated marriages thou ſaw'ſt;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themſelves
Abhor to join; and by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.

re theſe giants, men of high renown;
ioſe days might only ſhall be' admir'd,
)ur and heroic virtue call'd;
:ome in battle, and ſubdue
and bring home ſpoils with infinite
ighter, ſhall be held the higheſt pitch
in glory, and for glory done
)ph, to be ſtyle'd great conquerours,
of mankind, gods, and ſons of gods;
rs rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
ne ſhall be achiev'd, renown on earth,
at moſt merits fame in ſilence hid.
the ſev'nth from thee, whom thou beheldſt
y righteous in a world perverſe,
refore hated, therefore ſo beſet
es, for daring ſingle to be juſt,
:r odious truth, that God would come
e them with his ſaints: him the Moſt High
a balmy cloud with winged ſteeds
thou ſaw'ſt, receive, to walk with God
ſalvation, and the climes of bliſs,
from death; to ſhow thee what reward
he good, the reſt what puniſhment;
)ow direct thine eyes, and ſoon behold.
)k'd, and ſaw the face of things quite change'd:
zen throat of war had ceas'd to roar;
was turn'd to jollity and game,
ry and riot, feaſt and dance,
g or proſtituting, as befel,
adultery, where paſſing fair
:hem; thence from cups to civil broils.
h a reverend ſire among them came,
:heir doings great diſlike declar'd,
ify'd againſt their ways; he oft
ted their aſſemblies, whereſo met,

Triumphs or feſtivals, and to them preach'd
Converſion and repentance, as to ſouls
In priſon under judgements imminent:
But all in vain: which when he ſaw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off;
Then from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a veſſel of huge bulk;
Meaſur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height;
Smear'd round with pitch; and in the ſide a door
Contriv'd; and of proviſions laid in large
For man and beaſt: when lo, a wonder ſtrange!
Of every beaſt, and bird, and inſect ſmall
Came ſev'ns, and pairs, and enter'd in, as taught
Their order: laſt the ſire, and his three ſons,
With their four wives; and God made faſt the door.
Mean while the ſouth-wind roſe, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven; the hills to their ſupply
Vapour, and exhalation duſk and moiſt,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd ſky
Like a dark cieling ſtood; down ruſh'd the rain
Impetuous, and continu'd, till the earth
No more was ſeen: the floating veſſel ſwum
Upliſted, and ſecure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves: all dwellings elſe
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; ſea cover'd ſea,
Sea without ſhore; and in their palaces
Where luxury late reign'd, ſea-monſters whelp'd
And ſtabled; of mankind, ſo numerous late,
All left, in one ſmall bottom ſwum imbark'd.
How didſt thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end ſo ſad,
Depopulation? thee another flood,
Of tears and ſorrow' a flood, thee alſo drown'd,

ık thee as thy ſons; till gently rear'd
ıngel, on thy feet thou ſtood'ſt at laſt,
ı comfortleſs, as when a father mourns
dren, all in view deſtroy'd at once;
ırce to th' angel utter'dſt thus thy plaint.
ions ill-foreſeen! better had I
ınorant of future, ſo had borne
t of evil only, each day's lot
ı to bear; thoſe now, that were diſpens'd
rthen of many ages, on me light
:, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
'e, to torment me ere their being,
hought that they muſt be. Let no man ſeek
orth to be foretold what ſhall befall
his children; evil he may be ſure,
neither his foreknowing can prevent,
the future evil ſhall no leſs
'ehenſion than in ſubſtance feel,
us to bear: but that care now is paſt,
not whom to warn: thoſe few eſcap'd
: and anguiſh will at laſt conſume,
ring that wat'ry deſert. I had hope,
violence was ceas'd, and war on earth,
ıuld have then gone well, peace would have
engths of happy days the race of man: [crown'd
was far deceiv'd; for now I ſee
to corrupt no leſs than war to waſte.
omes it thus? unfold, celeſtial guide,
hether here the race of man will end.
whom thus Michael. Thoſe whom laſt thou ſaw'ſt
mph and luxurious wealth, are they
:en in acts of proweſs eminent,
reat exploits; but of true virtue void:
aving ſpilt much blood, and done much waſte
ing nations, and achiev'd thereby

Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
Shall change their courſe to pleaſure, eaſe, and ſloth,
Surfeit, and luſt, till wantonneſs and pride
Raiſe out of friendſhip hoſtile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd alſo, and inſlav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom loſt, all virtue loſe,
And fear of God, from whom their piety feign'd
In ſharp conteſt of battle found no aid
Againſt invaders; therefore cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth ſhall practiſe how to live ſecure,
Worldly or diſſolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the earth ſhall bear
More than enough, that temp'rance may be try'd:
So all ſhall turn degenerate, all deprav'd;
Juſtice and temp'rance, truth and faith forgot:
One man except, the only Son of Light
In a dark age, againſt example good,
Againſt allurement, cuſtom, and a world
Offended; fearleſs of reproach and ſcorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admoniſh, and before them ſet
The paths of righteouſneſs, how much more ſafe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and ſhall return
Of them derided, but of God obſerv'd
The one juſt man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldſt,
To ſave himſelf and houſehold from amidſt
A world devote to univerſal wrack.
No ſooner he, with them of man and beaſt
Select for life, ſhall in the ark be lodge'd,
And ſhelter'd round, but all the cataracts
Of heaven ſet open on the earth ſhall pour
Rain day and night; all fountains of the deep
Broke up, ſhall heave the ocean to uſurp

Beyond all bounds, till innundation riſe
Above the higheſt hills: then ſhall this mount
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root, an iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews clang:
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No ſanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further ſhall enſue, behold.
He look'd, and ſaw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated: for the clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen north-wind, that blowing dry
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear ſun on his wide watry glaſs
Gaze'd hot, and of the freſh wave largely drew,
As after thirſt, which made their flowing ſhrink
From ſtanding lake to tripping ebb, that ſtole
With ſoft foot tow'ards the deep, who now had ſtopt
His ſluices, as the heavens his windows ſhut.
The ark no more now floats, but ſeems on ground,
Faſt on the top of ſome high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear;
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive
Tow'ards the retreating ſea their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him, the ſurer meſſenger,
A dove ſent forth once and again to ſpy
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light;
The ſecond time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific ſign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient ſire deſcends with all his train;

Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conſpicuous, with three liſted colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam erſt ſo ſad
Greatly rejoice'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou who future things canſt repreſent
As preſent, heavenly inſtructor, I revive
At this laſt ſight, aſſur'd that man ſhall live
With all the creatures, and their ſeed preſerve.
Far leſs I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked ſons deſtroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found ſo perfect and ſo juſt,
That God vouchſafes to raiſe another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But ſay, what mean thoſe colour'd ſtreaks in heaven,
Diſtended as the brow of God appeas'd;
Or ſerve they as a flowery verge to bind
The fluid ſkirts of that ſame watry cloud,
Leſt it again diſſolve, and ſhower the earth?
To whom th' archangel. Dextrouſly thou aim'ſt;
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he ſaw
The whole earth fill'd with violence, and all fleſh
Corrupting each their way; yet thoſe remov'd,
Such grace ſhall one juſt man find in his ſight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a covenant never to deſtroy
The earth again by flood, nor let the ſea
Surpaſs his bounds, nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beaſt; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein ſet
His triple-colour'd bow, whereon to look,

d call to mind his covenant: day and night,
:d-time and harveſt, heat and hoary froſt,
ll hold their courſe, till fire purge all things new,
th heaven and earth, wherein the juſt ſhall dwell.

End *of the* Eleventh Book.

ARGUMENT of Book XII.

The angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK XII.

AS one who in his journey baits at noon, [paus'd
Though bent on ſpeed; ſo here th' archangel
Betwixt the world deſtroy'd and world reſtor'd,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpoſe;
Then with tranſition ſweet new ſpeech reſumes.
Thus thou haſt ſeen one world begin and end;
And man as from a ſecond ſtock proceed.
Much thou haſt yet to ſee; but I perceive
Thy mortal ſight to fail; objects divine
Muſt needs impair and weary human ſenſe:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This ſecond ſource of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgement paſt remains
Freſh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With ſome regard to what is juſt and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Lab'ring the ſoil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock,
Oft ſacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and ſacred feaſt,
Shall ſpend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one ſhall riſe

Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal ſtate,
Will arrogate dominion undeſerv'd
Over his brethren, and quite diſpoſſeſs
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting (and men, not beaſts, ſhall be his game)
With war and hoſtile ſnare ſuch as refuſe
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he ſhall be ſtyl'd
Before the Lord, as in deſpite of heaven,
Or from heaven claiming ſecond ſov'reignty;
And from rebellion ſhall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuſe.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him, or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'ards the weſt, ſhall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:
Of brick, and of that ſtuff, they caſt to build
A city' and tower, whoſe top may reach to heaven;
And get themſelves a name; leſt far diſpers'd
In foreign lands, their memory be loſt,
Regardleſs whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft deſcends to viſit men
Unſeen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding ſoon,
Comes down to ſee their city, ere the tower
Obſtruct heaven-towers, and in deriſion ſets
Upon their tongues a various ſpi'rit, to raſe
Quite out their native language, and inſtead
To ſow a jangling noiſe of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble riſes loud
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not underſtood, till hoarſe, and all in rage,
As mock'd they ſtorm; great laughter was in heaven

ng down, to ſee the hubbub ſtrange,
the din; thus was the building left
, and the work confuſion nam'd.
o thus Adam fatherly diſpleas'd.
le ſon ſo to aſpire
brethren, to himſelf aſſuming
uſurp'd, from God not given:
s only over beaſt, fiſh, fowl
abſolute; that right we hold
ration: but man over men
not lord; ſuch title to himſelf
, human left from human free.
ſurper his incroachment proud
on man; to God his tower intends
defiance. Wretched man! what food
nvey up thither to ſuſtain
ıd his raſh army, where thin air
clouds will pine his intrails groſs,
h him of breath, if not of bread?
ım thus Michael. Juſtly thou abhorr'ſt
who on the quiet ſtate of men
ble brought, affecting to ſubdue
berty; yet know withal,
original lapſe, true liberty
ich always with right reaſon dwells
and from her hath no dividual being:
man obſcur'd, or not obey'd,
ly inordinate deſires
t paſſions catch the government
ſon, and to ſervitude reduce
en free. Therefore, ſince he permits
nſelf unworthy powers to reign
reaſon, God, in judgement juſt,
m from without to violent lords;
; *undeſervedly* inthral

His outward freedom: tyranny muſt be,
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuſe.
Yet ſometimes nations will decline ſo low
From virtue, which is reaſon, that no wrong,
But juſtice, and ſome fatal curſe annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty,
Their inward loſt: witneſs th' irreverent ſon
Of him who built the ark, who, for the ſhame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curſe,
Servant of ſervants, on his vicious race.
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worſe, till God at laſt,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His preſence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; reſolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to ſelect
From all the reſt, of whom to be invok'd,
A nation from one faithful man to ſpring:
Him on this ſide Euphrates yet reſiding,
Bred up in idol-worſhip; O that men
(Canſt thou believe?) ſhould be ſo ſtupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who ſcap'd the flood,
As to forſake the living God, and fall
To worſhip their own work in wood and ſtone
For gods! yet him God the Moſt High vouchſafes
To call by viſion from his father's houſe,
His kindred, and falſe gods, into a land
Which he will ſhow him, and from him will raiſe
A mighty nation, and upon him ſhower
His benediction ſo, that in his ſeed
All nations ſhall be bleſs'd; he ſtrait obeys,
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native ſoil

ıaldæa, paſſing now the ford
n, after him a cumbrous train
and flocks, and numerous ſervitude;
d'ring poor, but truſting all his wealth
d, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
ıe now attains; I ſee his tents
bout Sechem, and the neighb'ring plain
h: there by promiſe he receives
is progeny of all that land,
ımath northward to the deſert ſouth,
by their names I call, though yet unnam'd),
rmon eaſt to the great weſtern ſea;
ſermon, yonder ſea, each place behold
ct, as I point them; on the ſhore
'armel; here the double-founted ſtream,
true limit eaſtward; but his ſons
ell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
der, that all nations of the earth
his ſeed be bleſſed: by that ſeed
thy great Deliverer, who ſhall bruiſe
ent's head; whereof to thee anon
ſhall be reveal'd. This patriarch bleſs'd,
ıithful Abraham due time ſhall call,
nd of his ſon a grandchild leaves,
in faith, in wiſdom and renown.
ıdchild with twelve ſons increas'd departs
naan, to a land hereafter call'd
livided by the river Nile:
e it flows, diſgorging at ſeven mouths
ſea. To ſojourn in that land
ı, invited by a younger ſon
f dearth; a ſon whoſe worthy deeds
ı to be the ſecond in that realm
ıoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
into a nation, and now grown

Subjected to a ſequent king, who ſeeks
To ſtop their overgrowth, as inmate gueſts
Too numerous; whence of gueſts he makes them ſlaves
Inhoſpitably', and kills their infant-males:
Till by two brethren (thoſe two brethren call
Moſes and Aaron) ſent from God to claim
His people from inthrálment, they return
With glory' and ſpoil back to their promis'd land.
But firſt the lawleſs tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or meſſage to regard,
Muſt be compell'd by ſigns and judgements dire;
To blood unſhed the rivers muſt be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies muſt all his palace fill
With loath'd intruſion, and fill all the land;
His cattle muſt of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains muſt all his fleſh imboſs,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, muſt rend th' Egyptian ſky,
And wheel on th' earth, devouring where it rolls;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darkſome cloud of locuſts ſwarming down
Muſt eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkneſs muſt overſhadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkneſs, and blot out three days;
Laſt, with one midnight-ſtroke, all the firſt-born
Of Egypt muſt lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart; but ſtill as ice
More harden'd after thaw; till in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
Swallows him with his hoſt; but them lets paſs
As on dry land between two cryſtal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moſes ſo to ſtand
Divided, till his reſcu'd gain their ſhore:

ch wond'rous power God to his ſaint will lend,
ough preſent in his angel, who ſhall go
fore them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,
r day a cloud, by night a pill'ar of fire,
guide them in their journey, and remove
hind them, while th' obdurate king purſues:
l night he will purſue; but his approach
arkneſs defends between till morning-watch;
hen through the fiery pillar and the cloud
od looking forth will trouble all his hoſt,
nd craze their chariot-wheels; when by command
oſes once more his potent rod extends
ver the ſea; the ſea his rod obeys;
n their imbattled ranks the waves return,
nd overwhelm their war. The race elect
fe towards Canaan from their ſhore advance
nro' the wild deſert, not the readieſt way,
ſt ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd,
ar terrify them inexpert, and fear
turn them back to Egypt, chuſing rather
glorious life with ſervitude; for life
o noble and ignoble is more ſweet
ntrain'd in arms, where raſhneſs leads not on.
his alſo ſhall they gain by their delay
the wild wilderneſs; there they ſhall found
heir government, and their great ſenate chuſe
hrough the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
od from the mount of Sinai, whoſe gray top
nall tremble, he deſcending, will himſelf
thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets ſound,
rdain them laws; part ſuch as appertain
o civil juſtice, part religious rites
f ſacrifice, informing them, by types
nd ſhadows, of that deſtin'd ſeed to bruiſe
he *ſerpent, by what means he ſhall achieve*

Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful; they beſeech
That Moſes might report to them his will,
And terrour ceaſe; he grants what they beſought,
Inſtructed that to God is no acceſs
Without mediator, whoſe high office now
Moſes in figure bears, to introduce
One greater, of whoſe day he ſhall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Meſſi'ah ſhall ſing. Thus laws and rites
Eſtabliſh'd, ſuch delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchſafes
Among them to ſet up his tabernacle,
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.
By his preſcript a ſanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his teſtimony,
The records of his covenant; over theſe
A mercy-ſeat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac repreſenting
The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall reſt by day, a fiery gleam by night,
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his angel, to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his ſeed. The reſt
Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
How many kings deſtroy'd, and kingdoms won;
Or how the ſun ſhall in mid-heaven ſtand ſtill
A day entire, a night's due courſe adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, Sun in Gibeon ſtand,
And thou moon in the vale of Ajalon,
Till Iſrael overcome: ſo call the third
From Abraham, ſon of Iſaac, and from him
His whole deſcent, who thus ſhall Canaan win.

ıdam interpos'd. O ſent from heaven,
r of my darkneſs, gracious things
t reveal'd, thoſe chiefly which concern
ıham and his ſeed: now firſt I find
s true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
perplex'd with thoughts what would become
ıd all mankind; but now I ſee
in whom all nations ſhall be bleſs'd,
nmerited by me, who ſought
n knowledge by forbidden means.
I apprehend not, why to thoſe
/hom God will deign to dwell on earth,
and ſo various laws are giv'n;
laws argue ſo many ſins
ıem: how can God with ſuch reſide?
om thus Michael. Doubt not but that ſin
n among them, as of thee begot;
efore was law given them to evince
ural pravity, by ſtirring up
ſt law to fight: that when they ſee
diſcover ſin, but not remove,
hoſe ſhadowy expiations weak,
d of bulls and goats, they may conclude
od more precious muſt be paid for man,
njuſt; that in ſuch righteouſneſs
by faith imputed, they may find
on towards God, and peace
ence; which the law by ceremonies
peaſe, nor man the moral part
and not performing cannot live.
pears imperfect, and but given
poſe to reſign them in full time
etter covenant, diſciplin'd
lowy types to truth, from fleſh to ſpirit,
olition of ſtrict laws to free

Acceptance of large grace, from ſervile fear
To filial, works of law to works of faith.
And therefore ſhall not Moſes, tho' of God
Highly belov'd, being but the miniſter
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joſhua, whom the Gentiles Jeſus call,
His name and office bearing, who ſhall quell
The adverſary ſerpent, and bring back
Thro' the world's wilderneſs long wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradiſe of reſt.
Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan place'd,
Long time ſhall dwell and proſper; but when ſins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raiſe them enemies;
From whom as oft he ſaves them penitent
By judges firſt, then under kings; of whom
The ſecond, both for piety renown'd
And puiſſant deeds, a promiſe ſhall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever ſhall endure; the like ſhall ſing
All prophecy, that of the royal ſtock
Of David (ſo I name this king) ſhall riſe
A ſon, the woman's ſeed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom ſhall truſt
All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
The laſt; for of his reign ſhall be no end.
But firſt a long ſucceſſion muſt enſue;
And his next ſon, for wealth and wiſdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wand'ring, ſhall in a glorious temple' inſhrine.
Such follow him as ſhall be regiſter'd
Part good, part bad, of bad the longer ſcroll;
Whoſe foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular ſum, will ſo incenſe
God, as to leave them, and expoſe their land,

', his temple, and his holy ark,
is ſacred things, a ſcorn and prey
oud city, whoſe high walls thou ſaw'ſt
nfuſion, Babylon thence call'd.
captivity he lets them dwell
of ſev'nty years, then brings them back,
ing mercy, and his covenant ſworn
, ſtabliſh'd as the days of heaven.
rom Babylon by leave of kings
ls, whom God diſpos'd, the houſe of God
re-edify, and for a while
ſtate live moderate, till grown
and multitude, factious they grow;
mong the prieſts diſſention ſprings,
attend the altar, and ſhould moſt
r peace: their ſtrife pollution brings
temple itſelf: at laſt they ſeize
re, and regard not David's ſons;
it to a ſtranger, that the true
King Meſſiah might be born
his right; yet at his birth a ſtar,
fore in heaven, proclaims him come,
es the eaſtern ſages, who enquire
to offer incenſe, myrrh, and gold;
of birth a ſolemn angel tells
ſhepherds, keeping watch by night;
lly thither haſte, and by a quire
on'd angels hear his carol ſung.
s his mother, but his ſire
r of the Moſt High; he ſhall aſcend
ne hereditary, and bound his reign
h's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens.
'd, diſcerning Adam with ſuch joy
:'d, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
he vent of words, which theſe he breath'd.

O prophet of glad tidings, finiſher
Of utmoſt hope! now clear I underſtand
What oft my ſteddieſt thoughts have ſearch'd in vain;
Why our great expectation ſhould be call'd
The ſeed of woman: Virgin mother, hail!
High in the love of Heaven; yet from my loins
Thou ſhalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God Moſt High; ſo God with man unites.
Needs muſt the ſerpent now his capital bruiſe
Expect with mortal pain: ſay where and when
Their fight, what ſtroke ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel.
To whom thus Michael. Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more ſtrength to foil
Thy enemy; nor ſo is overcome
Satan, whoſe fall from heaven, a deadlier bruiſe,
Diſabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, ſhall recure,
Not by deſtroying Satan, but his works
In thee and in thy ſeed: nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didſt want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and ſuffering death,
The penalty to thy tranſgreſſion due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can High Juſtice reſt appaid.
The law of God exact he ſhall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, tho' love
Alone fulfil the law; thy puniſhment
He ſhall endure by coming in the fleſh
To a reproachful life and curſed death,
Proclaiming life to all who ſhall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits

them, not their own, tho' legal works.
he ſhall live hated, be blaſphem'd,
n by force, judge'd, and to death condemn'd,
:ful and accurs'd; nail'd to the croſs
wn nation; ſlain for bringing life;
:he croſs he nails thy enemies,
v that is againſt thee, and the ſins
nankind, with him there crucify'd,
o hurt them more who rightly truſt
his ſatisfaction. So he dies,
n revives; Death over him no power
ng uſurp; ere the third dawning light,
, the ſtars of morn ſhall ſee him riſe
his grave, freſh as the dawning light
nſom paid, which man from death redeems,
ith for man, as many as offer'd life
: not, and the benefit embrace
h not void of works. This god-like act
thy doom, the death thou ſhould'ſt have dy'd,
or ever loſt from life; this act
ruiſe the head of Satan, cruſh his ſtrength,
ing Sin and Death, his two main arms;
: far deeper in his head their ſtings,
:emp'ral death ſhall bruiſe the victor's heel,
irs whom he redeems, a death-like ſleep,
:le wafting to immortal life.
ter reſurrection ſhall he ſtay
r on earth, than certain times to' appear
; diſciples, men who in his life
llow'd him; to them ſhall leave in charge
ich all nations what of him they learn'd,
is ſalvation, them who ſhall believe
:ing in the profluent ſtream, the ſign
ſhing them from guilt of ſin to life
and in mind prepar'd, if ſo befall,

For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd.
All nations they ſhall teach: for from that day
Not only to the ſons of Abraham's loins
Salvation ſhall be preach'd, but to the ſons
Of Abraham's faith wherever thro' the world;
So in his ſeed all nations ſhall be bleſs'd.
Then to the heaven of heavens he ſhall aſcend
With victory, triumphing thro' the air
Over his foes and thine; there ſhall ſurpriſe
The ſerpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Thro' all his realm, and there confounded leave;
Then enter into glory, and reſume
His ſeat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in heaven; and thence ſhall come,
When this world's diſſolution ſhall be ripe,
With glory' and power to judge both quick and dead;
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliſs,
Whether in heaven or earth; for then the earth
Shall all be Paradiſe, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.
So ſpake th' archangel Michaël, then paus'd,
As at the world's great period; and our ſire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd.
O goodneſs infinite, goodneſs immenſe!
That all this good of evil ſhall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation firſt brought forth
Light out of darkneſs! Full of doubt I ſtand
Whether I ſhould repent me now of ſin
By me done and occaſioned, or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof ſhall ſpring:
To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace ſhall abound.
But ſay, if our Deliverer up to heaven

aſcend, what will betide the few
hful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
emies of truth? who then ſhall guide
ple, who defend? will they not deal
with his followers than with him they dealt?
are they will, ſaid th' angel; but from heav'n
his own a Comforter will ſend,
omiſe of the Father, who ſhall dwell
i'rit within them, and the law of faith
ng through love, upon their hearts ſhall write,
d them in all truth, and alſo arm
piritual armour, able to reſiſt
i aſſaults, and quench his fiery darts,
man can do againſt them, not afraid,
h to the death, againſt ſuch cruelties
nward conſolations recompens'd,
t ſupported ſo as ſhall amaze
proudeſt perſecutors: for the Spirit
firſt on his apoſtles, whom he ſends
angelize the nations, then on all
e'd, ſhall them with wondrous gift indue,
ak all tongues, and do all miracles,
their Lord before them. Thus they win
numbers of each nation to receive
oy the tidings brought from heav'n: at length,
miniſtry perform'd, and race well run,
doctrine and their ſtory written left,
lie. But in their room, as they forewarn,
s ſhall ſucceed for teachers, grievous wolves,
ll the ſacred myſteries of heaven
ir own vile advantages ſhall turn
re and ambition, and the truth
uperſtitions and traditions taint,
ly in thoſe written records pure,
h not but by the Spirit underſtood.

Then ſhall they ſeek to' avail themſelves of names,
Places, and titles, and with theſe to join
Secular power, though feigning ſtill to act
By ſpi'ritual, to themſelves appropriating
The Spi'rit of God, promis'd alike and given
To all believers; and from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal power ſhall force
On every conſcience; laws which none ſhall find
Left them inroll'd, or what the Spi'rit within
Shall on the heart ingrave. What will they then
But force the Spi'rit of grace itſelf, and bind
His conſort liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to ſtand,
Their own faith, not another's? for on earth
Who againſt faith and conſcience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will preſume:
Whence heavy perſecution ſhall ariſe
On all who in the worſhip perſevere
Of ſpi'rit and truth; the reſt, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and ſpecious forms
Religion ſatisfy'd; truth ſhall retire
Beſtuck with ſland'rous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: ſo ſhall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign,
Under her own weight groaning, till the day
Appear of reſpiration to the juſt,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him ſo lately promis'd to thy aid,
The woman's ſeed, obſcurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Laſt in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to diſſolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raiſe
From the conflagrant maſs, purge'd and refin'd,
New heavens, new earth, ages of endleſs date

d in righteouſneſs, and peace, and love,
ıg forth fruits, joy and eternal bliſs.
nded; and thus Adam laſt reply'd.
on hath thy prediction, ſeer bleſs'd,
'd this tranſient world, the race of time,
ıe ſtand fix'd? Beyond is all abyſs,
y, whoſe end no eye can reach.
r inſtructed I ſhall hence depart,
r in peace of thought, and have my fill
wledge, what this veſſel can contain;
l which was my folly to aſpire.
orth I learn, that to obey is beſt,
ve with fear the only God, to walk
ıis preſence, ever to obſerve
›vidence, and on him ſole depend,
ıl over all his works, with good
ercoming evil, and by ſmall
pliſhing great things, by things deem'd weak
ting worldly ſtrong, and worldly wiſe
ply meek; that ſuffering for truth's ſake
tude to higheſt victory,
to the faithful, death the gate of life;
ıt this by his example, whom I now
wledge my Redeemer ever bleſs'd.
whom thus alſo th' angel laſt reply'd.
aving learn'd, thou haſt attain'd the ſum
ſdom; hope no high'er, though all the ſtars
knew'ſt by name, and all th' ethereal powers,
rets of the deep, all Nature's works,
rks of God in heaven, air, earth, or ſea,
ll the riches of this world enjoy'dſt,
ll the rule, one empire; only add
to thy knowledge anſwerable, add faith,
irtue, patience, temperance, add love,
ne to come call'd Charity, the ſoul

Of all the reſt: then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradiſe, but ſhalt poſſeſs
A Paradiſe within thee, happier far.
Let us deſcend now therefore from this top
Of ſpeculation; for the hour preciſe
Exacts our parting hence; and ſee the guards,
By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion, at whoſe front a flaming ſword,
In ſignal of remove, waves fiercely round;
We may no longer ſtay: go, waken Eve;
Her alſo I with gentle dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her ſpi'rits compos'd
To meek ſubmiſſion: thou at ſeaſon fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou haſt heard,
Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her ſeed to come
(For by the woman's ſeed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous though ſad,
With cauſe for evils paſt, yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end.
He ended; and they both deſcend the hill;
Deſcended, Adam to the bower where Eve
Lay ſleeping ran before, but found her wak'd;
And thus with words not ſad ſhe him receiv'd.
Whence thou return'ſt, and whither went'ſt, I know;
For God is alſo' in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow' and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.

rther conſolation yet ſecure
hence; though all by me is loſt,
ıvour I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
the promis'd ſeed ſhall all reſtore.
›ake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
leas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
changel ſtood, and from the other hill
ir fix'd ſtation, all in bright array,
herubim deſcended; on the ground
g meteorous, as evening-miſt
rom a river o'er the mariſh glides;
athers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
vard returning. High in front advance'd,
randiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd
as a comet; which with torrid heat,
apour as the Libyan air aduſt,
to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat
er hand the haſt'ning angel caught
ng'ring parents, and to th' eaſtern gate
ıem direct, and down the cliff as faſt
: ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld
radiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
l over by that flaming brand, the gate
dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them ſoon;
zorld was all before them, where to chuſe
place of reſt, and Providence their guide:
hand in hand, with wand'ring ſteps and ſlow,
gh Eden took their ſolitary way.

THE END.

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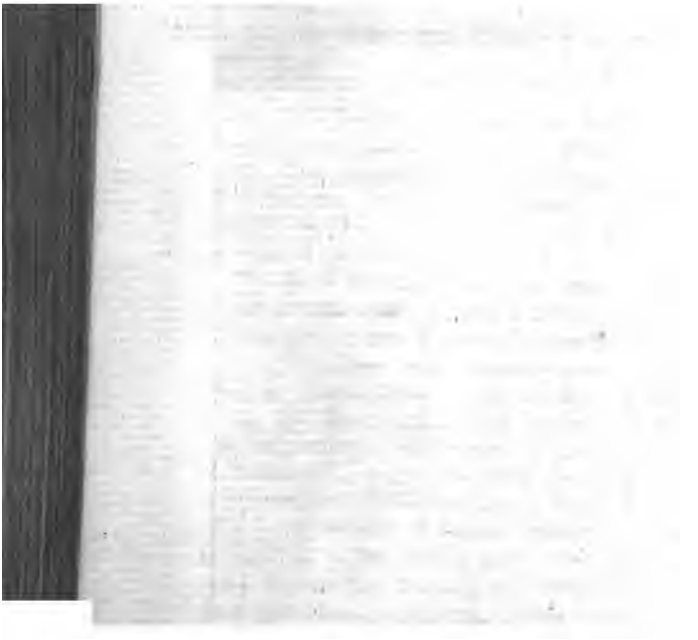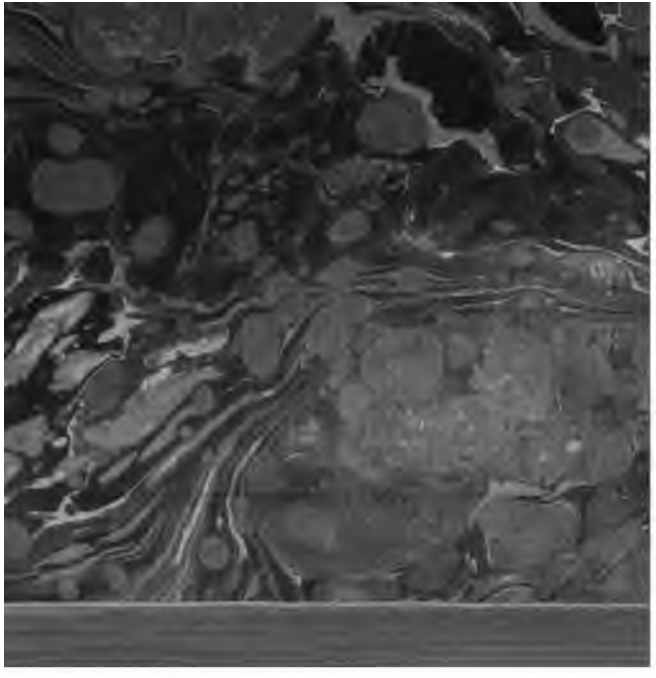
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